

Mademoiselle's

Spring 1943

# Living

The magazine for smart young homemakers

Spring 1943

50 cents



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*and Blankets*

Mademoiselle's

# Living

The magazine for smart young homemakers

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# Living



Executive Ed EH plans rooms with Merchandise Ed LA and Ted Muller, Design Consultant



Managing Ed MH and husband, Joe Schrank, bring baby Sarah home; Jeff approves



Editorial and Art staffs meet as Art Ed HR talks over layout with staffers KP and MW



On location in Ardmore, Pa. Decoration Ed JM supervises photos of Colin and Candy



Pint-sized graphic layouts of this issue are explained by HR to staffers BH, RR and GH

Speaking of LIVING, our staff, starting with our publisher, who has just become a grandfather for the first time, has made some notable contributions. Although a vicarious contribution, even our Exec. Vice-Pres. and Treas. has had two babies named after him....Managing Ed Mary Hamman worked through the Saturday before her baby girl was born Monday at 4:00 a.m. Called up at 10:30 to say she wouldn't be in. Mary wrote this issue's editorial, A Proud House, in the hospital. Executive Ed Elinor Hillyer whipped down to Swarthmore, Pa., for the christening of her niece (the mama is an ex-MLE staffer), which set the pattern for the story of the Colin and Candy christening (pp. 77). Promotion and Merchandise Director Edith Evans carries her job right into bed with her. Dreaming of Mary's new baby, she felt bound to find a promotable name for it; came up with "Madison Livingston," the child to be called, of course, MAD LIVING....Still in the Dream Dept., we had one ourself—after selecting a layette for one of the above babies, and having chosen many of the items in pairs. Now, you may know that as editor of MLE's LIVING and as editor of MADEMOISELLE, we lead something of a double, if not schizophrenic, life. Well, in this dream we had a nightmarish time looking for the mate to our new green hat—until the light dawned that we didn't have two heads....Returning to the young, Colin and Candy have two cats, Mr. Pip and Mr. Pocket, who turned out to be two lady cats with great litters (another reason why C. and C. had to move into a new house). When the photographs were taken, the cats had sped from the living-room and were off looking after their broods. No one realized their absence until the pictures arrived in the office—when it was too late for a retake....If you think you have problems, pull out your handkerchief and listen to this sad saga...forest fires in Maine, the Express strike and a flood at La Guardia Airfield managed to delay Colin and Candy's furniture way past deadline dates....Another strike—of overseas pilots—found Mr. Fish (Wings Over Long Island, p.118) sitting in Iceland and us sitting in New York with no picture of him....Peta Fuller (Hold Your Breath, p. 40) had to cook so many garlic dishes for her story that her husband—normally a garlic lover—almost left home....Artist Cipe Pineles, who illustrated Fish for a King (p. 122), is such a perfectionist she insisted that the model for the yellow and black fly be yellow and black before she could paint it....No, don't put your kerchief away. In the middle of EVERYthing Mary Hamman's second son (not the brand-new baby daughter) had an emergency appendectomy....Nor is that all. While photographing Goody, Everyone Gets a Present (p. 120), our trusted photographer Pete Martin forgot for the first time in his life the lens for his camera. Picture it. The young all assembled, freshly bib-and-tuckered, agogged. The seriousness of the situation escaped the small fry. Marking time was not their party dish. So-o-o, refreshments had to come first and work (scarcely dessert) last. To hold them in play, staffers Heller and Hammett spent their time inflating balloons, dashing to Central Park to replenish the supply, then inflating those. Any use for two deflated dames?...At least there's one sunny side to our story...research on Two-in-a-Bed (p. 116) caused Sara Welles to shift her entire bedlife. She's now sleeping on foam rubber and under an electric blanket. Only catch is: we can't get her into the office before noon....Now that we mention it, this copy was due days ago and the issue should have been put to bed yesterday. Which is as compelling a reason for stopping as we can think of. But just before going to press, one word about the next issue of LIVING—Brides!...Looking back, it's amazing to remember that assignments for this number were handed out in the record heat of last August. A quarterly has to be foresighted.—*STB*

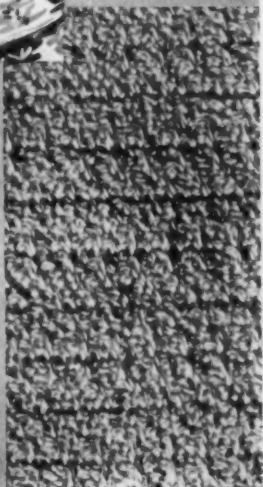


Left: Celaloom 1064 in white to edit sun at windows; Celaloom 1062 in jade green for wall to aid in sound control; Celaloom 1062 in "Burl Matil" print for sofa. Below: a close-up of weave in Celaloom 1064, color grey sky.

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**Celanese\* Fabrics of Synthetic Yarn**



# Valentine Seaver

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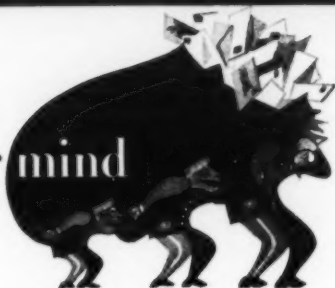


The new Valentine-Seaver Furniture is here, now! It is the most exquisite upholstered furniture ever presented by Valentine-Seaver—furniture that can be compared only with finest custom-crafted sofas and chairs. Choose from today's superb values, now.

ON DISPLAY AT AMERICA'S FINER HOME FURNISHERS

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# A piece off your mind



DEAR READERS: You sent us sackfuls of long, perfectly wonderful letters about our first or maiden issue, which we've been answering as fast as possible. From the questionnaires (which you did

such a frank job of filling out) and your letters, we've really learned a lot. There were so many letters, in fact, that we had to cut and prune away to squeeze even these few into this limited space:

## Some husbands are tinkers

Dear Editor:

It is very discouraging to read articles in which the husband, aided and abetted by his "dear little wife," achieves a house or barn "from planks rejected by the Navy"... for 85% of us are married to men who have difficulty in hanging a picture. Please, please consider us when making up your magazine.

Mrs. Carter H. Leslie  
Chicago, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: We know all about you. One half of our husbands are like yours. We're going to consider the all-thumbs man in an early issue.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on a grand magazine. Already I've gotten a great deal from it: ideas for home decorating, saving time, enjoying home. Naturally, we hope to have our own home someday. As luck would have it, my husband is the "tinkering type." His hobby is fixing anything mechanical. He also has had experience in making furniture, so we hope to save a good bit by doing our own work, carrying out our own ideas. I'm looking forward to the next issue of LIVING and will file copies away for future reference.

Margaret T. Sanford  
Flushing, New York

## Strip tease

Dear Madam:

I purchased Mlle's LIVING at my neighborhood drugstore because it looked

wonderful, but it isn't, very. Just one example: You chide sample housewife Valerie S. for taking twenty-five minutes to strip and make four beds. You observe that a bed can be completely remade in two and a half minutes. Any housewife knows that Valerie is a whiz if she can get this job done in twenty-five. Being a practical woman she undoubtedly included time to select clean linen, dispose of soiled, pick up and put away assorted garments and undergarments; ditto dolls, books, newspapers, toys.... If Valerie S. accomplishes all this in twenty-five minutes, she ought to be writing the articles not you....

Donna M. McCoy  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

EDITOR'S NOTE: Valerie charted time for straightening and picking up separately. Let's hear from other readers on how long it takes to make four beds.

## Just a lot of junk

Dear Editor:

...I smelled a rat! Penny and Pete!... They weren't real people after all.... That clutter of junk they had supposedly collected.... no couple of their background would have bought those horrors in the first place—even third-hand.

Edna Cooper  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

EDITOR'S NOTE: Not "real people," but real anyway—a composite of many young marrieds whom we recently polled. As to white elephants: they came straight from the closets and attics of LIVING editors. What do you have in yours?

Dear Editor:

I just got through reading your article about Penny and Pete. It reminded me of my husband and myself, except that my husband was a Navy man, and I don't illustrate children's books, but I make children's illustrations for bedrooms and playrooms. We also started off the same way, getting married in June and having \$2,500.... for complete furnishings.

Mrs. Leon Resnick  
Central Falls, R. I.

## Too bed

Gentlemen:

On page 42 of LIVING is shown the bedroom of Penny and Pete. On page 52, after the party, they are going to bed in quite a different room, another headboard, slightly different bedside stand, no picture on the wall and no window near corner. Very discouraging to young decorators.

G. S. Miller  
Bristol, R. I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Same room, same stand, different headboard. Maybe guests took home souvenirs.

## Love, love, love

Sirs:

Your magazine is wonderful! It is without a doubt one of the loveliest, most entertaining magazines I have ever read. I just love it!

Mrs. Roger Waldeck  
Wansion, Ohio

Continued on page 8

# A piece off your mind

Continued from page 7



## Readers' cursed prerogative

Dear Editor:  
Hail to your maiden issue . . . but I must exercise the readers' cursed prerogative—criticism. My husband said, "Well, it's your magazine—on second look, it's not for men." He then pointed to page 46, "The poor fellow is trying to shave while his wife shouts for him to hurry so she can straighten up after him. The husband is just like a piece of household equipment." Wish you could forget that women are monopolizing homemaking, 'cause I don't think they are, or want to.

Florence S. Dean  
Marshalltown, Iowa

EDITOR'S NOTE: Right!

Dear Editors:

. . . even my husband, who is not a lover of magazines, is enjoying Mile's LIVING.

Mrs. Murray Kahane  
New York, New York

## Readers' sad feelings

Dear Editors:

Your magazine answers a real need. . . . However, I do not feel that many of the articles benefited us greatly, for I'm sure it will be a good many years before we will be able to live in the fashion pictured in the first issue of LIVING. . . . I'm sure many of your readers have the same (sad) feeling. . . .

Mrs. W. N. Bagley, Jr.  
Farmington, Connecticut

EDITOR'S NOTE: Re sad feeling: See future issues for more of the lot-for-a-little angle.

Editors:

. . . My husband is a twenty-four-hundred-dollar-a-year man. Our tastes are very expensive for our

income. We lean toward traditional styles in mahogany and deep, rich colors. . . . We'd appreciate any suggestions from you.

Mrs. Nelson Caldwell  
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

EDITOR'S NOTE: Alternatives: haunt auctions or get a solid mahogany income.

Dear Editor:

Show us the plight of a couple on a budget, but a strict one. . . .

Mary Hastings  
Chicago, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: Coming soon, we'll show you a house on a fat budget, and then how the same effect can be achieved with pennies and dimes — or the equivalent thereof.

## How LIVING's readers live

Dear Editors:

Being an Army wife, I'm used to fixing up old rattletrap houses, so I was happy to find one magazine that recognizes the fact that America's homemakers aren't all living in little Cape Cod cottages. . . .

Alverna G. Brodecky  
Austin, Texas

To the Editors of LIVING:

I want to congratulate you on the splendid issue of LIVING. I know you must be deluged with letters from young couples, but I can't resist adding our experience: We are Margie and Frank, twenty-nine years old, and will have been married five years. We started with three wedding gifts: a champagne bucket, steak platter and steam iron. . . .

Marjorie & Francisco da Costa  
Vienna, Virginia

Dear Editor:

We are about to buy a house, and contrary to our ambition for a

low, rambling ranch-style modern, we are buying a tall, railroad-style, two-family old-fashioned. However, we feel it is a challenge to our careers as artists. . . . and many thanks for all the suggestions we have found. . . .

Doris Miltenberger  
Staten Island, New York

Dear Editors:

First, let me tell you that my husband and I have been wishing for just such a magazine as LIVING for some time now. In fact, I can date it back to the first day that we moved into the apartment we now have in the Veterans Housing Unit on the campus of Stephen F. Austin State College. Many a problem would have been solved much more easily if we could have referred to a magazine meant just for us. But it's never too late. . . .

Polly Ritterskamp  
Nacogdoches, Texas

## Cut out the cute stuff

Dear Sir:

. . . Let's hope that "smart young homemakers" are more mature than you indicate by your presentation. Why not talk up to them and cut a little of the cute stuff?

Ann B. Parker  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors:

Suggestion please. . . . Try not to divide up your articles fore and aft; it adds to the physical and time waste to keep turning to the back of the book.

Miriam Cutler  
New York, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: A magazine with long articles and no turnover would be much more difficult to read.

## No thyme to cook

The Editors:

. . . The magazine is a dilly, no foolin'. . . . It's my type. . . . being

young, married, a mother and doing my first home. Suggestions: 1. Keep it for the young and broke. Many a girl, like me, married a nice guy who doesn't know a screw driver from a hammer and couldn't even recognize a barn, much less build one—in ten years or two. 2. The recipes were half-and-half. Half wonderful—yet simple and cheap. The other half called for rare ingredients and a day in the kitchen, but maybe I'm one of the few who don't grow thyme all over the window sill. 3. Do please keep mentioning brand names. They mean so much to a beginner. All in all, you see, I like it. I even seem to have picked up your style. I'm not usually this cute. . . .

Mrs. Frank Acosta, Jr.  
Washington, D.C.

## Back to the beerhall!

Dear Mrs. Blackwell:

Your new magazine sheds light, but do people live light lives these days? We don't. We are being evicted by a harridan of a landlady and we spend every waking hour looking for a hovel. A few months ago we pressed one thousand dollars upon a kindly-looking gentleman who was to start building a house for us. He went away. The District Attorney's office assures us he has been doing it for years, with diplomas from Folsom and San Quentin. Both my husband Doug and I are unerring judges of character and real sharp with money. Most of the thousand was my poor tired war bond. I salted away while singing in the beer hall. . . . How do people manage to be unruined Penny's and Pete's? Is it the times I complain of—or is it me?

Mary Helburn  
New York, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: Could be one, could be both.



## Bright Beginnings

BEAUTIFUL STERLING, gleaming softly on your table — your proudest possession, your first and finest investment . . .

Choose your Towle pattern now. Or match your Christmas Sterling with more Sterling — another place setting — the additional pieces you need — all surprisingly inexpensive . . .

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*The signature of Distinction in Sterling*

BRIDES! A new book, filled with wedding plans, gift lists and stickers, Sterling ideas. Send 25c to THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, Dept. V-1, Newburyport, Mass., for *How to plan your Wedding and your Silver.*

**TOWLE**  
STERLING

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By Kay Riley

# Malice in Wonderland

You've got a house, you lucky thing,  
And now your life will have some zing.  
A house is busy, active, gay—  
It lives its life in its own way.

It springs a leak, it blows a fuse,  
It lets its plumbing plumb refuse.  
Its heating system often sings,  
With no one there, the doorbell rings.

Its pipes will burst, its doors will stick,  
Its shrubbery grows too thick too quick.  
It creaks and mumbles through the night,  
It's settling down, so that's all right.

It has its own peculiar needs  
You plant a flower, it plants some weeds;  
A radiator painted hot,  
And bubble gum is what you've got.

No day is dull, no moment lost  
And yet we think it's worth the cost.  
You've got your own, your private nook—  
You've got that lovely, lived-in look.



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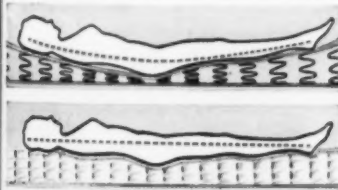


Sleep snug and warm under the new light-as-a-feather Simmons Electronic Blanket (shown above), only \$44.50 plus excise tax.

## THAT'S RIGHT! BEAUTYREST'S "LUXURY COMFORT" COSTS LITTLE MORE THAN A PENNY A NIGHT!

**1. Think of actually having** the comfort of the one and only Beautyrest Mattress all to yourself!

A deep and luxurious mattress! A mattress that's designed to relax every weary bone, every tired muscle in your body. A mattress that blissfully eases you into sound, refreshing sleep night after night after night!



**2. Compare!** Above, see how an ordinary inner-spring mattress can sag beneath you, make hollows that rob you of rest. But, below, see how Beautyrest's 837 coil springs "give" only in the right places. Offer firmer, more natural support to your back!

And all it costs—even today—is only about  $1\frac{1}{2}\epsilon$  a night! Think of it! Only  $1\frac{1}{2}\epsilon$  a night for Beautyrest comfort, Beautyrest quality! Why buy another mattress that offers you less for your money today? Ask for, insist on your Beautyrest!



**3. Example!** Left, see how wired-together springs in ordinary mattresses sag down together under pressure, in water glass test. But, right, see how Beautyrest's individually pocketed springs act without sagging together!



**4. In special "torture tests"** made in the United States Testing Co., Inc., laboratories, Beautyrest lasted far longer than any other mattress tested! Isn't this proof your Beautyrest is a much better buy?

**Prewar quality!** Your Beautyrest has pre-built borders, no-sag edges, eight side ventilators to help keep interior fresh, Simmons tailoring throughout! No wonder it needs turning only 4 or 5 times a year!

Amazing new Simmons Electronic Blanket takes the place of two or three ordinary blankets, even in coldest weather! Keeps you blissfully cozy all night long—through the miracle of electronics! So light. So gently warm. So safe it's even washable! Fits single or double beds. Choice of five lovely pastel shades. At better furniture and department stores, \$44.50, plus tax. Get yours today!

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Other Simmons Quality Products: The world's only Electronic Blanket, Famous Deepsleep Mattress, Ace Spring, Babybeauty Crib Mattress, Hide-A-Bed Sofa

\*TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
©1956 SIMMONS CO., MOSE, MART, CHICAGO, ILL.



PETER MARTIN

The wrought-iron work of this formal doorway can be imitated amusingly. Buy woven wire grille at your builders' supply or hardware store. Paint it black or gilt and set in a door frame

## Put up a good front

A front door is much more than just an architectural contrivance for keeping the family in and the elements out; like the title page of a book it defines the spirit of what lies beyond. It starts off the story—your story. It intrigues or repels. It says come in or stay out. It says, in this house we're formal or informal; we're gay or we're gloomy. Maybe you have never thought of your front door as a personal ad, the come-on and come-hither of your house. But that's what it is. So view it impersonally some day, and see what it tells your guests. Does it set a false note: is it regal, when you and your

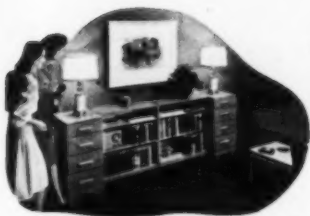
family are friendly, old-shoe? Is it dowdy when inside you're all slicked up? Remember, first impressions are hard to shake, so your front door should be designed, painted and dressed up to match the goings-on behind its back.

A good example of a door that cleverly introduces a *décor*, a way of life and a family, is the Willards' door. The Willards are a fast-paced pair. Jack writes gags for a well-known radio comedian, and his wife, Jo, pounds out a weekly syndicated column and is known for her wild hats and even wilder practical jokes. Their New York apartment is strictly modern with a touch of the zany. The Willards wanted an entrance that would go with their barn-sized black and white living-room, so they painted tick-tack-toe patterns all over the surface of their white front door and hung a huge, oversized pencil and score pad right next to the doorknob. The Willards and their friends think this is fun. A young couple with a more dignified style of living couldn't get away with the idea of a tick-tack-toe game on their front door—and probably might not want to. [Continued on page 152b]

PETER MARTIN



This simple Colonial doorway is dramatized by the architrave that frames it. The frame is painted dark rose to contrast with the white panels and plain brass door knob



Crisp, modern lines in refreshing Maltese Gray finish. Solid oak, with easy-to-grip drawer-pulls in lustrous aluminum. You'll thrill to the beauty of this modern group, and applaud its versatile practicality. A dozen pieces to make sure you get just what you want.

*Want to see something  
New in furniture?*



Do you prefer a touch of traditional formality? Then choose this transitional group. Modern versatility and clean, straight lines combine with the rich beauty of traditional mahogany and period hardware to give you furniture that fits any decorative scheme.



Colorful, sun-kissed splendor of a California beach is yours for years when you choose "Malibu Tan." Transform your home with the warm, glowing beauty of this solid oak furniture. Same functional design as the popular Maltese Gray group . . . but with a striking, new finish, and hardware that gleams in golden beauty.

**W**ANT furniture that's designed to meet the changing requirements of modern living? Here it is! Mengel Functional Groups . . . furniture that can *grow* with your needs. Strikingly beautiful and delightfully practical.

Start with a pair of commodes as end tables for the living room. Later, combine them with a matching chest and shelf unit, and you have a beautiful buffet for your dinette. Still later, with table and mirrors . . . you can change these same pieces into a lovely vanity and handsome dresser to make a charming group for your bedroom.

Every piece is *Permanized*.\*

"*Permanized*"? Yes. That's the name of our exclusive method of construction. It keeps your furniture sound and lovely for its lifetime. No matter what climate you live in . . . damp or dry, hot or cold . . . the joints and veneers in your Mengel *Permanized* Furniture will never come apart.



So look for the Mengel trademark when you buy. Because, regardless of what style you want . . . modern, colonial or 18th-Century . . . Mengel gives you a bonus in value for every furniture dollar you spend.

Mary Adam says: "You'll find a host of helpful hints on how to dress up your bedroom in my new booklet, *Let's Plan a Bedroom Around You*. Send 10 cents for your copy."



THE MENDEL COMPANY, Dept. 161  
Louisville 1, Ky.

Enclosed is 10¢. Please send me your new booklet, "*Let's Plan a Bedroom Around You*."

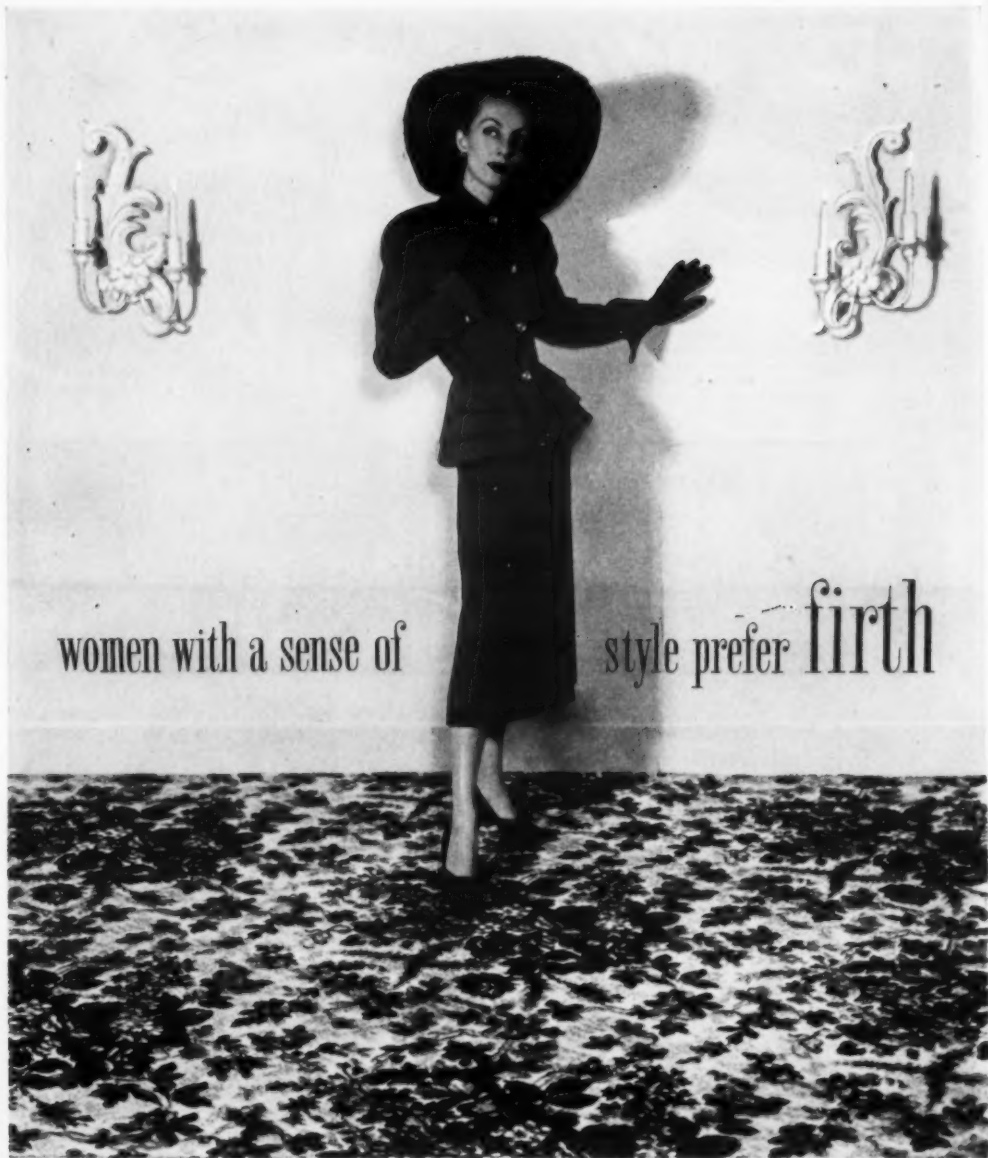
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

\* Box U. S. Post. Off.

Copyright 1948, The Mengel Company



THE COSTUME—A BEN KLIN ORIGINAL, JOHN-FREDRICK HAY

YOUNG VICTORIAN . . . Firth's latest triumph. Victorian in design . . . but YOUNG in coloring . . .

Many shades of green on a wool-white background.

Or . . . equally dramatic . . . many shades of red on a wool-white background.

*Rugs* **FIRTH** *Carpets* New York, 295 Fifth Avenue



# Booklets you can use

Whether you plan to paint those crumbly old book shelves a new color, or whether you are about ready to buy brand-new furnishings, from the floor up, it takes real know-how to get the final effect you want. At first glance, it may seem hard to know what style or what color or whether the quality is right—there's so much to choose from. But you don't have to take a course in decorating or join a carpentry union in order to turn out a fine job of planning or remodeling your home. Instead, just get some of the informative booklets manufacturers have prepared for you. They're easy to read and full of helpful hints. Many of the booklets are attractively illustrated and will help you visualize the finished job. Here are some outstanding ones manufacturers will be glad to send you, either free or for just a few cents. When you write for them, mention that you read about them in *MADemoiselle's Living*, please.

## Color, Paints, Decoration



The Nurte Companies, Inc. (ML-2), Egg Harbor City, New Jersey. *How Famous Decorators Would Use Mirrors* develops the theme of mirrors as living pictures; gives suggestion as to how and where to hang them. Free.

Syracuse Ornamental Co. (ML-2), Syracuse 2, N. Y. *The Choice and Use of Decorative Accessories*, Syroco Wood wall brackets, mirrors and accessories, pictured and sketched in suggested use. Free.

Associated American Artists, Inc. (ML-2), 711 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y., have several catalogues which describe their paintings and drawings reproduction series, as well as their series of etchings and lithographs; *Exquisite . . . and in full color!* and *Lovely Paintings* (catalogues of gelatone reproductions); *Three New Pictorial Maps* and the *Covarrubias Amer-*

*ica*, etc. Send 10c in stamps to cover postage.

Aluminum Company of America (ML-2), Pittsburgh 2, Pa. *Paint It Bright* tells how to choose and use correct aluminum paints; answers questions about its function in sealing wood, protecting weather-exposed wood, reducing temperature, et cetera. Free.

Germain's, Dept. (ML-2), Los Angeles 21, Calif. *California Sets the Fashion* is the name of Germain's new 1948 Rose Book and Garden catalogues. Excellent color illustrations. Free.

The Paraffine Companies, Inc. (ML-2), 475 Brannan Street, San Francisco 19, Calif. *Pabco Floors the Modern Home* shows, in color, how to plan the decoration of your house with Pabco's Onyxstone inlaid linoleum. Many ideas and color schemes. 10c.

New Castle Products (ML-2), New Castle, Ind. *Presenting the Story of Color*, a folder by the manufacturer of Modernfold doors, with principal emphasis on color harmony. 10c.

## Handcrafts and Sewing

The Spool Cotton Company, Education Bureau (ML-2), 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. *What's Your Question about Slipcovers?* Prepared by *MADemoiselle's* Design for Living Dep't., in collaboration with Advance Pattern Co., this folder answers questions you've asked and has drawings of slipcover patterns. Free.

John Dritz & Sons (ML-2), 79 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. *It's Fun to Make Hooked Rugs*, gives some background information about the history of hooked rugs; easy-to-follow instructions and illustrations of designs you may want to try your hand at. 15c.

James Lees & Sons Company (ML-2), Bridgeport, Pa. *Minerva Style Book* includes lots of ideas for knitting casual at-home clothes and outdoor-wear. 35c.

Rit Products Corporation (ML-2), 1400 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill. *Handmade Rugs to Make at Home* describes how to make hooked, braided or string rugs from household scraps, worn-out stockings, faded curtains—all dyed with Rit. Detailed information about the amount of material needed for various rug sizes, and the dye-color required to get special new shades. 25c.

Cannon Mills, Inc. (ML-2), Educational Dept., 70 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y. *Beachwear from Towels* gives ideas for simple articles that can be made of Cannon towels with easy-to-follow diagrams for a number of useful items. Free.

Continued on page 16



# Booklets you can use

Continued from page 15

## Radios and Phonographs

Stewart-Warner Corporation (ML-2), Chicago 14, Ill., offers three new folders: *Air Pal*, *Matched for Beauty* and a general folder, describing the entire group of new radios, radio-phonographs and television sets. Free from dealer.

The Magnavox Company (ML-2), Fort Wayne 4, Ind. *The Magnificent Magnavox* is a simple folder which illustrates seven styles of cabinets and outlines features of construction. Free.



## Window Treatments

Robertson Factories, Inc. (ML-2), 321 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. *How to Curtain Your Windows*, by Harriet Stillman, decorating consultant to the manufacturers of Vogue Curtains, tells what style of curtain to select, how to determine correct length for your room and other useful curtain how-to's. 10c.

Kirsch Company (ML-2), Sturgis, Mich. *Smart Window Styling* has illustrations of 85 different window treatments, and details of types of rods, fixtures, blinds, etc. How to make curtains and draperies, and how to handle "problem" windows are also discussed in this portfolio. 25c.

Hunter Douglas Corporation (ML-2), 150 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y. *33 Ways to Beautify Your Home with Venetian Blinds*. Excellent illustrations in this booklet prove the value of Flexalum Venetian Blinds in fine decoration. There are also lots of suggestions of ways to use these blinds to transform windows to create interesting architectural effects. 10c.

Acme Steel Company (ML-2), Chicago, Ill. *A Gallery of American Windows*, many interesting window treatments with Venetian blinds in settings designed by outstanding interior designers, plus facts about galvanized "bond-erized" steel slat blinds. Enclose 10c to cover postage.

## Lighting

Rudolf Wendel, Inc., Wendelight Corporation (ML-2), 730 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y., have a handsome brochure, simply titled "*Rudolf Wendel*," on indoor and outdoor lighting, showing individualized lighting systems in fabulous settings. Free.

Lightolier, Inc. (ML-2), 11 East 36 St., New York 16, N. Y. *New Light—New Charm for Your Home*. Nine leading decorators, members of the A.I.D., have designed room settings with Lightolier fixtures. Illustrated in full color, this booklet has many top-flight decorating ideas which you may adapt for your own home. 25c.



## Home Planning and Building Materials

The F. C. Russell Co. (ML-2), 6400 Herman Ave., Cleveland 2, Ohio, offers several free folders about windows and awnings: *Rusco* and *Thermoseal*, both insulating window units, *All Metal Venetian Awnings and Jalousies*. Free.

The Cincinnati Fly Screen Co. (ML-2), Cleveland 2, Ohio. *There's a Better Day Coming*, a folder about Cinco all-aluminum combination screen and storm sash. Free.

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company (ML-2), Pittsburgh, Pa. *Picture Windows*. For you who are building a house, or remodeling, this folder

makes suggestions about insulation built into picture windows. Free.

Western Pine Association (ML-2), Yeon Bldg., Portland 4, Oregon. *Western Pine Camera Views* shows how various types of Western Pines are being used in interior decoration. Copiously illustrated with Early American, Colonial and Federal styles of living-rooms, bedrooms, dens, halls, kitchens, etc. Free.

Henry Weis Manufacturing Company, Inc. (ML-2), Elkhart, Ind. *The Mark of a Modern Home*, cabinet showers and how to use them in stretching the size of a bathroom by "compartment" arrangement. Several diagrammed layouts are included, for turning closets and odd corners into space for cabinet showers. 10c.

Bloomingdale Bros., Inc. (ML-2), Lexington Ave. & 59 St., New York 22, N. Y. *Suburban Houses for New Yorkers* (prize-winning designs in Bloomingdale's Architectural Competition), a portfolio of the 18 winning designs for a two-, three- or four-bedroom house, with a garage. Planned for the New York suburban area. 9c to cover postage or free at Bloomingdale's on the 5th floor.

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company (ML-2), 632 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh 22, Pa. *Making Your Home More Attractive with Glass* is a booklet full of illustrations of mirrors and glass used in decoration—as well as glass in home-building or modernizing, insulation, etc. Free.

*Color Dynamics for the Home*, another booklet from the same firm, is a non-technical pictorial presentation of the rôle color plays in changing the architectural appearance of a house or its interior. Free.

Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated (ML-2), 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Continued on page 18



*what every smart  
window should show*



*All through the house...*

stay-lovelier Fashion Edge... the only  
curtains made with the patented DOUBLE FOLD  
RUFFLE that adds strength, resists wear.  
*No other curtain has it!*

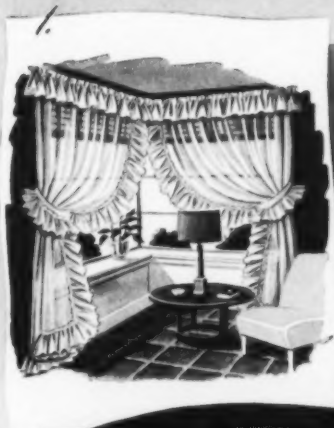
You get so many custom quality "extras"  
with FASHION EDGE. Fuller, fluffier ruffles...  
beautiful vat-dyed colors... dainty ruffled  
tie-backs with bone rings... tailored  
back-hemming... everything it takes to make  
a really deluxe, dream-draping curtain...  
all at no extra cost to you!

Yes, you can easily afford to let beautiful  
FASHION EDGE CURTAINS grace your every window.  
They're that reasonably priced! See them at  
leading stores.

FREE! "Curtain Time"...  
a booklet of curtain care  
and window tricks.  
Write for it! Dept. L.



**FASHION CURTAIN COMPANY**  
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE



## *Fashion Edge* REGISTERED *Curtains*





# Booklets you can use

Continued from page 16

**Radiant Panel Heating**, a non-technical but very detailed discussion of the pros and cons of panel heating and various types of installation, prepared by the Research and Development Division of the firm which supplies basic material for all types of heating systems. A non-partisan study on a subject which is of interest to all home builders. Free, but only one copy to a reader.



## Furniture

**Vander Ley Brothers, Inc. (ML-2)**, Waters Building, Grand Rapids, Mich. *Jewels of Victorian Furniture*, latest edition of a brochure featuring Victorian reproductions and adaptations. 15c in coin.

**Baker Furniture, Inc. (ML-2)**, Grand Rapids 2, Mich.; *The Baker Guide to Good Furniture*, latest edition of Baker's authoritative 47-page booklet on the making, selection, use and care of fine furniture. Special emphasis is placed on eighteenth century reproductions. 25c.

**Drexel Furniture Company (ML-2)**, Drexel, N. C. *The Eighteenth Century Traditional*. Copiously illustrated, this booklet about Drexel's pine and mahogany reproductions of dining-room and bedroom furniture includes valuable dimension data to help you visualize furniture proportion. 10c.

**Kittinger Company, Inc. (ML-2)**, Buffalo, N. Y., offers three illustrated folders, all for free, about their furniture—*Charterhouse*, *Mandarin* and *King of Ease*. The latter shows the various comfort adjustments of a well-scaled, well-proportioned lounge chair.

**Kensington Incorporated (ML-2)**, New Kensington, Pa. *Quality Without Compromise*. Construction details are defined and featured in this booklet which describes the Kensington new blond wood-and-aluminum modern tables, chairs, chests and consoles. Free.

**Kling Factories (ML-2)**, Mayville, N. Y., *Your Bedroom and You*. Full of facts about the origin of furniture styles and their present adaptations. This booklet also offers sound color suggestions for room schemes and easy-to-follow advice on the care of furniture. 10c.

**The Continental Furniture Co. (ML-2)**, High Point, N. C. *To Match Your Dreams*. Adaptations of Georgian and Pre-Revolutionary American bedroom furniture are illustrated here with historical data about furniture design. 10c.

**Tomlinson of High Point (ML-2)**, High Point, N. C. *Presenting American Informal*, four-color and sepia-toned illustrations of new groupings of living-room, dining-room and bedroom furniture. Large-page size of booklet and clever accessory suggestions help you translate the pictured pieces into real rooms. 10c.

**The Mengel Company (ML-2)**, Louisville, Ky. *Let's Plan a Bedroom Around You*, all about modern bedrooms decorated to fit the personality of the owner. A new booklet by Mary Adam whose colorful but practical ideas and informal writing style have simplified decoration-planning for many homemakers. 10c.

**Morgan Furniture Company (ML-2)**, Asheville, N. C. *Fashions in Furniture*. Well-styled modern and traditional furniture presented in attractive room-setting sketches. 10c.

**White Furniture Company (ML-2)**, Mebane, N. C. Beautifully illustrated with detailed photographs of bedroom, dining-room and living-room furniture, as well as room arrange-

ment sketches by R. Ridgeley, White's new *Album of Fine Furniture* is free on request.

**Colonial Manufacturing Company (ML-2)**, Zeeland, Mich. *Colonial Reproductions and Other Masterpieces* has illustrations of the firm's documentary reproductions, as well as an excellent dictionary of furniture design motifs, presented clearly in line drawings; 56 pages, 10c.

**Heritage Furniture, Inc. (ML-2)**, High Point, N. C. *By Heritage* is the simple title of a new booklet which puts as much stress on construction features as it does on the undeniable good looks of the firm's upholstered furniture and occasional tables. 25c.

**Biggs Authentic Colonial Reproductions (ML-2)**, 105 East Grace St., Richmond 19, Va. A large and well illustrated booklet shows the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century styles of furniture, mirrors and silver that Biggs has reproduced. A fine, representative collection all under one cover. Free.



## Table Things

**Lunt Silversmiths (ML-2)**, Greenfield, Mass. *Sterling for Gracious Living* is an elaborate booklet, showing silver patterns and attractive table settings. Free.

**Finland Ceramics & Glass Corporation (ML-2)**, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. *Karhula Crystal* shows an outstanding collection of hand-blown and hand-engraved crystal from Finland. Booklet is free, gives dimension and style numbers for mail orders.

Continued on page 21

## *your home is your show window!*

Why not give your Teen-Agers' rooms the "new look," too? It means so much to youngsters to be proud and happy to bring their friends home. And it costs so little. Alexander Smith's gay new Opera Red Broadloom, for example, is far from expensive. Yet look what it does for the Teen-Ager's room below. Send for "Colorama," Clara Dudley's free book, containing color ideas for every room in the house. Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, Dept. LC-1, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



CLIP: 1946, ALEXANDER SMITH & SONS CARPET CO.

have you looked at your rugs lately?



***Alexander Smith***  
*Floor-Plan Rugs & Broadloom Carpets*

*So we picked the one that*

# Stays Silent—Lasts Longer

(BECAUSE IT FREEZES WITH NO MOVING PARTS)

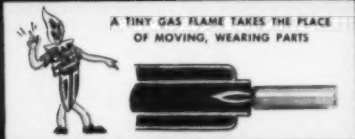


"All the new refrigerators," say Mr. and Mrs. Francis Rheims of Brooklyn, "looked pretty much alike to us. All had modern features. But we found a big difference in the way they operated. We wanted a refrigerator that would never be noisy and would last us a long, long time. That's why we chose the Servel Gas Refrigerator." Servel has no machinery in the freezing system; no motor, valves, piston or pump to get noisy or wear. A tiny gas flame does all the work. So the Rheims family picked Servel...

*...and got every new convenience*

- ✓ A big frozen food compartment
- ✓ Plenty of ice cubes in trigger-release trays
- ✓ Moist and dry cold for fresh foods
- ✓ Convenient meat storage tray
- ✓ Two dew-action vegetable fresheners
- ✓ Flexible interior with clear-across shelves
- ✓ Plenty of tall bottle space
- ✓ Handy egg container

See the new Servels at your Gas Company or neighborhood dealer. And write today for new illustrated booklet "Different from all others." It's yours free. Just send a postcard to Servel, Inc., Evansville, Ind., or in Canada, Servel, (Canada) Ltd., 545 King St., W., Toronto 1, Ont.



STAYS SILENT... LASTS LONGER

## Servel

The GAS Refrigerator



# Booklets you can use

Continued from page 18

Frank Smith Silver Company (ML-2), Gardner, Mass. *A History of Craftsmanship in Sterling Silver* is a simple folder outlining briefly the story of design and craftsmanship which led to the development of the Fiddle-Back design in flatware, and illustrations of the three Fiddle-Back patterns manufactured by this firm. Free.

Vernon Kilns (ML-2), 2300 East 52nd St., Los Angeles 11, Calif. *California Vernonware* is a romanticized booklet in gay color, showing nine of the Vernon Kilns patterns of semi-porcelain tableware. 25c.

American Art Alloys, Inc. (ML-2), Kokomo 1, Ind. 1 West 34 Street, New York 1, N. Y. *How to Set a Beautiful Table with Golden-Hued Dirlite*, suggestions for table settings in color. Priced at 15c.

Towle Silversmiths (ML-2), Newburyport, Mass. *How to Plan Your Wedding and Your Silver*. Useful hints for the bride-to-be, not only for choosing her silver but also for the planning of the wedding party, number stickers for wedding gifts (and memo space for listing them and checking off the thank-you notes) and, of course, illustrations of Towle's most popular patterns of silver. 25c.

Meakin & Ridgway, Inc. (ML-2), 129 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. *Minton, English Bone China* gives the history of Minton china and interesting points of its construction. Also illustrations of the more famous of the Minton patterns. Free.

## Cooking, Foods and Wine

Enameled Utensil Manufacturers Council (ML-2), Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Ill. *How to be a Better Cook*, a presentation, by the En-

ameledware Industry, of the reasons for choosing enameled utensils. Free.



Landers, Frary & Clark (ML-2), New Britain, Conn., offer two new folders, free. *The Unwatched Pot* and *Wishful Thinking* are both about Universal electric appliances.

Crisco (ML-2), Cincinnati 1, Ohio. *Recipes for Good Eating*. Recipes for food to whet the appetite of the whole family. Easy-to-follow instructions, too. 10c.

Richardson & Robbins Company (ML-2), Dover, Delaware. *Chicken Dishes, Modern Style* gives lots of recipes for meals planned around R & R's Boned Chicken. Free.

National Association of Margarine Manufacturers (ML-2), Room 4115, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y. *Mealtime Magic*—menus and recipes in an appetizingly illustrated booklet; *Modern Margarine*—six recipes in card form for your cookery file box. For both, send No. 10 envelope, stamped (6c) and self-addressed.

National Pressure Cooker Company (ML-2), Eau Claire, Wis. *Presto Cooker Recipe Book* with instructions and cooking timetables. All the recipes are minutely described, and the ones for combination dishes are so appetizing you'll want to get right to work with your pressure cooker. 30c.

Wine Advisory Board (ML-2), 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, Calif. *How to Have Better Dinners with Wine*: how to select wines

for a variety of menus plus recipes for cooking with wine. Characteristics of several types of California wines are described. Free.

Roma Wine Company (ML-2), San Francisco 4, Calif. *Wine and Champagne Refreshment Recipes* serves two purposes. It gives eleven recipes for wine and champagne cocktails and punch, and some tips for serving the different wines with food and with meals. Free.



## Kitchens and Laundries

Bendix Home Appliances, Inc. (ML-2), South Bend 24, Ind. *How to Plan a Modern Labor-Saving Home Laundry*. All about Bendix automatic performance, together with seven plans by L. Morgan Yost for planning your laundry. Color sketches of attractive kitchens and laundries. Free.

The Kitchen Maid Corporation (ML-2), Andrews, Ind. *Kitchen Hints* shows ten typical Kitchen Maid kitchens planned to save steps, time and simplify work; illustrations are accompanied by charts. Also helpful and included in this booklet is a check-list of planning ideas and dimensions of the various cabinet units. 10c.

American Gas Assn. (ML-2), 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. *New Freedom Gas Kitchens*, a complete guide to planning kitchens with gas equipment. 10c. *Hot Water Magic*, tips for washing and ironing silks, synthetics, woollens, by hand or machine. Removing spots and stains. 10c.

...and will have  
two place settings of

**MINTON**

English bone china



It's wonderful to plan . . . to dream . . . about your own beautiful home! Those two original settings of MINTON bone china will grow, of course, into an entire dinner service. But what fun to start right!



MINTON fine English bone china is so correct . . . so exquisitely lustrous . . . so really serviceable that there's no need to wait to buy a complete set.

MARLOW PATTERN

Send 10¢ (no cover postage) for an illustrated booklet that tells the story of MINTON.

**MEAKIN & RIDGWAY, INC.**

129 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

Wholesale Only



## Our file box

Here are more file box suggestions, to help you cope with your house—or apartment—whether a fuse blows or windows need painting or your ironer is hard to figure

### Nails

#### Nails

A fuse burns out; the stair carpet comes loose; Junior's scooter needs a screw—and you start on a nut-and-bolt hunt. All this doesn't create as much frenzy as it sounds if you have a Fix-It-Kit, a sectional-hinged box heaped with nails, tacks, screws, fuse plugs, washers, picture hangers. The F. I. K. comes in sizes priced from \$1.23 to \$2.47. Home Utilities, 7903 Princeton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

### Windows

#### Windows

There's a new piece of gadgetry called Mity Mist. It's a long glass tube (like a Buck Rogers weapon) with a window wiper at one end. You press a button and soapy water is squirted on the window or mirror, and scum and dirt come off in one smooth swipe. You don't involve yourself with sloppy pails or dirty rags. About \$1. at local stores, or write Columbia Industries, 19 Avenue and 36 Streets, Long Island City, New York.

### Grease

#### Grease

Grease is the stuff that clogs the holes of your gas stove burners; that clings to boiler pans, grills, skillets; that forms a film inside your oven. For all these try I. C. Degreaser, half a cup to a gallon of water. Soak the gas stove grids and burners in the solution, wash drip trays and broilers in it and dampen a rag with a little I. C. D. and give the oven a going over, too.

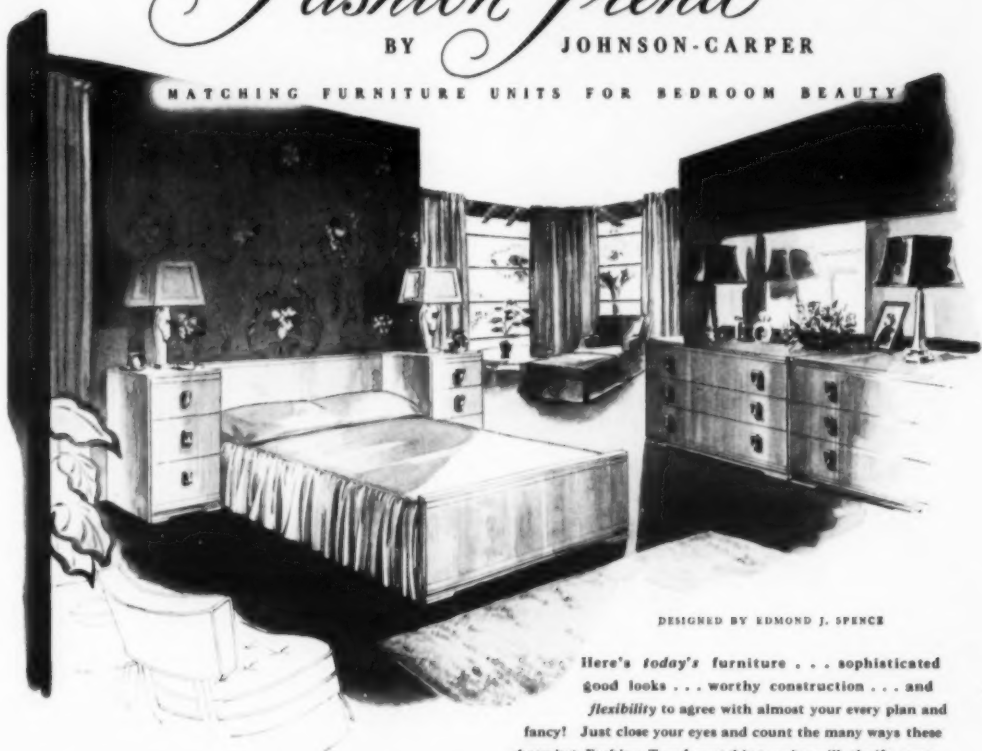
Continued on page 24

# Fashion Trend

BY

JOHNSON-CARPER

MATCHING FURNITURE UNITS FOR BEDROOM BEAUTY

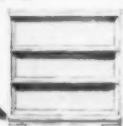


DESIGNED BY EDMOND J. SPENCE

Here's today's furniture . . . sophisticated good looks . . . worthy construction . . . and flexibility to agree with almost your every plan and fancy! Just close your eyes and count the many ways these charming Fashion Trend matching units will glorify your favorite bedroom. There's no end to the clever possibilities—and every one of them bespeaks usefulness and good taste! And you'll find to your own delight that some of the units go magically into living room, dining room and den! In warm, rich American walnut or the very popular Avodiré.\*

Fashion Trend is priced comfortably for the medium income, and sold through our regular dealers throughout the nation.

JOHNSON-CARPER FURNITURE COMPANY, INCORPORATED  
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA



\* Pronounced Ave-duh-ray. This beautiful light wood is grown on the French Ivory Coast of Africa. Avodiré is finished in live, new Sahara-Glow.

# Styled with Pride

Endurance as well as beauty characterizes Tausend's CEL-O-SHEEN®. These richly-textured rayon damask tablecloths and napkins maintain their aristocratic charm after countless launderings, for they are woven entirely of serviceable Celanese® yarn. Proudly featured in dinette to dinner sizes at leading stores.

A Tausend CREATION®



## Cel-o-sheen®

A RAYON DAMASK OF ALL-CELANESE® YARN

LOOMED BY *Feldcrest*®

\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ELLEN TAUSEND • 2122 • 114 FRANKLIN ST. • N. Y. 14

Continued from page 22

### Safety

#### Safety

To give your house a home-safe-home treatment, such as is customary in factories and workshops: paint the treads of dangerous stairways with light stripes—strips of luminous paint that shine out at night are particularly good on attic and basement stairs; mark your garage doors with yellow or white lines to avoid crumpled fenders. To warn hands off, dab red on the handles of the electric switches in your basement.

### Floors

#### Floors

Even with liquid no-rub wax, it's down on your knees when you do the kitchen linoleum. But with the new Sherwin-Williams waxing mop, all you do is give the long-handled mop a push over the floor. A plastic attachment holds the bottle of wax vertical, and when the handle is tilted forward drips just the right-sized puddle in front of the lamb's wool mop. It's as simple as that.

### Tape

#### Tape

Do it the easy way: When painting window frames, border the glass panes with strips of cellophane tape. When the paint dries, whisk the cellophane off. It saves paint-spattered muss and fuss. Or when you're hanging pictures, cover the spot where you're going to pound in the nail with a slip of cellophane tape. This stops plaster's cracking and checking, and you can pound away without any worry.

### Laundry

#### Laundry

Can't establish any rapport between you and your ironer? Expert Mary Ellen DeWine, Bendix Home Appliances, says use a bottle with a perforated stopper; dampen clothes evenly with warm water; smooth out wrinkles; fold and allow to stand at least two hours. Remember starched pieces, embroidery, linens require more moisture. And don't dampen silk or rayon twice.

Continued on page 26



# Papa and Mama

There's a contemporary note of functional utility about this double dresser...inspired by an 1800 ORIGINAL in the Palmer collection... exemplifying the TIMELESS TASTE of Willett Golden Beryl Hard Maple. SOLID WOOD and sound workmanship give it the solid worth of heirloom quality—for TODAY AND MANY TOMORROWS.



SOLID GOLDEN BERYL MAPLE  
SOLID WILDWOOD CHERRY

for living room,  
bedroom and dining room

CONSIDER H. WILLETT, INC. • LOUISVILLE 11, KENTUCKY

Continued from page 24

## Our file box

We've added a few reader suggestions to our file box. If you have any household hints that you want to share, we'll pay \$5—for each usable one we publish.

### Kitchen Décor

#### Kitchen Décor

Mr. and Mrs. L. Leland of Waupaca live in a century-old farmhouse in Wisconsin. To fill the vacant-looking walls of their big farm kitchen, they decorated the walls, in a wild, swooping script, with their favorite recipes, the ones that had been in the family for years—a particularly smooth wine sauce, Grandma's recipe for head cheese and so on—and framed their decorations with Pennsylvania Dutch designs.

### Jars

#### Jars

Doris Sanford of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, suggests making canister sets from glass coffee jars. She took five empty jars, enameled the outsides of them in a bright color, put a decal on each metal lid and shel-lacked a Dennison label on the side—flour, sugar, tea, salt, et cetera—to indicate the contents. She used smaller jars, like mayonnaise jars, for holding such things as dried herbs, cinnamon sticks, baking powder.

### Kitchens

#### Kitchens

To brighten the corner where you are, even if it is only an old kitchen corner in a house you'd love to leave, hang your shiny-bright pots and pans on the wall. That's what Peggy McIntire, Indianapolis, Indiana, did with hers, when she discovered that her small kitchen had no storage space. She set the pan hooks in a plywood board, decorated it gaily. Peggy says it's a sure incentive to keeping the pans scrubbed.

### Napery

#### Napery

Carole Stupell, authority on table design, says consider your napkins *table attire*, and change your dining wardrobe whenever you wish. She advises buying two sets of different-colored table mats with matching napkins. Then mix and match as you please. For example, a yellow set and a green set mean three different table attires. It's the only case we know of where one plus one equals three.

### Storage

#### Storage

Storage boxes (even if not the actual storing) can be made glamorous if covered inside and out with striped or daisy-pied paper to match or contrast with your closet. It's possible to achieve, at practically no cost, a gay box with quite a birthday-party air about it, for storing your blankets and out-of-season things. Ordinary suit boxes or grocery boxes will do, because the labels will be hidden under pretty paper.

### Closets

#### Closets

The skeleton in your closet may be a jam-pack of clothes that fall out in Fibber McGee fashion every time you open the door. If so, Barbara Simpson, a reader in New York, suggests screwing towel racks or curtain rods to the inside of the closet door. They make excellent hangers for skirts—and the skirts come out uncrushed, with pleats all in place. Also a good way to organize a bunch of your man's stray ties.

### Brushes

#### Brushes

Springtime finds a lot of householders going great with turp and paint. And this spring they can set about with even more *joie de vivre*, because there's no worry about an afterbout with sticky brushes. Merryweather Products, Akron, Ohio, has solved that with their airtight Brushaway (plastic) bag to slip the brush into after each job. The sealed bag keeps bristles soft, does away with the need for cleaning.



*Yours* for the New Look  
table wardrobe

Have fun! Live and love it with just the family or gay house guests. Make every party remembered...every meal a pleasure with the lucent beauty of *Colony*...hand-made by American craftsmen. It's exquisite for the warmth of old-time hospitality. Complete, practical and rugged for everyday use. Best of all, you'll be surprised at how much you can have for so little. As you'll see at the better stores everywhere.

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brass lamp to  
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Shades—  
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also in Scotch plaid.



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will center around this handsome  
Irish linen tea cloth, trimmed in  
contrasting batiste eyelet embroidery.  
Generous 40 x 40 dimensions, 4  
napkins. Styled by Penny Parker,  
gray with coral, aqua, or maize. Gift  
wrapped, postage prepaid, no C.O.D.'s.  
\$5.95. Write to  
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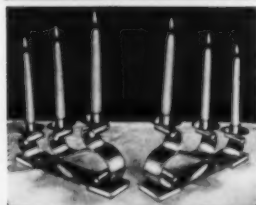


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A smart personal touch for this welcome  
house gift—and for your own guest  
room. And so easy for you to make!  
Complete with yarn, monogram stamped  
on canvas. \$9.75. Back in ivory, mahog-  
any or walnut finish.

*Glenn Maynard*

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Silvery Mexican Tin Candle Hold-  
ers, each in a trio of graceful swirls  
to add charm to your formal dinner  
table, your mantel or a bare spot  
needing a distinctive touch. Made in  
Mexico, they harmonize with any  
decor in your home; or use them for  
the unusual gift you have been wait-  
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Artistic, gay Potteryware to liven your kitchen. Slightly mad  
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with hand-painted designs in Pa. Dutch or Early American.  
Colorful 4 piece Canister Set, \$7.75; Extra  
Large Bread Box, \$5.95; Handy pitcher-  
like soap container, \$2.95; 2 quart Match  
Containers for your stove—"New Ones" &  
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Can, \$5.75. All above hand-painted  
items—postpaid. No C.O.D.'s please.

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## Your money's worth

Spring's coming and with it time to refeather the nest.  
Here are suggested buys and where to find them; they are  
all designed to give your spirits and your home a lift



### Happy Hal

Night light glows soothingly  
with the tiniest bulb. He's  
cute in a blue clown suit  
and white ruche. \$3.95 post-  
paid at Eunice Novelities,  
541 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

### Today's tablecloth

Three tones of red, brown  
or blue on a white linen  
cloth, 54" x 72". "Three  
Crowns" is a bold, crisp  
pattern, blocked by hand  
and signed by the artist,  
Carry Wilson. \$8.85 post-  
paid. Norse House, 57 West  
46 Street, New York 19



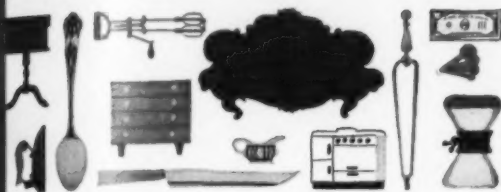
### Flock together

A portfolio of six prints of J.  
Gould's "Humming Birds,"  
full color on fine paper, is  
just \$4.95 postpaid. Frame  
a group as a fresh wall  
treatment. Creste-Andover,  
205 E. 85 Street, N. Y. 28.



### Bell with tone

Beautiful tone, charming  
design, a sterling silver bell  
just 2 1/4" high. \$7.50 plus  
20% Federal tax. Postpaid.  
Henri Bendel, Inc., 10 West  
57 Street, New York 19.



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD MORDAY



### Can't tarnish

Baked lacquer process makes possible the guarantee that these shakers won't tarnish. No more pockmarks from salt. Heavy plated, 4½" high; \$4.95 includes tax and postage from George Stern Co., 191 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

### The lid comes off

Well-built hassock, 21" across and 15" high for generous storage. Covered in red, washable white top, blue borders. \$13.95, express extra. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57 St., N. Y. 22.



### No trash about it

So leather-like that you'd swear it was the real thing. A handsome maroon color, with restrained tooling in gold to add to its elegance. A mere \$2, postage additional, from the Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

### No fish story

This covered serving-dish is really 18 inches long. Vivid green, it's exciting enough to make any fare a feast. The platter is fully decorated, too. \$11.50, express collect. Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 22.



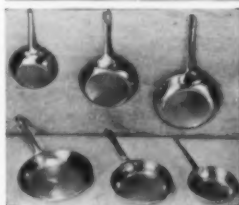
### Coffee in the living room . . .

Your brand-new living room, probably, and extremely festive with our Portuguese demi-tasses, light and lovely as blown bubbles. A bit larger than the conventional tiny cup, which won't displease any husband. In a variety of pastels, 30.00 a dozen. The gleaming black wood tray, 14.00. After-dinner coffee spoons, 19.50 a dozen, including Federal Tax.



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A SECRET of great French cooking is the copper ware the Chêfa de cuisine use. M-m-m-m what saucers and creamed dishes will come out of this row of shining pans! Cooking utensils par excellence, they afford inspiration to prepare better meals. Look well on your wall, too! Heavy copper, tin lined with brass handles. 4" size \$2.95, 6" size \$4.50, 8" size \$5.95, 10" size \$7.50. Add 25¢ shipping. Mail orders filled promptly. No C.O.D. Ask for circular with many unique items.

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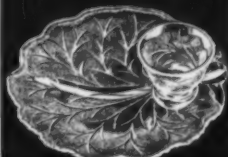
By mail **\$1.10** postpaid  
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### Tea n' toast



Intaglio designed ten-inch leaf plate and cup on frosted glass for cake or sandwiches.

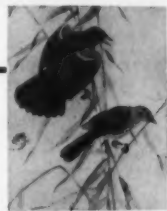
16 pieces: 8 cups, 8 10-inch plates

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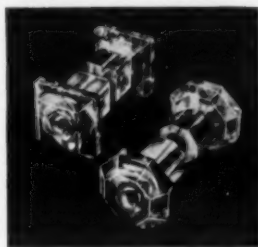


These sparkling doorknobs are the latest trick in interior decoration! Delicately colored Red, Pink, Yellow or White Roses with rich green leaves imbedded in hand-carved crystal-clear pieziclas handles. Fit all standard knobs. Square or octagonal shape. Each knob with plastic doorknob.

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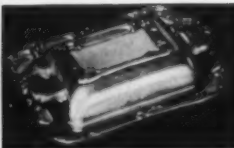
Set of 8 ..... \$1.25 postpaid  
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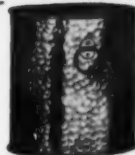


- This beautiful silver on copper miniature vegetable dish adds a touch of splendor to any modern or period room.
- Lift the lid a cigarette box—and the lid itself is an ashtray.
- It can also be used as a jam, cheese, or butter dish.

An outstanding feature value.  
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We've heard the words before, but these cards make the old custom seem like a brand-new invention. Sketches and sentiments that are sweet—but not soupy. \$1 for four, postpaid. Ware's, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Hammered solid brass, wrought by hand to reproduce the original English "Helmets" style. Wide opening to hold kindling wood and small logs. \$22, express collect. The Brass Mart, 10 Park Place, New York 7.



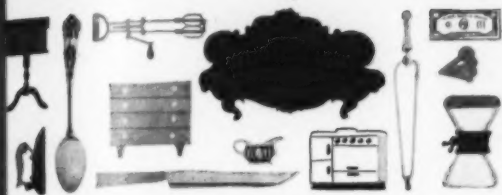
## Individual ash tray

Ceramic ash trays 3 1/4 inches across, pastel on terra cotta. Name or initials engraved to order. \$1.25 each, plus 25c postage. Evelyn Reed, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22.

## Now you see them

Tiny tables fold away to the disappearing point. They're a sturdy 13 inches high, mahogany or blond finish. Postpaid \$4.50 singly or \$18 for four. Susan Ranney, 175 E. 82 Street, New York 28.





PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI AND MIDWINTER



### Perfect pair

Cream and sugar set made by hand and beautifully glazed in green, blue or yellow. For syrup, the non-spill pitcher is cute sitting in the bowl. Gift-wrapped, \$1.65 the set, postpaid. Saddle River Handcrafters, Saddle River, New Jersey.

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Nostalgic songs, robust and sentimental, are trimmed profusely with the gayest of sketches in color. The Fire-side Book of Folk Songs is a buy, \$3.95 plus 25c postage. Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.



### Pine at home

Gylcol for purifying the air; pine for a delightful, relaxing scent. Try a swish of it on your pillow at bedtime. \$2 postpaid for atomizer set, Elene of Vienna, 110 East 42 Street, New York 17.

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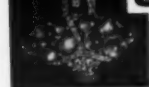


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\$1.50 postpaid.

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#### MOON GLOW

... this rhinestone set basket (a r i l y) bursts with shimmering moonstones, either blue or pink. Copied from far more expensive jewelry. 2 1/2" x 2 1/4", 24 incl. tax and sending.

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### Sea Food Servers

- You'll want to give her these crystal sea food cocktail glasses to keep her in the swim! Shrimp, crab meat, etc., stay chilled in the glass liners which fit snugly into the bottom glass filled with crushed ice. Have them monogrammed with her initials.
- Set of 8 with monogram.....\$13.75
- Set of 12 with monogram.....\$19.75

(express charges collect)

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ELUNICE NOVELTIES Dept. L-28  
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## Your money's worth



#### A corker

Prongs slip down inside the bottle and become pincers to remove the cork. A compact bar accessory that lifts or unscrews caps, too. \$2.50, plus postage. Lewis & Conger, 45 Street and Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 19.

#### Violets bloom

Delicate hand painting on milk glass cups for after-dinner coffee. Charming and only \$10 for a set of six, postpaid from Dee Miller, 242 East 46 Street, N. Y. 17.

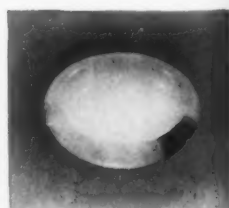


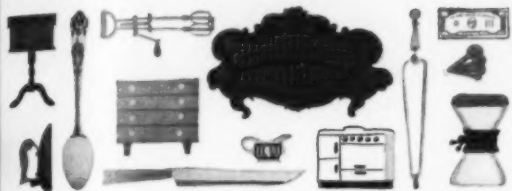
#### Thoroughbred

Well-designed marmalade set serves many purposes. Crystal bowl, silver-plated saucer and tiny ladle can each be used separately. \$5, including Federal Tax and postage from Crystalier Co., 485 Lexington Avenue, New York 17.

#### You can't miss

Gleaming white alabaster, unadorned, is bold and beautiful. This nine-inch ash tray is polished to perfection by Italian craftsmen. \$5.75, plus postage from George H. Clark, 480 Hutton Place, Columbus, Ohio.





POSTCARD BY EDWARD MONTAGNE



### Swish

An atomizer no bigger than a lipstick. Screw top, for convenient filling, seals in the precious scent. Copper finish with a funnel and black and red case. \$6.50 postpaid. Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

### Lightly browned

Five Mexican baking bowls from 4" to 11" in diameter. Golden brown, with a glazed lining. \$2.80 the set, plus postage. More small, individual casseroles, 20c each. Fred Leighton, 15 East 8 St., New York 3, New York.

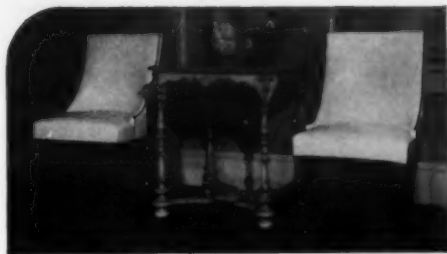


### Comforting

Downy warmth for the heir apparent. Pink or blue satin quilt for baby's crib in diamond-tufted pattern. A regal gift for \$12.98, postpaid from Maison Henri, 613 Madison Ave., New York 22.

### Nicely nutty

Candy or nuts at each place, in fluted dishes of almost any color. We adore the gun-metal finish and the tawny tones. Send color choices, \$2.50 for 4, postage extra, to Mary Pruden Ceramics, Little Falls, New Jersey.



Charming Host chairs that are equally usable for dining, living room, bedside, foyer or den. Worthy construction, resilient springs, distinctive brass nail trim; solid Mahogany legs, either regular or wheat finish. Height 35 1/2"; W. 20 1/4"; D. 23". Cover choice of (1) All-plastic Bolita-fab (kept pristine clean with soap, water) (2) Velod-velvet fabric (3) Lovely floral front, solid color back. Single chair—\$39.75; two—\$77.75; check or money order. No C.O.D.'s. Express prepaid!

### Choice of these fabrics and colors

(1) In beautiful, pliant, stain and soil resistant All-plastic Bolita-fab, pastel-like colors: Oyster White, Turquoise, Colonial Green, Chartreuse, Sun Yellow or Lilac-like Red. (2) Highly glowing Velod-velvet in either Turquoise, Raspberry, Kelly Green, Gold or Bone White. (3) Harmonious floral design for front and seat; key your color to either solid back colors of Blue, Green, Burgundy or Gold. Hurry, for prompt shipment—at this moment prices.

**Bayford Society**  
BOX 1808 • CHARLOTTE, N.C.



### NEW! SENSATIONAL ELECTRIC KNIFE SHARPENER

\$9.95 Postpaid  
THE MOST EXCITING HOUSEHOLD GIFT IN YEARS!

- No skill required
- Safe . . . Quickly sharpens any knife
- Precision made . . . 8 1/2" overall
- Quiet running air-cooled motor
- Lifetime service sharpening wheel
- A.C. Motor . . . No radio interference
- White enamel . . . Rubber base
- Fully Guaranteed

No C.O.D.'s, Please

Write for catalog of unusual gifts

**CRANE'S** 419 East 57th Street  
New York 22, N. Y.



### YOUR NAME PLEASE?

A smart accessory for LIVING... hand-painted apron... Waverly Glasheen in Snow White, Bermuda Blue, Seashell Pink, Chartreuse... longer, for the new hemlines... washable... sorry, no C.O.D.'s, give second color choice... mailed within ten days.

For the Small Fry . . . \$3.35

Cocktail Size . . . \$3.35

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**AUTHENTIC-HAND MADE  
Electric BOSTON POST LANTERN**

Natural Pure Cop- per or dull Black finish. Your choice.

**ONLY \$12.75 F.O.B.**  
ALL WIRED... CHIMNEY INCLUDED

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY  
NEVER BURN ON CARBIDE

Handily constructed of the FINEST MATERIALS.  
28" high, 10 1/2" wide, just two P.  
Larger Lanterns 28" high. \$17.75 F.O.B.

Your money back if you are dissatisfied.

Please send check or money order. No C.O.D.'s.

**NEW ENGLAND LANTERN WORKS**  
Room 508-9, 77 Summer St., Boston, Mass.



### EMBLEM GLASSES

Unique and new are these Emblem Glasses with your Alma Mater's crest faithfully reproduced in the school colors. Made of fine crystal with platinum banding on every piece. Available with insignia of all colleges and armed forces. Sherry, no order for less than 5 of a design. Delivery within 2 weeks.

Football Contest—3 1/2 oz. \$4.00 Fashioned—7 oz. \$10.00  
Highball—12 oz. \$12.00  
SEE SEE BEER, 1948

### BEER MUGS

#### For Home

#### Clocks—Framed Pictures

Strike retain frosty cool and refreshing when served in these lusty, hand-tempered Bantam mugs. 4 1/2" high, holds 24 oz.

Single Mug \$3.35

4 or more Mugs \$5.00 each

Matching Pitcher (holds 2 quarts) \$5.00

For 3-letter monogram; add \$1.00

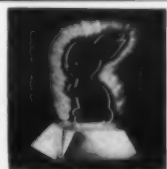
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**Cooper Crafts**

54 West 21st Street, New York 10, N. Y.



An ice time is coming to the girl who gets this plastic-cased watch on a heavy gold-plated bracelet. One day she will wear it on her wrist, another on her lapel and still another on her belt as a fob. For all its fragile air it is practically indestructible, and a reliable timekeeper. \$38.50, prepaid, including tax. Tourneau Watches, 431 Madison Avenue (at 49th Street), New York, 22.



\$3.75 postpaid

### Delightful Light for Kiddies' Nights

... The Illuminating Bunny!

Little sleepyheads love to have this adorable Bunny Light watch over their slumbers! A perfect Easter gift! Clear, porcelain lucite figure, mounted on pink or blue sturdy metal base. Light shines up through the base illuminating the bunny... furnishes soft light that fills the room! Comes in squirrel, teddy bear and elephant figures, too! Stands about 7" high.

Send for FREE Gift Catalog

**Renard Gifts**  
HOTEL EDMONDSON • 1212 17th St. • ELMHURST, ILL. • N. Y. 18



### Fiesta Strawberry Bowl

New! La Palette's smart, "Jumbo Strawberry" hand-painted, milky-white plastic 5" bowl. Matching design on snap-fitting lid. Breakable, but not breakable plastic makes the Strawberry Bowl so very useful in kitchen, or for table serving. Order one or more for gifts—and some for yourself. No C.O.D.'s, please.

LA PALETTE GIFTS, DEPT. B  
309 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

\$1.25 ea.  
7 P. Set of  
2 bowls—  
\$2.00 P.P.

AMAZING VALUE!  
for Your Home



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YOUR friends would never dream that these exquisite, signed, original etchings and lithographs cost you so little. Their value is \$15, \$16 and UP! Among the large selection are many prize winners. Over 200 of the world's leading museums are also taking advantage of this exceptional offer. Included are works by such artists as Thomas Benton, Gordon Grant, James Chapin, Adolph Dehn.

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New catalog illustrates each subject being offered, gives artists' biographies, sizes of pictures, prices they won. Explains how new group movement makes low price possible only through us. Send 10 cents in stamps or coin for postage, handling to ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, Studio 874, 711 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Beer or  
champagne?

You may have either!

Whether your budget's in the beer bracket or runs to champagne, you can have an apartment full of personal flavor and taste. Read the summer number of

MADEMOISELLE'S

## LIVING

The magazine for smart young homemakers

# Your money's worth

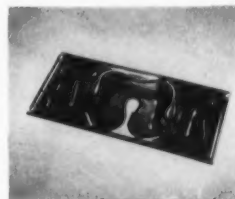


### Eye opener

Breakfast in style with a new ivory or black tray. Colorful hand decoration and two tilt positions for reading ease. \$12.50, plus express charges from Crane's, 419 East 57 Street, New York 22.

### Note-able

Your bright thoughts or invitations for a fun party go down easily on this fine note paper. Only white with a gay lining. "Drollery" by Kellogg. Box of thirty-six for \$2 plus postage. Loring Andrews, Cincinnati, Ohio.



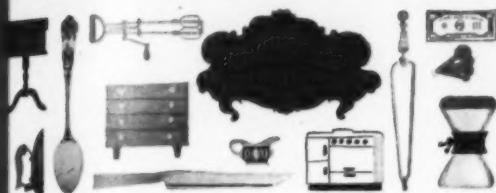
### Relish it

Gleaming surfaces of Plexiglas, designed by Eva Zeisel, make relishes tempting. Gleaming green or snow-white, each \$9 plus postage. Designed for Living, 131 E. 57 Street, New York 22.

### Tiled together

Her name and his and the wedding date, hair coloring and even freckles to your order on a decorative tile. Specify choice: aqua, yellow, green, rose or blue. \$4.95 postpaid from Linhof Studios, 332 Union Ave., Bound Brook, New Jersey.





PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD MONTAGNE



### Hide your light

You won't disturb the sleep-head with this tiny lamp, only three inches long. Clamped to the book, it directs plenty of light to the page itself. \$2.50, plus postage. Womrath Bookshops, Inc., 203 East 18 Street, New York 3.

### Fun and flavor

Copper cookery of all kinds. These pieces: \$8.95 for the stew pan with lid, \$5.95 for the open shirring pan. Burner is \$4.95, and \$3.50 for the tiny pipkin. Express collect. The Post Mart, 230 East 78 Street, New York 21.



### Tipplers' tonic

Jewel colors: forest green, peacock blue or amethyst in handcrafted glass. Six tall tumblers and pitcher with a crystal handle for \$5.95 a set, plus postage from M. O'Neill Co. of Akron, Ohio.

### Bright lining

The vivid red interior is as tarnish-proof as it is brilliant. A silver chest of black wood etched with white, for \$6.95. Postpaid. Ellison's, 410 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware.



### FINE CHINA AND CRYSTAL

Exquisite Lenox China in "Fairmount" pattern, gay blue cornflowers with green garland. Single place-setting, consisting of dinner plate, butter plate, salad plate, cup and saucer, \$16.43. Add the sparkle of fine Finnish crystal. Goblets, champagne glasses, \$30 dozen; clarets, \$24 dozen.

Mail inquiries receive prompt attention

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WHITE PLAINS

EAST ORANGE



### PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH BIRTH CERTIFICATE

It makes a wonderful gift for a new baby, but a bigger child also likes to see his own with name and birthday on the wall of his room. A quaint reproduction of an old framer, it's hand-tinted and the back of the frame removes so you can write in the baby's name, birthday, birthplace; parents' doctor's and registrar's name. Overall size 10" x 13". Please specify pink or blue frame. \$3.00 plus 25¢ per postage. No C.O.D.

Write for free gift catalog  
DEE MILLER  
242 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

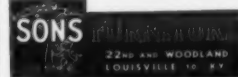
### DUNCAN PHYEE Drop Leaf

Duncan Phyee extension table in solid mahogany, a formal look, top in oak and a mahogany base. 24" x 60" closed, 24" x 80" drop leaves raised, 24" x 100" with leather finish, right, 307. Shipping weight, 60 lbs. 60% discount \$154



Send 10¢ for sample catalog.

Product style for each hand-sculpted detail in mahogany. Finish hand-sculpted. Set this in white cotton tapestry, or oak blue mahogany with blue cotton. See color with your catalog \$10.00



### CREATIVE PLASTER



SCROLL LAMP, 10" Base (incl. shade) \$13.00  
HAND-LEZED DRESSING TABLE, 40" x 12" \$52.50  
RIBBON & LACE MIRROR, 18" x 24" . . \$18.00

FINISHED IN ANY COLORS  
(Shipping charges collect.)

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EDWARD KRUMPE

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### BRASS OR COPPER WASTEPAPER BASKET

Hand crafted of heavy gauge brass or copper and trimmed with embossed bands of solid brass it stands 11 1/2" high, top is 9" x 12". Lacquer prevents tarnishing. When ordering specify brass or copper.

\$14.50 shipping charges collect

Write for Catalogue

**Jenifer House**  
New Marlboro Star Route  
GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

### A BRIGHT SPOT

This gleaming solid brass receptacle is really mounted on sturdy lion's paws. Filled with plants, flowers or garlands, it's magnificent. The rare oval shape is a decorator's delight. Water-tight with majestic lion's head handles, it is 4 1/2" high; 6" wide. Lacquer prevents tarnishing.

10" long.....\$14.50  
14" long.....\$18.50  
18" long.....\$19.50

Shipping charges collect



### MINIATURE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH CUPBOARD

Solid cherry, entirely handmade, doors open to show shelf opens beneath. 5 1/2" high \$7.50. Parcel Post Prepaid—No C.O.D.'s, please. Send 10c for illustrated catalogue showing other fine handmade pieces, all scaled one inch to the foot, as well as our complete line of doll house accessories.

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LAGRANGEVILLE, N. Y.



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### NAPKIN RING STERLING SILVER

Hand-engraved first name  
or initials

EXCEPTIONAL  
VALUE **\$3.59**  
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Postpaid and Fed. Tax included  
No C.O.D.'s

**George Stern Co.**  
JEWELERS SINCE 1922  
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### Needle-Point ROSETTE



This is the newest, and one of the best of the pin-cushion type flower holders. The petals of the flower are heavy rust-proof metal, and fastened within its heart are solid brass, needle-sharp pins, spaced 1/2" apart. Heavy enough, so your arrangement won't tip over. In your choice of White, Green or Silver.

**\$1.50** Postage Free

**Towne Products**

27 W. 26 St., Dept. ML-2 New York 10, N. Y.



### QUACK DUCKS

Mother Duck and her 3 little Ducklings are sturdily constructed of enameled wood to survive hours and hours of hard play. Kiddies will love to hear them "quack quack" as they're pulled along at the end of a string. \$1.45 postpaid.

### BOUNCY BUNNY

Watch Bouncy's eyes move, legs wiggle, bell jingle when your youngster pulls the string. This cunning new animated Bunny of washable plastic composition will be one of his favorite toys. 3" high, 7 1/2" long. \$1.45 postpaid.

No C.O.D.'s, please

**LUCILLE DISTRIBUTING CO.**  
Dept. L-28  
617 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

## Your money's worth



### Party postcards

Your name and address block-printed, all ready for you to fill in the time and occasion. 50 cards for \$1.65, postpaid. Augusta Reynolds, 141 E. 29 St. N. Y. 16.

### Roll 'em

Old Hickory carving knife with high-test steel blade is \$4.50. Lay knife on hub of the Robo sharpener, roll it along to sharpen. Safe and easy. \$2.50 plus postage. Abercrombie & Fitch, 360 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17.



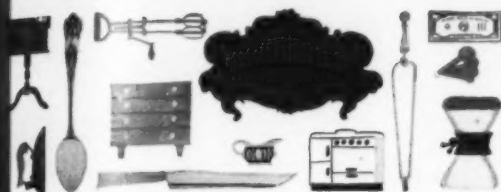
### Breakfast partners

Satiny pewter, rare as fine gold, as napkin holders one inch wide. They're cut with Old English letters, "Mr" and "Mrs." \$6.75, postage extra, from America House, 485 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22.

### Trick trio

Cache your cologne in jewel-like containers. Bright-gold-finished tin canister set is \$6.95, plus 15c postage, from Richter's Jewelry, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWARD MORDANT



### Manners and music

Try this. "It's Fun To Be Neat," an unbreakable record of gay songs and chatter on that endless subject of pick-it-up, put-it-away. \$1.54, postage extra, from Liberty Music Shop, 450 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 22.

### Gold bowls

A wonderful size, 4" across and almost as high. These lacquered china jars are a joy for candy, flowers, ivy, even your pencils. They're \$2.75 each, postpaid, from Young Books, Inc., 746 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 21.



### Wine cradle

Fine wine is best decanted. Even quart-size bottles will fit in this basket and need not be removed for pouring. Lightweight wicker. \$3.95, postpaid. The Bar Mart, 62 West 45 Street, N. Y. 19.

### Talking point

Inspiration for tall tales with twelve different game birds and six famous horses, designed by Lynn Bogue Hunt on beige background, 5 1/2"-tall mugs. \$4 each, shipping fees collect. Blair's Gifts, Allenhurst, N. J.



### LEG-O-MATIC

... Opens in one motion!

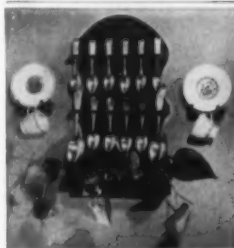


Pull one leg and presto!—all 4 open and lock in place. Sturdy, fine quality table for dining, cards, and entertaining. Chairs unfold in one easy motion, too—excellent as "extras" when company comes. Take very little storage space.

Seats and table top in attractive Spanish Ivory or Red washable leatherette. Mahogany finished frames. Table . . . . . \$5.95  
Chairs, each . . . . . \$7.75  
5 pc. set . . . . . \$4.95

Free Delivery Within 150 Miles. In New York City, add 2% Sales Tax. Send for Catalog No. DL-3 and Overruns Fund today.

**Hammacher Schlemmer**  
145 E. 57th Street, N. Y. 22, VO. 5-4700  
1848 100th ANNIVERSARY 1948



### A SPOON RACK

Mahogany or maple finish  
10 1/2 x 19 with metal liner for plants.

\$1.00

Cup and saucer hangers for demi-tasse or standard cups.

1.50 each

express charges collect

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Box 187-A  
Laguna Beach, California



### "Warmest Greetings on Valentine's Day" MINATURE POT BELLY STOVES!

For Granny, Mom or your best girl friend . . . something new and different as a Valentine thought.

This exact replica in durable white metal of the legendary pot belly stove is 1" high and delicately inscribed with crimson hearts in an authentic Pennsylvania Dutch design.

Select a pair . . . one as a fascinating planter or ashtray and another equipped with an electric cigarette lighter which "smoke falls" when tipped at 45 degrees. We'd like to be there ourselves when you use them!

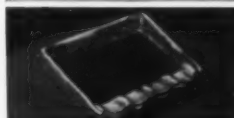
STOVE ELECTRIC LIGHTER, \$4.95

STOVE ASHTRAY-PLANTER, \$2.95

Add 15¢ for postage

No C.O.D.'s please—Write for catalog of unusual gifts.

**CRANE'S** 419 East 57th Street  
New York 22, N. Y.



### JEWEL COLORS

Ceramic ash tray, hand made in a soft grayish beige. The centers are in beautiful jewel colors of Emerald or Topaz. Notice how the side forms a rest for the cigarettes. 4" x 3 1/2". \$1.50 postpaid.

### SOPHISTICATED ACCESSORY

Exclusive with us is an exact copy of an original solid gold cigarette case brought from the Continent. The copy is made in striped brass in the color of gold with a black silk tassel hanging from the cover, which is lined with a mirror. Holds 14 regular cigarettes and is suitable for table or purse. 3" high x 1 1/2" diameter. \$8.99 postpaid.

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**SUSAN RANNEY** Dept. ML-28  
175 East 82nd Street, New York 28, N. Y.



### GRACEFUL WROUGHT IRON MAGAZINE STAND

adds distinction to any room. Convenient beside your favorite chair. Handy place to keep "Mademoiselle's Living" and other magazines for quick, easy reference. Verde or black finish. 15" high; 10" wide; 15" deep. Lovely lifetime gift. Postpaid in 48 states.

\$6.95. No COD's.

**The Josselyn's**

Box 147, Dept. 52, Dedham, Mass.



WHITE LEATHER

IT GUARANTEES FOR EVERY BREED

## Dress Him Up for SMARTNESS

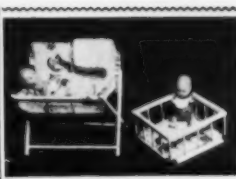
Handsome by day! Visible at night! Custom-made rubber WHITE superb leather harness. Also, tan and black harnesses. Ruby-red jeweled light reflectors, nickel nail heads. Pet's name inscribed on plate. Fit a lap dog or a police dog. Adjustable, lined and beautiful. Order C.O.D. \$3.30 plus postage. Or send \$3.50 we pay postage. 3-ft. matching leash, \$1.50. 10-ft. leash, \$3.00. IMPORTANT: Take BODY girls of forelegs with string. Send string and pet's name.

### Handsome ROUND Collars

New! Different! Finest workmanship! Radiant WHITE, tan or black round collars. Pet's name on plate. Red, blue or green jewels. Complete \$2.50. FLAT military collars. RED, WHITE and BLUE jewels. Pet's name on plate, complete \$2.50. Send string showing neck girls and pet's name.

### CURTIS CREATIONS

Dept. 6 Gessner-Repair Bldg., Ullin, N.Y.



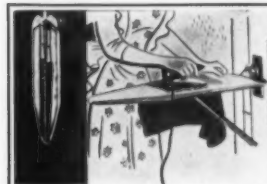
## darling diminutives

Handmade miniature toys for a good little girl! Bathinette (5" wide) of waterproof chintz holds water, folds, comes complete with doll, soap, sponge and towel. \$2.95. The cunning playpen (4" square) has matching waterproof chintz pad and doll in rompers and tiny bib! \$2.95.

Add 15c for postage. Sorry, no c.o.d.'s.

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DEPT. M, RYE, NEW YORK



**SLICK space-saving idea**—this folding ironing board! No wonder smart young homemakers and career girls love it. Slip it on any doorknob. Rubber bumpers keep it from marring woodwork while strong metal braces hold it firm for smooth and easy pressing. Comes with its own pad and cover. Apartment size, 8x32, \$3.25. Travel size—8x22—tucks right into your suitcase, is yours for \$3.00.

We Pay Postage

J. J. ANTHONY 1517 W. North Ave., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

## good table talk for brides-to-be

Setting a beautiful table is part of every party you give as a bride and thereafter. And whether you plan to live in a cottage or on a grand scale, you can be a flawless hostess. Take your tips and hints from the portfolio of table-setting ideas in the summer number of

MADEMOISELLE'S

# LIVING

The magazine for smart young homemakers

## Your money's worth



### Hot or cold

Protect baby's bottle from temperature change. A layer of Fiberglas covered with blue plastic is wonderful insulation—and gay with a bunny pattern. \$2 plus postage at Alice H. Marks, 9 West 57th Street, N. Y. 19.

### Candlelight and wine

Hurricane lamps of copper are guaranteed tarnish-proof. One at each place makes a clever supper table. These only \$1 each, postpaid from The Copper Shop, 9 West 42 Street, New York 18.



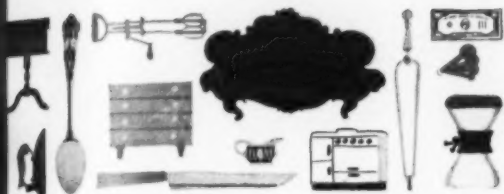
### Easter parade

Make the chillun happy with these cunning candles. Fun for any springtime festivity. The white rabbit, \$1.25, the pink egg and yellow duck, 40c each. Helene Brewer Gift Shop, 1616 East 63 St., Chicago, Ill.

### Morning melody

Tiny and charming, a clock to wake you pleasantly with a tinkling melody. It's \$18 postpaid, plus \$1.80 Federal tax. Hoffritz Cutlery, 331 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17.





### Kitchen cutups

Colorful little figures to make your cooking hours gay. Mammy and Chef with broom or rolling pin. Three more not shown, \$1.25 each, pp. Rockefeller Center Remembrance Shop, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20.



### Precious memento

Copper plate from your own wedding invitations becomes a tray, antiqued or bright. Send engraver's plate and \$5 to Royal Copper Shop, Grey-stone Rd., Old Bridge, N. J.



### Cute and clean

Toddler's place mats, white leatherette with red or blue design, Donald Duck, birds on a branch or chickens at the fence. Any name. Table or high-chair style, \$1.50 each, 25c postage. Tod's, 160 W. 73rd St., New York 23.



### Practice perfect

Before the greens are dry, set up the Hole-In-One Putting Trap on your rug or lawn. Fun for parties. Red, yellow, green, \$2 postpaid. Charles M. Howatt, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20.



To help you be a gracious hostess...

a perfect guest at  
**WEDDINGS-DINNERS  
RECEPTIONS-DANCES**



Portrait by B. F. Havill

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THE COMPLETE GUIDE

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BRIDGE SCORING PENCIL

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ANY SCORE AUTOMATICALLY

Think of it! Just a twist of the dial gives the score of each bridge hand, accurately, almost instantly, without effort or calculation. And the more has to be right, because this magic aid says so with Ely Culbertson authority. A beautifully precise, super-mechanical pencil value. An ideal "gift item" for bridge enthusiasts—perfect for **TODAY'S** bridge prize.  
Every bridge player will want at least one. **\$1.00**  
order several NOW,  
TODAY! Packaged in beautiful gift box.

FLEETWING GIFTS, Dept. ML-1  
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For All Who Wear Glasses!



**EYEGLASS CLEANING TISSUES**

Specialty treated patented tissues clean perfectly, leave no lint, prevent misting! These handy, vest pocket booklets provide clear vision, make wonderful gifts. Give them—and see them!

Box of 100 TISSUES  
(Year's Supply).....Send \$1

OR  
The SWANKY-MOST  
10 Deluxe, gold monogrammed booklets, gift-wrapped in transparent box.....Send Initials and \$2.50

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**SNOW WHITE ORGANDY**  
crisp, permanently finished to launder without starch. 60¢ YD.  
39 inches wide.

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light and airy, 38 inches wide. 70¢ YD.

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Swiss-type eyelet borders on matching organdy or batiste. 50¢ YD.  
4 1/2 inches wide.

Beautify your home with curtains, vanity skirts or bed spreads, or make pinafores, aprons, children's or infants' dresses of these fine combined yard fabrics. At these low prices by the yard or in bulk of 40 yards. Edgings to match by the yard or in bulk of 10 yards.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

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I enclose \$..... please send me:  
Organdy at 60¢ a yard..... yds..... Both  
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Organdy Edging—50¢ yd. Style ☐ yds..... Both  
Batiste Edging—50¢ yd. Style ☐ yds..... Both  
Please send free booklet of other fabric samples and prices.

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Address.....  
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Postage prepaid except on C. O. D.

Vanquished by a breath!



By Peta Fuller

## Hold your breath

**P**eople with capricious digestion should eat more garlic. Wait a minute now. Hold it! Don't pl-ee-se; just this once, don't say it. Must you? Ah me! Well, all right: You like garlic but garlic doesn't like you. You've got that off your chest.

You couldn't be more wrong. Garlic likes you very well indeed. Garlic is a digestive: a stomachic, not a stomach ache. It is an anti-septic, a soother of hypertension, a balm for respiratory affections, a nerve tonic and a stimulant for jaded appetites. All right, there are, indeed, persons who cannot eat it. Nine such have been identified east of the Mississippi and several more in the West. These unfortunates actually cannot tolerate the provocative clove. That is, they are allergic to it as to almonds, face powder or parrot feathers. The remaining protestants, however, are mostly victims of old wives' tales and vocal compulsions.

Fact is, garlic has been recognized throughout human history as a specific for the very distempers you blame on it (and several you haven't mentioned). Would you dry your soul? The Israelites, plodding dismally in Moses' wake, tormented each other with memories of "the fish we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks and the onions and the garlic. . . but now our soul is dried away." The Greeks deplored the omnipotence of that distinguished bouquet, but depended on it to ward off sunstroke and discourage malevolent goddesses. Romans fed garlic to birds before a cockfight and to battle horses before the fray. In one campaign, it is said, riderless stallions fortified by garlic were rushed onto the field. Straightway the enemy upon its breathless chargers recoiled and victory was complete before a spear was hurled.

Shakespeare, though the bulb offended him, admitted its celebrated medicinal properties: "He hopes it is no other but for your health and digestion sake. . ." (*Troilus and Cressida*). And Pliny, The Elder, recommends garlic for at least two dozen-odd afflictions—some very odd indeed. To wit: dog bite, blisters, frigidity, hangovers and the nip of a shrewmouse. By Heaven, woman! You never know when you may run afoul of a belligerent shrewmouse. Besides, as nearly everybody knows, a clove laid on the pillow at night keeps away witches and discourages vampires. No less than seventeen respectable New Yorkers testify that, since conversion to garlic, they have not once been troubled by poltergeists. [Continued on page 168]

A clove on the pillow discourages vampires



Talisman against a shrewmouse





ILLUSTRATED: THE SEA ISLAND DINING GROUP IN STARDUST FINISH. PHOTOGRAPHED AT G. FOX & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

HANS VAN NEE

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*Bates Comb-Percales in white and **Pambré** pastel: Portland Peach, Augusta Aqua, Merrymeeting Mist, Star Harbor Blue, Hangeley Rose, Warrmouth Yellow*

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## A proud house


"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him." That is Abraham Lincoln, master of the simple phrase that makes wisdom seem so easy and everyday, summing up the good home life.

Most of us are proud of our homes, but are they equally proud of us? It takes more than rugs and chintz and furniture to warm the stone heart of a hearth. Spending money with a lavish hand—which we carefully keep out of soapy water, the paint can and the garden fertilizer—isn't the answer. Quite the reverse. It's the personal care and thought we give our place that counts. A proud house, whether modest or grand, wears our initials unmistakably: perhaps in a tumbleweed suspended from the ceiling (an Eames invention, page 52); perhaps in walls striped with felt, mirror and pink satin ribbon (the Mills idea, page 60); perhaps in the loving way we restore and furnish it with appropriate pieces (see the Burkhardt story, page 46); perhaps in the colors we choose and the correlated at-home clothes we wear (Anne Fogarty shows how, page 66).

Such imaginative touches make a home glow. It is also proud of happiness under its roof, of good food served, of friends welcomed, of a family that has fun together. Perhaps of all the qualities, fun is the essential. For under the roof where fun resides you will inevitably find consideration and kindness, too. A house planned not for show but for fun is a house planned for those who bring to their daily living humor and courage and a lively appetite. Such a place Lincoln would call, in the best sense of the word, a proud house.







By Kitty Burkhart

## We live in one of the oldest houses in Indiana

Our house, the oldest in Monroe County and one of the oldest in Indiana, was built in 1828 by a farmer, Daniel Stout. With neighboring farmers pitching in to help, as was the local custom, it took two and a half years to complete, cost exactly \$85 cash—a thrifty price for a house even in those good days!

Mother and Father bought the house in 1944, while Wayne, my husband—we were engaged then—and my brother Chilton were overseas. My family had wanted to buy a place for a long time. One day a friend asked Mother if she knew the old Daniel Stout house. Though we've always lived in Monroe County, we happened never to have heard of this historic place. I'll never forget the snowy evening Mother's friend drove us out to look at it. We were enchanted. The next morning Father, Mother and I got up at dawn and drove back to make sure it was still there. One month later it belonged to the family. We made better time than Daniel Stout, but not with \$85.

The original house was a stone structure consisting of four rooms, two downstairs, two upstairs, with four fireplaces — one in each room. The [Continued on page 49]

The Browns' house, where their daughter Kitty, her husband Wayne, and small son Garrett are now living, was built in 1828, of native field stone with hand-carved woodwork and mantels—for \$85. The rail fence is solid American walnut!



The original living room, eighteen by thirty-four feet, has a ten-foot ceiling and mantel, from above which Daniel Stout II looks down on the Empire green walls and the geranium red string rug, thinking, perhaps, that home was never so cozy in the old days. The desk is an Empire piece with rope-turned legs. Dining end of the room has a table covered by a wonderful red cotton damask cloth. The corner cupboard displays a collection of ironstone china



We live in one of the oldest  
houses in Indiana, continued

stone walls were set in clay and are two feet thick. Because of these walls, which make a sort of natural insulation, the house is cool in summer, warm in winter. The floors are foot-wide planks, put together with wooden pegs. Nothing so crude as a nail was used anywhere by Farmer Stout and his aids. The wainscoting, dadoses and mantels are all hand-carved of fine yellow poplar, and pegged together, of course.

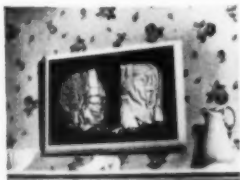
When Mother and Father bought the house they added a small wing, consisting of an entrance hall and kitchen downstairs and a large modern bathroom and two closets upstairs. They used weathered lumber from a seventy-five-year-old barn on the property to build the addition, and faithfully copied the woodwork and molding of the original house throughout the wing so that it all blends perfectly.

Mother scoured the countryside to find furniture and accessories of the original period and had the good luck to dig up some things that had actually belonged to Daniel Stout. It took two years to restore the house and furnish it with period pieces. Not that it's finished even now— [Continued on page 168]

PETER MASTEN



The upstairs hall features early Indiana maps and an old organ. Percale curtains are used everywhere



These bonnets belonged to Daniel Stout's daughter; they were framed by Sadie Feika



The keystone, showing the date of the Browns' house, was placed directly over the front door

Here in the new entrance hall one can see the vast two-foot-thick outer stone walls. Notice the deep-set door and sill



In the master bedroom, the Browns have hung family photographs in a group, painted their Victorian furniture gaily

In the master bedroom, right, you can see the wide floor boards and the fine hand-carved woodwork for which the Stout house is noted. Kitty's mother used hand-hooked and cotton braid rugs in all the rooms. The mantel clock is a gift from one of her friends. The pillow cases are old ones, hand-embroidered. The bedspread is of white muslin. A patchwork quilt lies at the bottom of the bed

We live in one of the oldest  
houses in Indiana, continued

PETER MARTIN



Here are four generations and an old walnut baby bed. Center of attraction is young Garrett Burkhardt, asleep. At the right is his great-grandmother; at the left is Mrs. Brown, his grandmother. In the background is Kitty Burkhardt, standing beside a baby picture of his father, Wayne





This wall divides the living-room from the hallway in Ray and Charles Eames's apartment in Westwood Village, California. It forms a dramatic backdrop for the famous Eames chair of molded plywood, metal sculpture by Alexander Calder and a silhouette of a prehistoric Indian hand made of mica. The chairs, now being made in brilliant colors as well as in many wood finishes, sell for \$32.50, thus making real Eames's dream of good, simple furniture at moderate cost

By Ray Eames

# We live in one of the newest houses in California



The apartment we live in is the direct result of a pattern of living established by our individual requirements.

A beautifully clean and simple shell was provided by Architect Richard Neutra, who designed this group of apartments. His long-developed architectural simplicities impose no style on the tenants, but leave them free to create their own surroundings through color, texture, use of area and objects and equipment needed for everyday life and activities.

In such a shell each family creates its environment without forced direction through architectural details. Our particular needs were set by a pattern of work which made the prime function of our apartment one of providing moments of calm and rest and pleasure at the beginning and end of each day. It is intended, quite selfishly and quite necessarily, for individual needs rather than to provide a setting for entertainment. Fluidity is maintained so that objects may be brought in for study and pleasure, remaining only as long as they are enjoyed or are a necessary part of work.

Since our immediate concern is the creation of form in painting, sculpture and architecture in relation to man and living, and as a direct result of the Museum of Modern Art's furniture design competition of a few years ago, in which [Continued on page 170]

The apartment house in which the Eameses live was designed by famed modern Architect Richard J. Neutra. Built prewar, its progressive design still qualifies it as new





Basic cases designed by Charles Eames are used to house records, are handy for books. In foreground are molded plywood stools which can be nested

#### Eames apartment, continued



The Eames chests are set on low tables and are easily rearranged or shifted. The Army used the vertical stabilizer of plywood in wartime



Ray and Charles's workshop has a continuous counter along one wall, above which windows overlook the hills. Storage space is below. On the drafting board are plywood forms

The legs of the coffee-table are of molded plywood. In the foreground is an Eames case, showing the box joints. Ray got the Chinese floor matting in Chinatown. A huge dried tumbleweed hangs from the ceiling by a thread, like a mobile. "It is a nice example of nature at work," Charles says



The Eames chairs lend themselves to many arrangements in a room. They are light and are unusually comfortable—not surprising, since they are molded to the human body and are not influenced by any former conception of a chair. Shock mounts are used where the parts are joined together. The low center table is also of molded plywood. The adaptable Eames cases are strung along the wall and piled on one another. Chairs and tables are already in production by Evans Products Company, nationally distributed by Herman Miller

A wife turns the tables on dear Joe who complained about women around the house in our autumn issue. Maybe men aren't perfect, either

1721 F. Street  
Washington, D. C.

January 27th

Dear Joe,

I couldn't live without you, darling, but—  
you, too, have your cranks and crotchets that make  
you something less than perfect as a household pet.

You complain that there's never enough closet  
space in our lives. How could there be? Have you,  
my dear, since you rose on your pins and began to  
collect beetles and bits of string ever thrown  
anything away?

Here's a bronze plaque you garnered for perfect attendance in the second grade; here's your high school graduation picture, and classes, I see, were crowded then, too. The picture is a foot long and you're in the third row in total shadow. Also, the glass is cracked; a little thing, but if you're going to drag this photographic gem to the grave, couldn't you have it mended? Here's the tarnished cup—not sterling, I note—that says you won second place in a camp obstacle race; here are your college diploma and your college pennant. Here are angler's boots—when did you ever angle?—golf clubs I've



I couldn't live  
without you, darling, but...

never known you to use, and an assortment of hunting jackets, but no gun, thank heaven. Here are boxes of letters, snapshots of old cronies, and a weird assortment of shoes with bolts and screws and other bits of metal attached to their nether parts. Here are the moth-eaten remains of some poor butterflies you once murdered, and a strange wooden lamp with no electrical works. But, never fear, I shan't throw it away. One feverish day, my friend Sally disposed of an equally ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ odd-looking object, and her husband Herb has scarcely spoken to her since. It turned out to be an umbrella stand that he had whittled in wood-carving class, called Shop, I believe, at the age of nine.

To make matters really cheery, Joe, your mother told me yesterday that she came upon two old trunks in the attic full of your baby memorabilia: old rattles, cups, more shoes, I suppose, and weight records. She is going to send us the collection. Do you think, my sweet, that you could possibly dispose of just a few ~~XXXXXX~~, a very few --no? Well, that's why the hall closet, and

Continued on page 171



# We built a new house in the Old South

By Betty Myer



Our house was a family affair from the beginning. We planned it as part of our family expansion program—first a house, then young Tommy. Tommy is a year old this month. The house beat him to a christening by three months. It is laid out on a half-acre plot in Biltmore Forest, North Carolina, and is low, compact but roomy. My father is an architect and he designed it for us. He calls the house modern with a Regency feeling. Tom, my husband, is president of Skyland Building Materials, Inc., which didn't hurt any in getting the materials we needed and the work done.

Tom and I told Dad what we wanted. After we'd given him our ideas, he added a few of his own. His were very practical. He knew what we were like and built the house to suit us. It has plenty of [Continued on page 168]

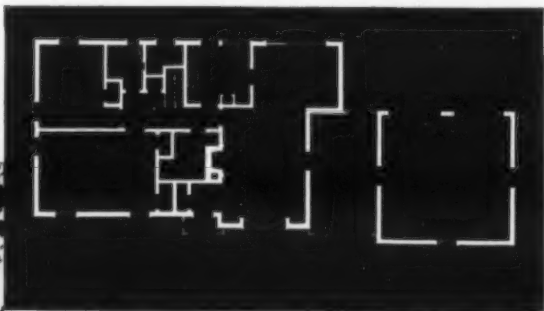




A breezeway between garage and house keeps the Myers dry come Carolina rains. Summer evenings they make it a porch, have parties there



A curved window in the Myers' living-room looks out on the pine trees of Biltmore Forest. Yellow curtains and a green rug blend with the blue-green flagstone floors. The miniature pitchers are part of Tom and Betty's collection



The first floor plan, above, shows the compact efficiency of the Myers' modern house in the Old South. Designed by Betty's father, Architect Henry Irven Gaines, the house has no basement. A heater room is on the first floor. Someday they will finish the second floor

The house was a year a-growing. With lot and landscaping, it cost about \$18,000. Castiron decorative details, painted white, blend with the gray brick. The cornice is Greek fretwork

Young Tommy was the main reason for the Myers' building. Right, clear glass balls in the living-room fireplace mantel reflect firelight



PETER MARTIN

By James Kemble Mills

## I like art in the decorative arts

As a decorator-designer, I naturally have a philosophy about living and the quarters where it is done. I am in favor of the twentieth century, of modern art and artists, of efficiency and comfort and progress, but I don't think it's necessary to tell Mr. Chippendale good-bye or to kick the corpse of Queen Victoria just because we light our houses by push-button and admire abstract forms in painting. We have much to learn from older centuries before we abandon their wares—more respect for the minor arts, for one thing. It was not considered *infra dig* for William Morris, the poet and painter, to design a chair, nor for Benvenuto Cellini to emboss a cup, but in our day fine artists tend to ignore the decorative arts. This makes us poorer in good modern design than we need be. That is why, a few months ago, I decided to approach a group of prominent San Francisco artists with an idea. Would these modern painters step out of the museum into the home? Would they make some exciting, free modern designs that could be used for wallpapers? To my joy they were enthusiastic, and in a short time had created the most original and truly artistic wall designs that have been made since fine artists of the eighteenth century lent their talents to the same craft. These designs have now been printed on wallpaper [Continued on page 169]



Bud Mills's own house in San Francisco is a seventy-year-old wooden structure and most of the furnishings are Victorian, but there is a spicy, modern flavor to the finished product. "My antiques are friends," Bud says, "not pampered relics. We aren't a bit awed by one another."

The Millses' living-room walls are striped in an ingenious manner: first a strip of bright-green felt, then a mirror panel, then a band of pink satin ribbon. Green felt with white cotton fringe trims the bay window; bright plaid upholsters the sofa. Their antiques have adapted themselves to modern colors and fabrics, and to the Millses' informal life



FRANK MARTIN



I like art in the decorative arts, continued



The dining-room opens off the living-room, has a deep-red brocade wallpaper, imposing marble fireplace, two wonderful dental cabinets, circa 1900. The one above is Bud's bar; the Millses' lethal Martinis are a San Francisco boast

A conversation group is arranged before the dining-room fireplace with two dining chairs and a coffee-table made of an old stove base, painted white. Considerable ingenuity has made the Millses' house a gem. With old crystal and old furniture, Bud teams impertinent modern colors and ideas, good modern pictures

FREDERICK LION



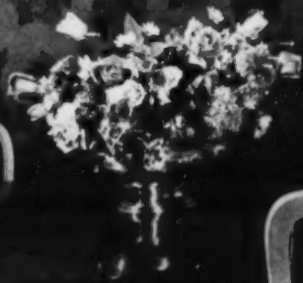
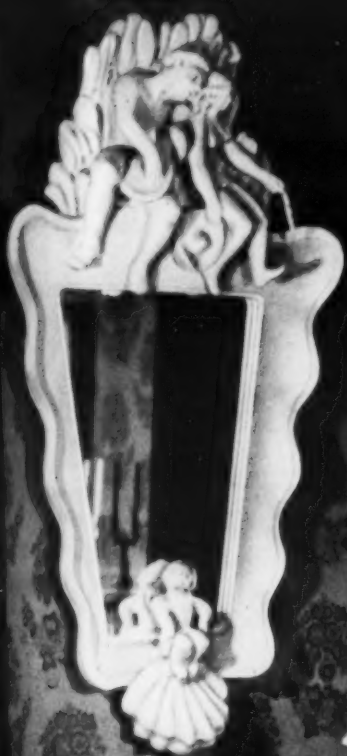
Amanda, the Millses' four-year-old, wears pigtails, has a child-size Victorian bed in her room

Opposite: The dining-table is at one side of the room to give an effect of spaciousness. The chairs are French, painted white and covered in green felt and plaid to match the French sofa. A plaster baroque mirror hangs above the table. The very old Irish lace curtains are sprinkled with sequins which glitter lavishly. Mrs. Mills is a cagey antiquer; tracks down bargains, refinishes them herself

PETER MARTIN



to give  
into the  
the the  
inked  
cagey  
herself



Tammis Keefe discusses her maroon, white and pink design, *Persian Dove*, with Mr. Mills

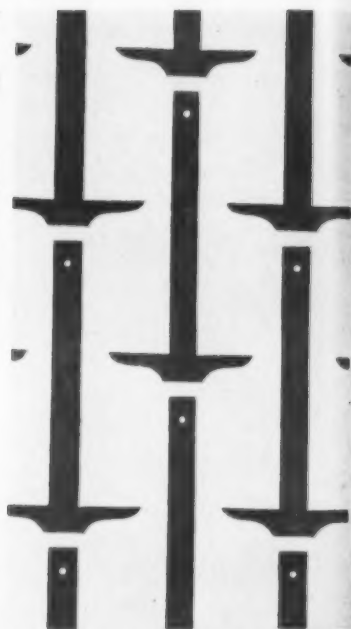


## Art in wallpaper

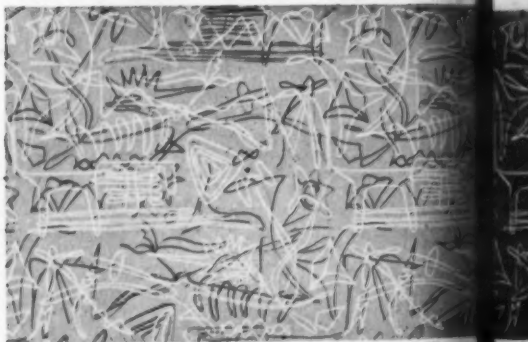
Last spring, Bud Mills decided not enough was being done to sponsor local artists on a commercial basis. He was able to interest leading painters, ceramists and textile designers in creating original wallpaper designs. The show, consisting of sixteen dramatic wallpapers, was hung last fall in the San Francisco Museum of Art. The museum board says Mr. Mills has pioneered in a vital service to modern design and the community, and that fine artists can gain in coin and kudos by expressing themselves in the decorative arts. Naturally, their papers should be used with care and consideration. The designs are large and dramatic and should be hung almost like paintings. One panel may be enough, or perhaps one wall. They go equally well with antiques and modern furnishings, are effective in most rooms.

1. Bud Mills's own design, gray T-Squares on white. 2. *Minutes of the Last Meeting*, Adaline Kent's pattern. 3. Leah Rinne Hamilton's gray, brown, red *Seashore*. 4. *Coq*, dramatic figures on rust, by Don Cardwell. 5. Dorr Bothwell's modern pattern, *Counterpoint*. 6. *Cable Car*, from a collage by Marion Cunningham. 7. Merlin Hardy's tracery of ferns and leaves suggests *Conservatory*

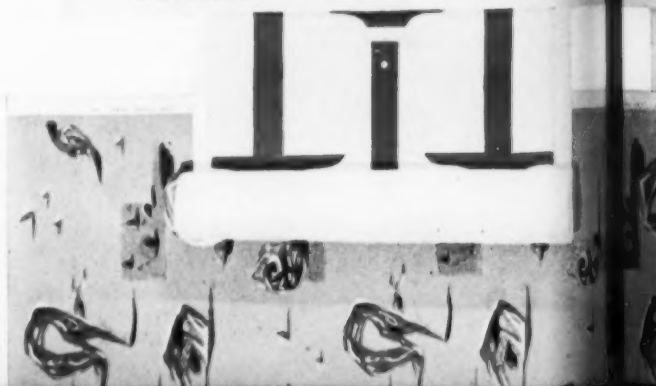
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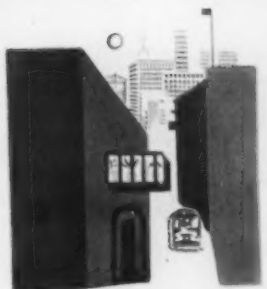




4



5



6



7



By Anne Fogarty

## At home in your best bib and tucker\*

JULIE GINSLEY



**M**y husband Tom and I are homebodies; at least, by evening we're always pleased to get back to our high-ceilinged, quiet Greenwich Village apartment—Tom from his studio around the corner, and I from Seventh Avenue where I design clothes for the teens. We spend most evenings at home, sometimes with friends, sometimes just curled up reading. We used to go gadding and dancing quite often, but since Tom came back from overseas what we like best is staying put, and I think that's true of many young-marrieds.

We've *settled down* and we're not even shy of the phrase. In fact, we think life at home is much more glamorous and charming than life on the town. A girl is at her best in her own home—or should be. It's simply a matter of working out a restful and becoming background—what restaurant or night club ever is either?—and then dressing up around the house instead of letting down.

I love designing clothes to wear at home for every occasion. I have a special dishwashing dress that's ideal for Saturday cleaning bouts and kitchen chores. It's as practical as a Mother Hubbard, but as pretty as my Sunday best—which it often is. I've a dream skirt to wear with pretty blouses in the evening, and a special housecoat that I drape with a succession of [Continued on next page]

Left: The Fogarty living-room is Victorian, its colors gray, brown, green, yellow. Anne designed this fireside dress; made the skirt of Cohama's metallic striped taffeta, the blouse of Cohama's brown worsted jersey, wears it with gold slippers. Mlle's Advance Pattern 4817. Sizes 10-18; 25c

\*We have had these at-home clothes made into **MADemoiselle** Advance Patterns. For further information, see page 179

Tom Fogarty is working on a portrait of Anne. One of his paintings suggested the color scheme of the Fogarty apartment, and of Anne's at-home clothes



aprons, depending on the occasion: frivolous organdy aprons for entertaining, more practical aprons for cooking.

When I first came to New York from my home town, near Pittsburgh, I thought I wanted to be an actress. I acquired a series of parts and an honest-to-goodness ingénue lead on Broadway. But in every play I found that after I'd been fitted for my clothes and the rest of the cast had theirs, and after the stage sofas and chairs had been upholstered, too, I began to lose interest. It suddenly dawned on me that what I really liked about the theatre wasn't the acting, but the production: the clothes, and the background effects and their effect on one another. A switch in careers was plainly indicated, and one day, after what still seems to me an exciting Cinderella story, I found myself a full-fledged dress designer. I've always had an interest in interior decorating, too. Actually, they both require the same kind of talents: a feeling for color and line and texture, and a sense of style and harmony. The perfect thing, I've always thought, would be to keep designing ideal backgrounds for ideal clothes. And that's what you can do with your own home and your own at-home clothes: correlate them, and make both flattering and fitting for you. Actually, every dress I design, I feel, is a production: a whole drama in itself, with a special part to play, and a

special setting for which it is appropriate—school maybe, the Saturday night dance, or home.

Although two of Tom's paintings hang in art museums, he claims I'm the artist in the family because of my color sense. I remind him that the entire color scheme of our apartment, and consequently of my at-home clothes, was taken from a landscape he painted which I hung in our living-room. I took the warm gray of the living-room walls, the soft browns and greens of the chintz, the bronzed green that covers our two Victorian fireside chairs and the sun-light-yellow lining of our curtains right out of this picture. I spiked the inside of our bookcase shelves with a warm red that also punctuated the painting, and carried this red to the bedroom. There it appears in the Victorian rose wallpaper along with the same bronze and greens and grays I used in the living-room. There's a small guest room off our bedroom which I've done in muted mauves and pinks taken from the bedroom wallpaper.

My kitchen is a little outlandish, perhaps, but I love it. It's deep forest green, the same color as the deepest leaf in the living-room chintz. You see, the colors all flow into one another and reappear in room after room. My at-home clothes run this color scale, too: brown, gray, red and green. These are ideal colors for a [Continued on page 172]

The Fogarty bedroom blooms the year round with red Victorian roses. Right, Anne matches her lipstick to her housecoat. Below, she adds a little-girl pink organdy party apron before greeting her guests. All Anne's at-home clothes are designed to complement her backgrounds. Her housecoat is made of Lankenau faille; the apron is N. Fluegelman's organdy. Both in Mlle's Advance Pattern 4816. Sizes 10-18; 35c



JULES PERELOT



The Fogarty kitchen is painted green to match the leaf in the living-room chintz. The inside of the cabinets is red, and Anne uses yellow dishes. Her dishwashing dress launders like a handkerchief, is as pretty at the beach as in the kitchen. Made of Ameritex cotton, Mlle's Advance Pattern 4118. Sizes 12-20; 25c



The color scheme of my room comes from the cretonne—chartreuse, turquoise, white, black and gray—at the windows and on the bed. My sectional chairs, which may be used singly or grouped together, are covered in nubby yellow-chartreuse. The three chests, bookcase and coffee-table are modern rubbed gray oak, inexpensive and charmingly simple. The rug is gray flax and the lamps are coral

KING WARD

## One room and a job

Nancy furnishes her

one-room apartment on a junior budget

**L**et all seems too good to be true! Here I am in New York with an apartment—one room with a Pullman kitchen, not vast but marvelously compact and convenient—and a fun job writing copy—so far I've worked on a fabric account and a new dog food—for a big advertising agency. Fortunately, my room rent is easy on a junior budget and the job is good salary-wise, and by starting out with a cache of \$200, hoarding my pennies and taking my time and shopping with care, I've furnished my place from rug to lamps for exactly \$636.63. Six hundred isn't peanuts as far as I'm concerned. I had to finance it slow and easy. But Mother was impressed by the economical figure. "Though I don't doubt," she wrote, "that it looks like a bargain basement." Well, she was pleasantly dazzled when she finally came to New York a short time ago for a checkup visit!

My lucky streak set in last May 21 when Jim and I got engaged. A few weeks later Sarah Lawrence handed me a diploma and Jim handed me a ring, a big pearl set in diamonds, as a graduation present. Mother wept and said she was delighted about the diploma *and* the ring, and Dad said, "Of course you'll come to Baltimore and stay with us until Jim finishes interning"—Jim's at the New York Hospital—but my sister Penny had a better idea. She and her good-natured husband Pete offered to put me up for a week or two so I could check in with agencies—employment and real estate. They knew I'd want to get organized in New York near Jim. After leaving my name and address all over town I went home to wait—and write [Continued on page 165]

Nancy used NASHUA's "Pen Plaid" for draperies and combined it with NASHUA chintz on the SIMMONS bed. Her chairs are by SELIG, upholstered in COLLINS & AIKMAN's textured fabric; chests are MENGEL's in Maltese Gray finish; rug by FLANTEN from Fay Carpet. GENERAL LIGHTING makes the spun aluminum lamp; the pottery lamp is from AMERICRAFT. Prices and details on page 164

My fiancé Jim made a plywood top for one of my chests, where I work and serve supper. My apron matches my eight-piece linen luncheon set. The candle-bearing cupid is plaster



The bookcase and three chests give me lots of storage space, for which I'm thankful. I like things tidy. My Clipper typewriter is a whiz

These storage units are part of a bedroom set. When Jim and I are married, I'll use the chests in our bedroom, add matching pieces



KING-WOOD



PETER MARTIN



## Colin and Candy

Build a house and furnish it

Belinda is the *deus ex machina*. On her chubby, four-month-old shoulders rests the responsibility for her parents' new house. Let's tell the story in Candy's words. "When Colin and I found that Belinda—we hoped she'd be a she—was scheduled to join the family group," Candy says, "we realized the time had come for drastic action. Butch and I—Butch is our five-year-old son—lived with my mother and father while Colin was overseas. When Colin came home we all squeezed in with the family while hunting for an apartment. The hunt was hectic, but Miss Belinda was en route before we'd found a thing, and the family roof had already stretched to the snapping point. There obviously wasn't a vacant corner for another chick.

"'All right,' Colin said one evening, 'this is D day. There's nothing to rent, and nothing to buy. So we'll build a house!'

"'We can't!' I yelled. 'We can't afford to build a house!'

"'That,' said Colin, 'is what we'll have to find out. Tomorrow.'

"From that point on things moved fast. We found a small plot quite near the family's place in Ardmore, and not too expensive considering current prices. An architect studied our problem and gave us an estimate for a good basic house, big enough for our present needs and designed to grow with our family and budget.

"'You can build it for about \$18,000,' he said.

"'\$18,000!' I cried. 'Who has money like that?'

"'Now wait,' Colin said. 'Don't give up the ship. Or rather the house. You finance a thing like this. You finagle.'

"Colin was right. Between us we had \$8,000 in savings. By putting up \$5,000 cash and getting a GI guarantee of \$4,000, we could raise a \$15,000 mortgage. We'd pay \$79.30 a month amortization and interest. Taxes would be \$18.42 a month. Colin, as a junior executive, earns a good salary, and so we took the plunge and built the house.

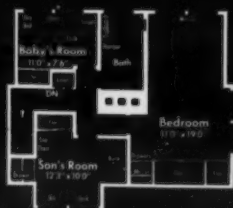
"Above, I kiss Colin farewell at the station. Right, our palace"





PETER MARTIN

"George Cooper Rudolph was our architect. Colin and I decided on a modern version of a Cape Cod cottage. It is made of Weldtex inside and out. That's a special plywood that makes a fine exterior finish, saves the cost of shingling. Downstairs consists of two great big rooms: a sitting-room kitchen and a big living-room with a dining section. Upstairs we have three bedrooms and a bath. The house is designed to have rooms added later"





HOUSE MODEL BY JOHN M. CORTEAL

"This is looking down on our house. The roof is made of gray-black asphalt shingles. The house is finished inside and out with Weldtex. If building costs weren't so high right now, our house would have cost less. But now is when we need it, even though it has taken all our savings. We're glad we've built a good house that we can live in forever and add to if our family and budget grow. 'There's no sense,' Colin says, 'in building a cheap house'."

"The real fun was the planning. I wanted a big kitchen. 'Let's have a big living-room and a big bedroom, too,' Colin said. Architect Rudolph listened to our requirements and soon had a plan for us to study.

"The outside looks wonderful," I said, 'but please explain what goes on inside. I'm not very good at making out blueprints.' Mr. Rudolph and Colin soon had things cleared up for me. The basic house is a box, 29'6" wide by 30'6" deep. Attached to this is a garage, 16'6" by 20'. There's a seven-foot breezeway between the house and garage, containing a tool closet, coat closet, lavatory and the hall to the garage. Downstairs there are only two rooms, plus the small entrance hall and lavatory. The oil furnace and hot water tank are in a closet opposite the stairs. The kitchen is a whopping 10'6" by 23'.

"That should be big enough for you," Colin said. 'It's dreamy,' I told him, 'but what is this?' This turned out to be a raised fireplace right in the kitchen. 'We can cook there!' I said happily. 'That's the point,' Mr. Rudolph said. 'The living-room is a big room, too,' Colin observed. 'It's 23' by 15'6", with another fireplace.' Plans for the second floor showed a bed-sitting-room, 11' by 19', a small room for Butch, a nursery bedroom for the baby and a good big bathroom. 'Someday,' Mr. Rudolph said, 'you can lift the roof over the garage and build an extra bedroom and bath, and you can add a dining-room downstairs.'

"When do we lay the cornerstone?" I asked. 'As soon as possible,' Colin said, and work actually began three weeks later. We hit only one snag. Our roof was supposed to be made of cedar shingles. But the contractor couldn't get them. So we substituted gray-black asphalt shingles. Inside and out, we used Weldtex—a plywood that provides a sturdy, weatherproof finish and saves the expense of shingling. Our house is painted gray with white trim and we have a yellow door. We decided against the conventional small windows and shutters. Instead, we use Flexalum Venetian blinds in most of the rooms. Four months after our builder laid the floor slab, we moved in. Belinda was born a month later, and we were happy to have a home of our own where we could install her.

"Butch's school is only a few blocks from the Ardmore station. Every morning Colin, Butch and I pile in the station wagon, and I deposit the men, one at the station, one at school. Fortunately, for a few months I have Nanny three hours every morning to help me with Belinda"



"Saturdays, Colin and I usually go to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. I try to get to town early to window-shop for unusual milk glass"

PETER MARTIN



"Marketing takes a lot longer these days. With four people to feed and prices so high, I have to shop and snoop and plot and plan like fury. After building a house you have to cut corners"



"Colin and I didn't have much money left for furnishing our house. (I was certainly cross about the new look because I hated to spend money for clothes this year. But I did break down and buy a plaid topcoat for about \$50, and Colin says the longer skirts are much subtler.) We bought some of our furnishings on the time-budget plan. We needed almost everything. We had sheets and blankets and our wedding presents tucked away in the family's attic, but we didn't have any furniture, unless you call an antique clock, a small mirror chest for the top of a bureau and a couple of odd tables, furniture. Our first purchase was an Aquamist rug for the living-room. We painted the walls the same color, all except the fireplace wall which is white-painted brick. This blue and white is the perfect color scheme with my milk glass collection."

**W**e christened Belinda and our house on the same day: Belinda was three months old and the house four months. Ann Spencer, who was my roommate at Shipley, came from Wilkes-Barre to be god-mother. Godpappy is George Dyer, a character Colin grew up with, and a dear—except I don't get anywhere promoting romances for him. I think he's a confirmed bachelor. We invited the grandparents and our best friends to meet us at the church for one baptism, and then we took them home for milk-punch and the house christening. Everyone admired the baby and the house, both. This was consoling.

"We have fondly decided that Belinda has a better than even chance of growing up pretty—and that our house is mighty pretty right now. 'If this is a house christening,' George Dyer said, 'you have to give it a name.' 'Look,' Colin told him, 'it was tough enough choosing a name for the baby.' 'Don't anybody suggest Gray Gables,' I said. 'In fact, don't suggest anything. I'm allergic to cute names for houses. We won't call it Wits' End or Bankrupt Hall or anything else.' 'That,' said Ann Spencer, 'is ungrateful of you. In this day and age it's such a blessing to have a roof that you should be willing to sweat out a name for it.' Well, we're still waiting for the perfect name. What amazes me is that our house looks so settled and finished after so few months.

## Christening a baby and a house together



"I'm really proud of our living-room. My best find of all is the print I've used for curtains. It has white milk glass and fruit on a black mohair satin background, and, as I've told you, I collect milk glass. With our blue rug and blue walls we needed a bright color note, so we had our sofa upholstered in hot coral, and used, on our lounge chair and ottoman, a wonderful stripe that picks up all the colors in the room. One end of our living-room serves as a dining section when we give a formal party. Otherwise we eat in our kitchen sitting-room. Below, you see the dining section of our living-room, with the table set up for our first party, the double christening. I'm fond of the tall windows and the large built-in book shelves. Our ladies' chair, below, is covered in beige satin, and, as Colin says, looks like a lady. The Weldtex walls were rubbed with turquoise and white.



PETER MARTIN

"Here we are after we brought Miss Belinda back from church. Our brass lamp with ivy planted in it is a Lightolier product. Colin and I love our Aquamist rug. My long, fitted ballerina coat was about \$50"



"The furniture in our living-room is Federal style, quite formal but not stuffy. Both Colin and I like the simplicity and grace of Federal furniture, and think it has a quiet, but elegant, modern feeling"



ALDO WOOD

Sofa, lounge chair, ottoman, ladies' chair by HERITAGE FURNITURE, INC. Drop-leaf dining-table, side chair in stripe by CRAFTIQUE, INC. Rug, Skyline quality, Aquamist color, by JAMES LEES & SONS CO. Draperies, Heirloom print designed by Tamis Keefe, GOODALL FABRICS, INC. Coral upholstery and striped satin fabrics, by GOODALL. Mahogany occasional table by HERITAGE FURNITURE, INC. The radio is a Magnavox







# Our Mart

We are pleased and proud that so many fine stores throughout the country are cooperating with Mademoiselle's LIVING to make charming, fresh, practical homes possible for young people and young budgets. Here we list stores that are young home-maker headquarters for the same or similar merchandise that is shown in our pages. Some of these stores feature Candy and Colin's best buys; some feature Nancy's shrewd furnishings; some will have both on display and available for your homes. We have made every effort to check prices, but due to market conditions they are subject to change at any time—so our apologies in advance if there are fluctuations after our presses roll.

## California

Breuner's, Berkeley  
Barker Bros., Hollywood  
Barker Bros., Long Beach  
Barker Bros., Los Angeles  
Breuner's, Oakland  
Breuner's, Richmond  
Breuner's, Sacramento  
W. & J. Sloane, San Francisco  
Breuner's, Stockton  
Breuner's, Vallejo

## Connecticut

G. Fox & Co., Hartford

## District of Columbia

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington

## Georgia

Rich's, Atlanta

## Illinois

Dirksen's, Springfield

## Indiana

L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis

## Iowa

T. S. Martin Co., Sioux City

## Louisiana

D. H. Holmes, New Orleans

## Maryland

Gomprecht & Benesch, Baltimore

## Massachusetts

Paine's, Boston  
Forbes & Wallace, Springfield

## Minnesota

The Dayton Company, Minneapolis  
Schuneman's, St. Paul

[Store list continued on next page]

**Missouri**

Famous-Barr, St. Louis

**New York**

B. Altman's, New York City

**Oklahoma**

Harbour-Longmire Co., Oklahoma City

**Oregon**

Meier & Frank, Portland

**Pennsylvania**

Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia

Stoehr & Fister, Scranton

L. L. Stearns & Sons, Williamsport

Fowler, Dick & Walker, Wilkes-Barre

**Tennessee**

Miller Bros., Chattanooga

Goldsmith's, Memphis

Period Furniture Co., Nashville

**Texas**

Sanger Bros., Dallas

Foley Bros., Houston

Joske's of Texas, San Antonio

**Utah**

Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City

**Virginia**

Miller & Rhoads, Richmond

S. H. Heironimus Co., Roanoke

**Washington**

Frederick & Nelson, Seattle

Rhodes Bros., Tacoma

**Wisconsin**

Boston Store, Manitowoc

Boston Store, Milwaukee

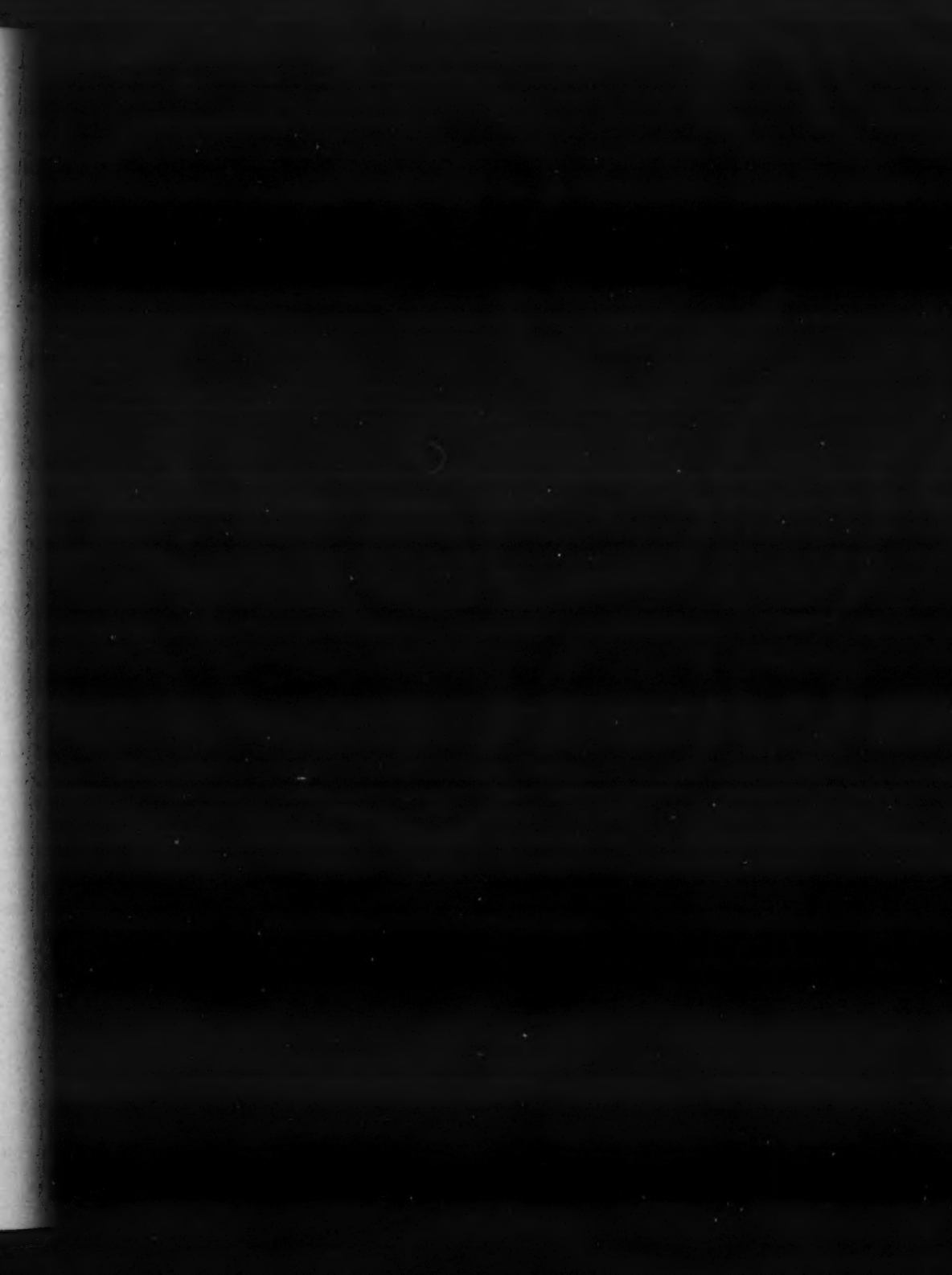
Porter's, Racine

We find that stores and manufacturers are as enthusiastic about young homemakers as we are. They, too, realize that young people want beauty and comfort in their homes and that both the beauty and the comfort must be reasonably priced. They are working hand in glove with Mademoiselle's LIVING to make really fine things available at non-inflated prices. We ask you to remember, however, and to understand that production is not yet back to normal; that shipping is still uncertain; that certain shortages still exist. The shift from a war-time to a peacetime economy is slow. In some instances you will find that deliveries are delayed; in others that similar merchandise is available. With the best will in the world stores and manufacturers are not always able to deliver the goods on the dot. Please be sympathetic.

Mademoiselle's

**Living**

The magazine for smart young homemakers





# Milk glass colors

Our living-room colors were chosen  
to complement my collection of milk glass

"Here is the fireplace end of our living-room. We painted the bricks white, the combed Weldtex walls blue-white. You can see part of my milk glass collection over the sofa. And doesn't the hot coral add just the spicy note our cool color scheme needs? Over the mantel we have an old tinsel-painting, and we filled two gilded wall brackets with phony Victorian fruits. Our coffee-table is an old stove base, painted white. I found it in the back yard of an Ardmore antique mart for only one buck"

KIMO WEDDE



# Kitchen sitting room

Our kitchen is a big, friendly room, where we can work and eat and play

"Our kitchen is the hub of our home life. We all love it. We used natural Weldtex walls. I chose dark-brown tile patterned linoleum for the floors because it's a serviceable color and doesn't show dirt when Butch and his buddies come in for afternoon cookies, trailing clouds of mud behind them. The print at the windows, sunny yellow with pink and green spring crocuses, adds cheer to the room. Colin and I shopped all over for attractive, sturdy furniture, and finally bought a large table, chairs, benches and cabinets of blond ash. The chairs and benches are covered in yellow plastic that is washable. My turquoise apron-dress complements my color scheme. My smile is brightened with Elizabeth Arden's Desert Pink lipstick"

KING-WHOLE





HOWARD FICKES

"This is the work section of our kitchen, very trim and efficient; but the general effect of the room is cosy and warm, not grimly workmanlike. I find you can function better in a slightly frivolous room"

PETER MARTIN



"Nanny is a darling. She had retired, but when she heard I had a new baby and a new house on my hands she offered to help; and she certainly does"

Blond Ash Furniture, FICKES REED FURNITURE COMPANY. Spring Crocus curtain print, by BRUNSWIG and FILS. Appliances by WESTINGHOUSE. Linoleum by ARMSTRONG. Lime cotton rug by AMSTERDAM TEXTILES

"I think our kitchen is an ideal room. First let me make a bow to Westinghouse, whose superior stove, refrigerator and cabinet-sink make my work-life so easy. Next I doff my cap to our architect who suggested the raised fireplace. It's a wonderful idea, a boon on chilly days and fun for cooking, toasting marshmallows and popping corn. I'm also grateful for having lots of storage cabinets. We keep skates, Butch's toys, overshoes, all sorts of paraphernalia in one of them. Another even serves as a bar.

"We practically live in the kitchen. Even when we have friends for supper we all gather there for our cocktails, and I'm never the little drudge bending all alone over a hot stove while the company makes whoopee in the living-room. Mostly we eat in the kitchen, and I'm more likely to settle down by the kitchen fireplace to read than in the living-room. A big kitchen is a boon.

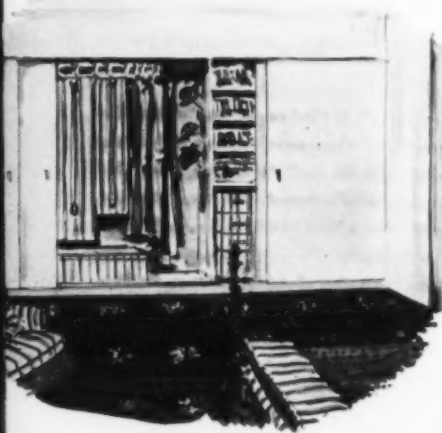
"Nanny says, 'You and Mr. Colin showed sense when you built this kitchen. It's got good old-fashioned character.' Nanny was my nurse when I was little, and she saves the day for me now by taking care of Belinda for three hours every morning while I run a family bus service, do my marketing and clean up the house. Occasionally, when Colin and I go to a party, Nanny spends the night on the day bed in Belinda's room and looks after both children.

"Most of the rooms in our house serve a double purpose. Belinda's nursery is a sitting-room, too, and provides a place for Nanny to sleep when she baby-sits for us. Our bedroom is so big, it's also a two-in-one proposition—a sleeping-sitting-room. I guess its Victorian carpet is the most exciting thing we bought for upstairs. We took the whole decorative scheme for the room from the carpet. It's not too expensive, and I fell in love with it. Colin said the one room that really needs wall-to-wall carpeting is the bedroom, so we ordered it. The clock over our bed is an old one, and the little mirror chest on the bureau is an antique. Colin's family gave it to us when we were married. I don't think we have enough pictures yet, but Colin says he doesn't like too much gurry on the walls. I believe I might be inclined to clutter if it weren't for Colin's restraining influence. Colin is extremely neat, and I'm trying. Maybe someday I'll even have my sewing box tidy."



"Above, Belinda's nursery sitting-room is in pink, gray and blue. The walls are blue-gray and the curtains have pink and white bowknots on a gray background. The oval braid rug is mostly blue. We painted the bureau gray. Below, Butch's room is what he wanted, 'red, white and blue.' He has a red cotton rug, a circus-pattern spread, colonial maple furniture and bold plaid curtains. Left, we have really sumptuous chests in our bedroom, in Spice Candy print to match"

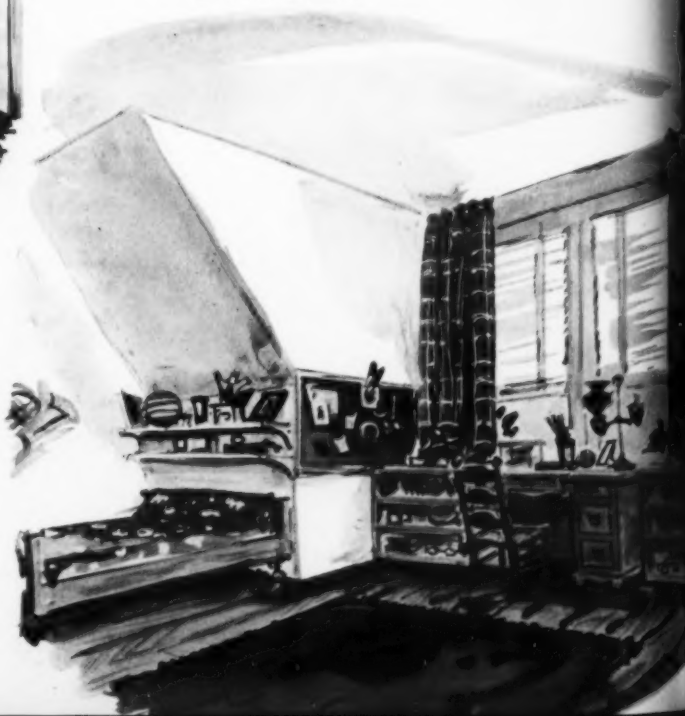
SKETCHES BY HOWARD FARRER-K



*Nursery sitting-room:* Crib by E. A. WHITNEY CARRIAGE CO.; Carnival print Roomaker fabric by SENECA TEXTILE CORP.; Old Colony braided oval rug, MASTERKRAFT, INC.; Day bed and drop-leaf night stand, TRADITION HOUSE; Rocker, NICHOLS & STONE

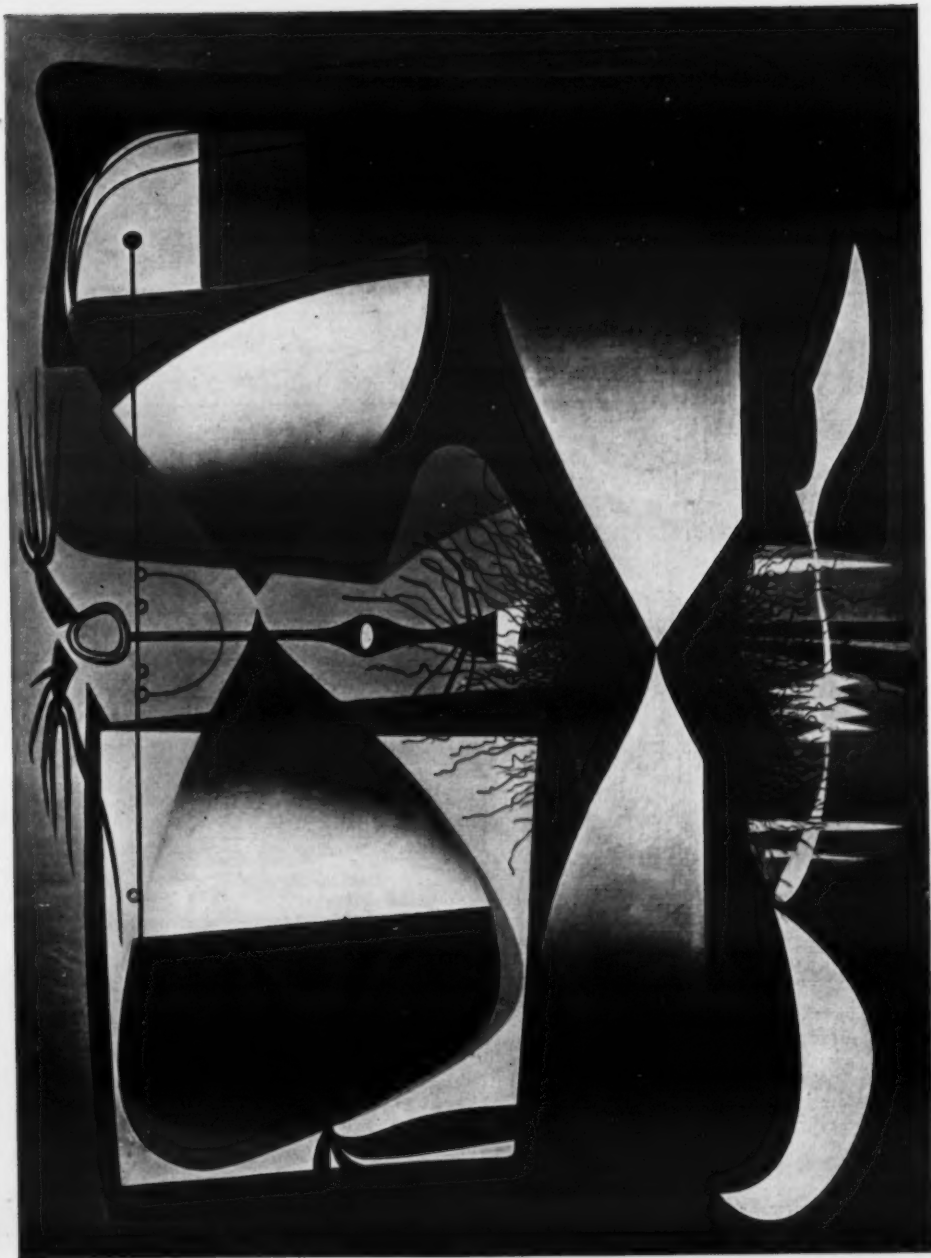
*Boy's room:* Colonial desk and ladder-back chair, HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD; Big Top circus-pattern bedspread by BATES; Dunbar plaid fabric for curtains by DESLEY FABRICS, INC.; Valtuft red-fringed washable cotton rug by CALLAWAY MILLS

*Master bedroom:* Closet accessories, KERR GUILD, INC.; Bedroom chair upholstered in Spice Candy by SELIG OF LEOMINSTER; Cherry Federal bedroom group by PARK FURNITURE CO.; Carpet, Quaker Needlepoint Axminster by A & H KARAGHUSIAN; Chintz by EVERFAST FABRICS, with Madsure's ball-fringe; Hobnail coverlet by CABIN CRAFTS, INC. Prices and details on page 169





"We chose Federal furniture for our bedroom, too, and used our old clock and mirror chest with it. This is the Victorian-style rug I've been raving about, and I like the white rocker covered with lime-green velvet. We used Spice Candy chintz, gray, red, white and lime, with plain red chintz at the windows, and Spice Candy to cover a chair and dress up the bed. Our Hobnail coverlet is red; the walls are pink-beige"



**The First Hypothesis**  
by Charles Howard

Painting courtesy of Nierendorf Gallery

One of the most magical words in the dictionary is—tomorrow. Perhaps because there is no such thing. In real life there are only today and yesterday, but in the mind “tomorrow and tomorrow” are lovely tangles, made up of a great many private hopes and wishes. Tomorrow is a dream that can’t be analyzed. Like this painting, *The First Hypothesis* by Charles Howard, tomorrow is hypothetical: it depends on your plans, but you know what can happen to mice and men on that score. So, tomorrow remains a mystery, a private vision of your own. That is true, too, of this painting. Charles Howard, modern American artist, says that his compositions are not meant to be interpreted realistically. They have no specific meaning. They simply represent a painter’s interest in putting colors and shapes together. Just as a cook experiments with herbs and spices until she creates something different, Mr. Howard plays with his material to create an hypothesis as magical as tomorrow.

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- 96 Save for Sunshine, Not for Rain, by Lin Root
- 100 A Weekend Garden, by Sally Topping Sun

# Planning for Tomorrow

By Charles Abrams

# A woman's lot is not a happy one

better home planning would mean fewer breakdowns for women  
in marriage, health and happiness

Millions of American working women are facing an environmental breakdown. They must either quit work, ignore their children or head for the psychoanalyst. Some are refusing to accept the challenge of motherhood. Many who have accepted the challenge are failing.

When the role of the modern woman was recast from breadmaker to breadwinner, a new kind of home was needed in a new kind of environment, a new living pattern, too, in which her responsibilities as wife and mother were integrated with her new role as worker. We—society—overlooked this. We improved her factory conditions, established minimum wages, cut her working hours. We launched new careers for women, opened up colleges and business enterprises to them. But we forgot that they must still be wives and mothers. We did nothing to help them resolve the new conflicts between breadwinning and motherhood. Today we pay the price. Here are a few facts that suggest how much that price is:

At least one out of every five couples do not even set up housekeeping for themselves when they marry.

The percentage of married women who do not bear children has almost doubled since 1890. This is one of the most important factors contributing to the drop in the rate of population growth. In less than half a century America will have stopped growing altogether.

The divorce rate has risen sharply. One in three marriages ends up in a crash. The indications are that only half our newlyweds will follow through the typical family cycle.

These are grim facts. They weren't true in grandmother's day. What has happened in the last seventy-five years that has brought them on?

There weren't many Harriet Beecher Stowes in grandmother's day, creating careers for themselves amidst children, privation and anxiety. Harriet's world was as different from ours as the spinet is from the juke box. Shortly after the Civil War, in fact, there were only 1,900,000 women in gainful occupations, including those in domestic service, and when Harriet died, just before the turn of the century, only 750,000 married women were at work outside their own homes. Today, the number of working women is over 17,000,000, and two in every five of these women are married. In 1890, only one in twenty married women worked for a living; today, it's one in every four.

Whether you are married or planning marriage, the problem is the same. Can you hold on to your job and be a good wife and mother, too? The answer is: It is possible, but you cannot do both well. One or the other will be sacrificed in the effort. Today's environment is simply not set up for tackling all these tasks. You as a woman are no longer required to weave and spin, to cure meat and preserve fruit, bake bread and churn butter yourself, for a big factory now makes them for you and they are delivered to your door. But you now put in an eight-hour day to pay for all these conveniences. The home life, the sharing, the community feeling that existed when the home was also the factory, is gone forever.

Your job, however, has not relieved you of the burden of being both housekeeper and mother. And to be in the swing you must also be socialite and radiant hostess, the never-fading vision of your husband's dreams, the enthusiast of culture who has "read all the good books lately"—and, of course, you must also be [Continued on page 156]



Sweden has long recognized the fact that many mothers must work outside of their homes. So they plan neighborhoods and cooperative apartments with community playrooms, where trained personnel care for the youngsters while their mothers are at their jobs



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF AMERICAN SWEDISH NEWS SERVICE



Once in a while these days you hear a couple telling about the new development they're moving to, instead of heefing about the dump they're roosting in. Among our own friends last fall, believe it or not, we actually knew two families who *moved*—and one of them was us.

At parties, people crowd around us as though we'd written a best seller or had won a sweepstakes, and ask wistfully what it feels like to live in a brand-new, spic-and-span, ultra-modern apartment in a new development? My husband Fima and I are models of restraint. We say it feels like heaven and let it go.

But what *is* it like to live in one of these big projects? They are going up all over the country; there are two in Cincinnati alone, I understand, and California is peppered with projects under way. Ours is Peter Cooper Village, planned and operated by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York City. Fima and I moved in just a few weeks ago; we were among the first families to get in, thanks to Fima's job with the UN. But in case you think it was easy, let me say that we sent in our application over a year ago—the minute we read in the paper that the first old warehouse was in the hands of the wreckers; in fact, before they were even accepting applications.

By now everybody here in New York knows about Peter Cooper Village. It's like being on the team of the Brooklyn Dodgers. The bus driver of the Twenty-third Street crosstown smiles benignly at the new faces getting on the once uncrowded stop on Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. The hardware-store man, puzzled at not being able to duplicate my shiny new key (only the Peter Cooper service office, I found, could) asks where in the world I live. "Gee, Peter Cooper! What's it like over there? Nice, huh?" And when I pridefully give my address for a delivery, the salesgirl asks, "Peter Cooper—what do you have to do to get in?"

It still seems unreal to us, and like some unexpected luck. For when, on February 15, 1947, the Metropolitan announced that they were at last ready to take applications for the 2,495 apartments, they received 20,000 requests by spring. All the writers of the letters listed sad, sad reasons why *they* [Continued on page 159]

By Lee Carson Haimson

## We live in Peter Cooper Village

A close-up of community planning . . .  
American style



Laura Dewey's living-room windows in Peter Cooper Village overlook the wide sweep of East River. All of the development's kitchens are alike. At left, Lee Haimson at work in hers



ALEXANDER VALENTIN

The Haimsons hope their apartment will soon look like this. Their neighbors, the Deweys, moved in early, did their living-room in green and yellow chintz, dark-green walls and antiques they've collected during their five years of marriage





The rear of Colin and Candy's house as it will be one day. Left are double doors of the future dining-room. The garage roof has been raised to add a bedroom and a bath

## Colin and Candy

# Addition made easy

When you and your husband are poring over blueprints with your architect, don't succumb to a cute sewing-room (expensive), a dining-room you need but can't afford or a servant's room for a maid you don't have. Why heat more house than you have to? Why furnish more house than you'll live in? Why build a house for the future when you're living in the now? We say that the most convenient house for young-marrieds is the one that expands right along with the family, a house to which you can add rooms when you need them. We only regret that the following plans for *Addition Made Easy* can't be worked in reverse, and that, unfortunately, we don't know any architectural Rube Goldbergs who can diagram gimmicks for making a house fold like an accordion when the kids grow up and leave.

When Colin and Candy built their house in Ardmore, their architect, George Cooper Rudolph, designed a kind of three-to-get-ready-and-four-to-go plan, a three-bedroom house with the fourth bedroom an easy possibility as soon as the family needs or wants it. When that time comes Colin and Candy can literally raise the roof and build another bedroom and bath right on top of the garage; downstairs there's an expansion plan, too. They can add a dining-room and spread out into a back terrace. All this expanding, if prices don't swoop up or down, will cost around \$3,000.

First stage, first floor

Sandbox Low Wire Fence 55'9"

Play Yard

Drying Yard

21'0" 4'6"

Garage 16'6" x 20'0"



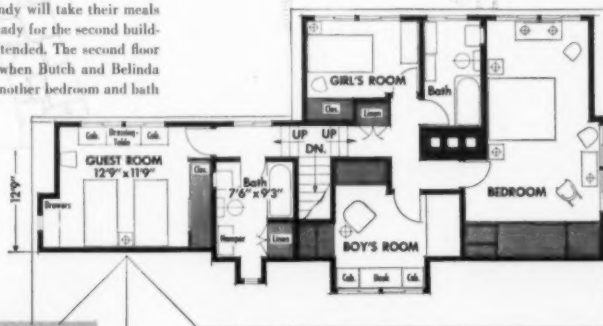
Flagstone Walk

Lawn

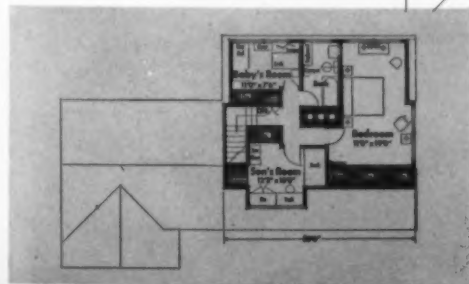
Second stage, first floor

Top drawing, far right-hand corner, shows the first floor (unexpanded plan) with living-room, kitchen, utility room, et cetera. Gail and Candy will take their meals in one end of the living-room or the kitchen until they're ready for the second building stage. Then the dining-room will be added, terrace extended. The second floor may someday have its addition, too (see drawing, right) when Butch and Belinda get older or the family grows; then there will be need for another bedroom and bath

0' 5' 10'



Second stage, second floor



First stage, second floor

We asked George Nemeny, winner of the second prize in the New York State Association of Architects Competition for the best small house designed in New York in the last ten years, to plan a one-story house for us that would grow bigger and better with time. His problem was to put line and style into a cottage the size of a box and to make addition easy without giving a jerrybilt air. So he and his partner, A. W. Geller, designed the one shown here; the cost: anywhere from \$8-\$10,000, depending on where it's built, Middle West or Eastern seaboard. The farther east you go, the higher the prices.

To achieve character and width for the house, the architect gave an unusual line to the eaves by means of a reinforced roof. This roof style also does away with the need for rafters, thus giving a mile-high look to what would ordinarily be low ceilings. In the living-room, the sense of spaciousness is further increased by the huge window wall opening on the terrace, and by the fact that there is no wall between living-room and dining-room. When the family gets larger, two more bedrooms and a detached garage can easily be added to the house. The additions will bring the total cost of the house to around \$12-\$14,000, depending again on where it is built and what materials are used.

## Little today, bigger tomorrow

Addition Made Easy, continued



Space between kitchen wall and ceiling makes living-room look larger. Kitchen ventilating fan keeps cooking odors out



Lawn

The stone wall cuts off view of the living-room from the street, and makes for quiet

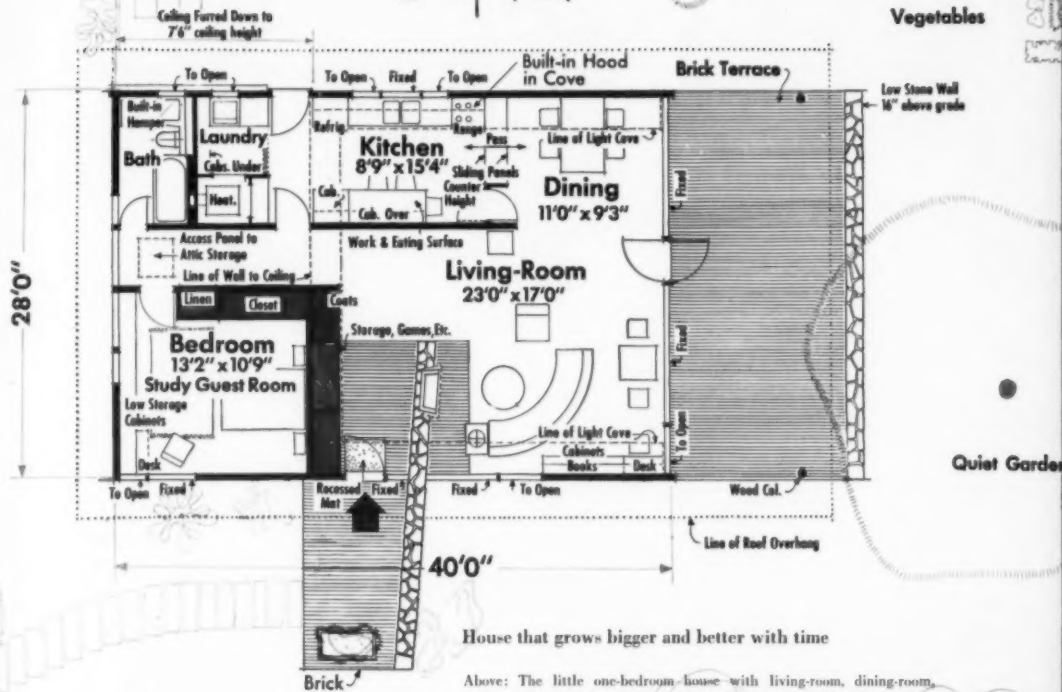
The outside wall into the living-room forms the fireplace; integrates house and land



Service Yard

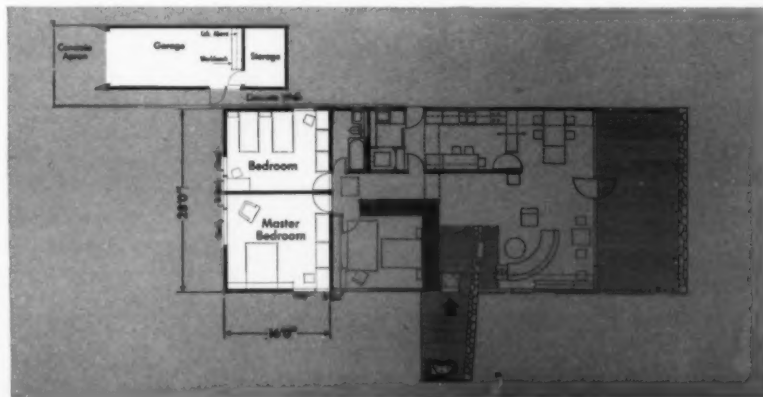


Vegetables



House that grows bigger and better with time

Above: The little one-bedroom-house with living-room, dining-room, kitchen, laundry and bath can easily be enlarged by adding two bedrooms at one end. Note the separate service entrance in rear (see expanded plan). The bedroom windows are all above eye level from the street, to assure quiet and privacy. Bedrooms are insulated from the rest of the house by sound-absorbing closets. The compact laundry can be screened off from the kitchen. Two-way cabinets divide the kitchen and dining-sections





Above: Front view of the Putt house. On far left: Workshop, darkroom and car court. The combed plywood makes a good background for California planting

## California convertible

Addition Made Easy, continued

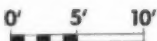


The grill, with its efficient-looking cupboards behind the shop, makes entertaining easy

Aircraft Research Engineer Gladyn Putt and his wife, Mary Jane, bought an acre of land in Santa Monica Canyon. Their requirements were a little house for now and a lot of house for later, so Architect Frederic Barienbrock planned a project to be built in three stages. Stage one will cost \$8,000, consists of two chunks of house with a covered auto court in between. There's a kitchen, closets, bath and combination living-sleeping room in one group and a photography darkroom and shop to house the Putts' power tools, table saw, joiner, et cetera, in the other. The Putts figure that for the next year or two that's about all the sleeping, eating, working space they'll need.

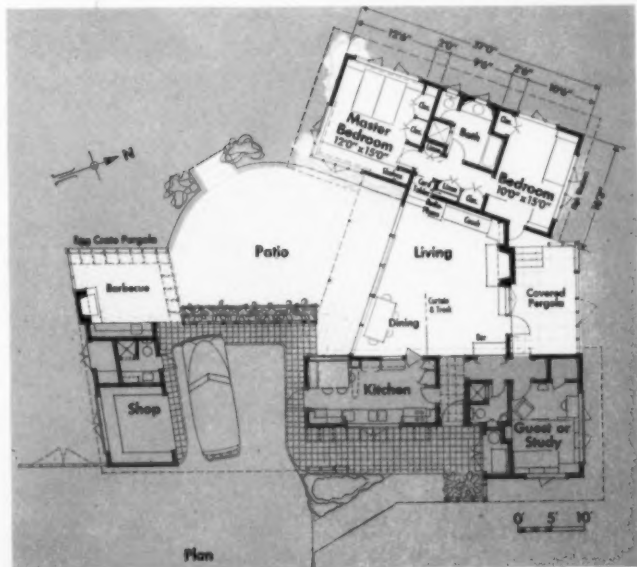
Comes time for stage two, they'll complete their unusual-shaped living-room, the huge stone patio and latticed patio walk. This is the point where the Putts' wood-working hobby will come in handy. They plan to make all the built-in cabinets themselves.

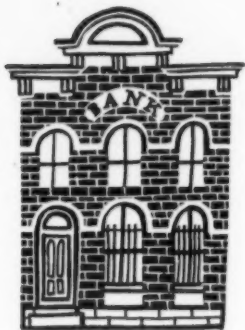
Comes stage three, when they need more room to expand in, there are still two bedrooms, a bath and a covered pergola to be done. Then they'll convert the living-sleeping room into a study or hideaway for weekend guests. The final cost of all this will be about \$18,000, but the Putts hope to pare this by doing their own built-ins, finishing.



### Second, third stages (expanded plan)

**Above:** The first stage of the *Putt ménage*, showing living-sleeping room, kitchen and bath; to far left, the workshop, shower, darkroom and the beginning of an outdoor grill. The temporary living-sleeping quarters are separated, for privacy's sake, from the kitchen by a covered latticed walk. The kitchen has a corner for dining, and there's enough closet space to get by on while the Putts wait for the rest of the house to be completed. **Right:** White areas mark construction to come: living-room and bedrooms. The living-room has an overhanging roof that controls the sun's rays. Not shown is project X (X for expensive), a future badminton court and swimming pool.





By Lin Root

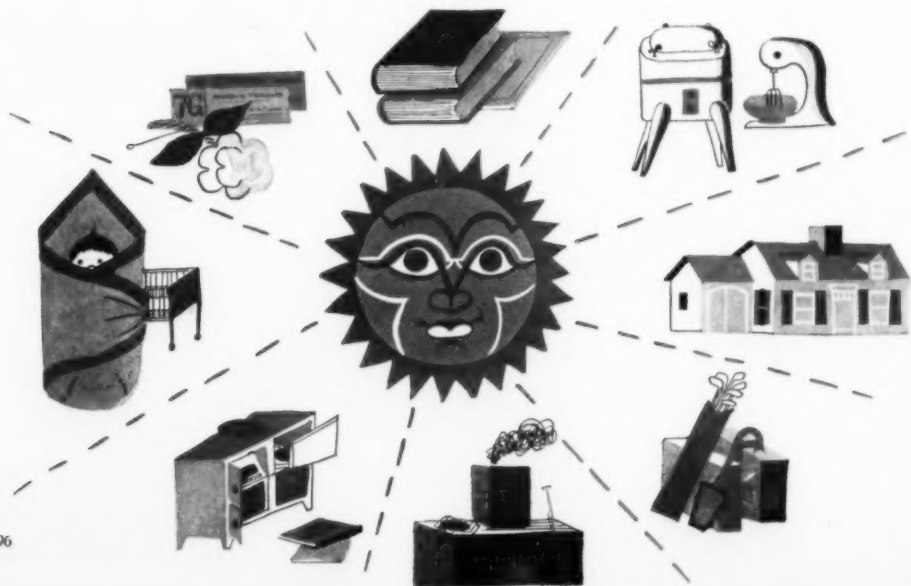
## Save for sunshine

... not for rain

In Aesop's fable, the ant was the frugal fellow who worked all summer so he could be safe and warm all winter; while his pal, the giddy grasshopper, was the *toujours gai* type who liked to bend an elbow and sing. Came winter, the ant was snug and the grasshopper dead. Now the usual moralist will make a point out of all this: the point being that because the ant was smart, saved and kept his feelers to the grindstone, he undoubtedly lived happily ever after, and the grasshopper ought to go out and do likewise—and would, only he's dead.

Now there is nothing wrong with the ant's activity; it's just his attitude we object to. Somewhere in life, and in all this spending and getting, there ought to be a happy medium, a bit of the easy philosophy that slips in some of the joy of the grasshopper along with the guts of the ant.

Too many people go through life with their feelers to the grindstone, because they're worried to death about old wintertime, the time of want. They work and save under the compulsion of the disaster complex. They surround all their saving, their bank account, insurance, annuity, even the kitchen piggy bank with that got-to-save-for-a-rainy-day gloom, and soon they're seeing everything from a negative point of view. They not only pull all the fun out of security and saving, but their attitude reflects itself in the manner in which they make use of the things they buy. A new house, a new car, a new chair assume a touch-me-not quality; objects aren't for use, for fun, for enjoyment, but for saving. The trouble with all this is that once you have the financial disaster complex you can't be free. You can't have fun with your money, or with the things money buys. And finally



you don't possess your possessions; they possess you.

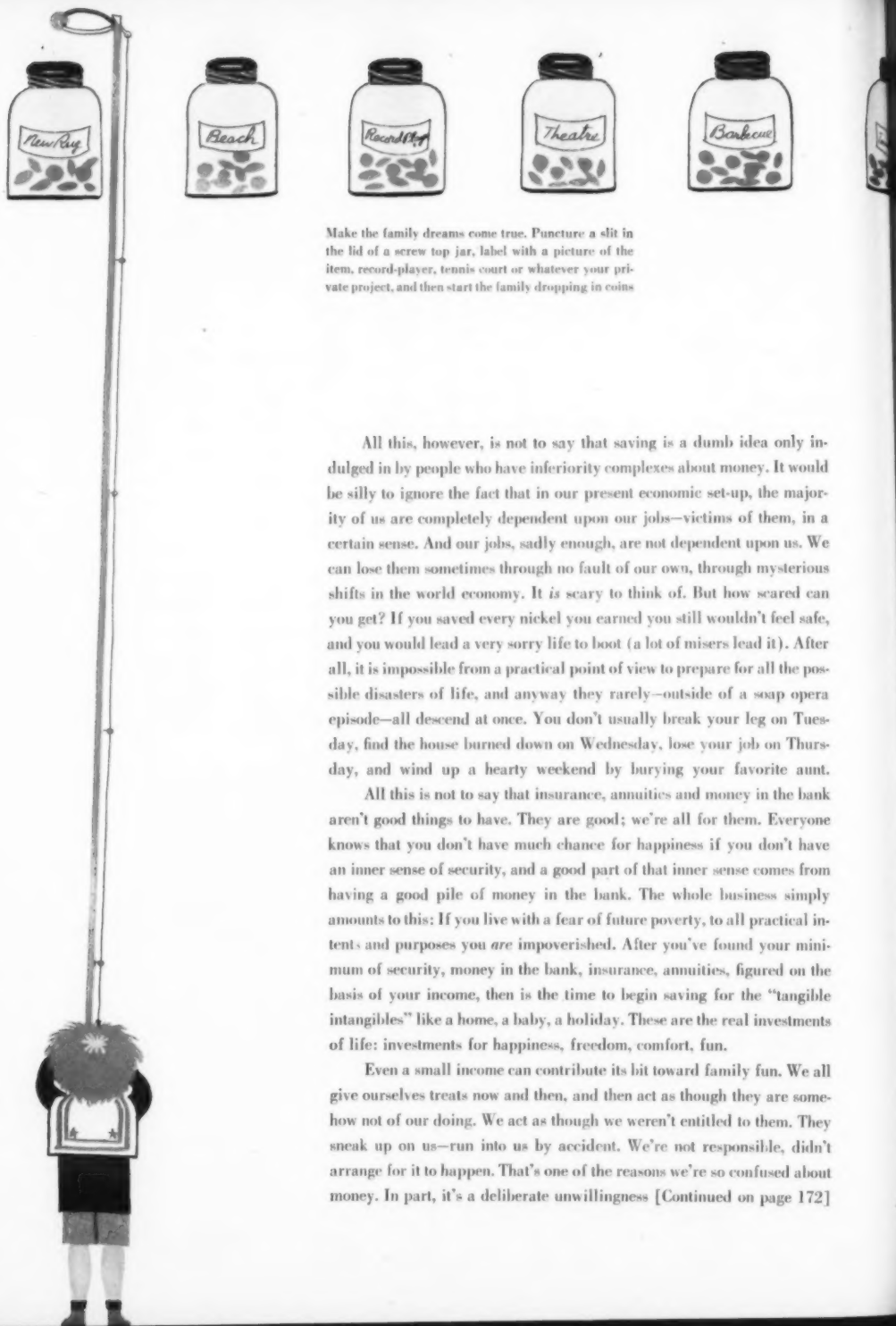
When you were a child money was something vague and incidental. Mama or Papa probably tried to enforce occasional juvenile economies by telling you that the stuff didn't grow on trees, but for all you knew, if it didn't grow there, it grew somewhere else. Perhaps it grew in Papa's pocket. Money was a divinely casual thing. A lovely largess. Lollipops, rubber balls, dolls, tea sets, there was nothing it couldn't buy. Pennies, nickels, dimes. They had a cheerful, solid ring; they meant things to fly, to bounce, to do—the meaning of money was never clearer.

But the meaning got somehow clouded when the age of innocence passed. If you're like most people you probably found that as you grew into responsibility, got your first job, married, had the first baby, you grew into a kind

of grimness as far as money was concerned. The idea of disaster dinned its way into your mind. Perhaps you had a few frights: a job that folded suddenly, a hospital bill that came unexpectedly—and you began saving, not for sunshine, but for that economic inundation known as "rain."

It's precisely this kind of teeth-clinched grimness, this keep-your-feelers-to-the-grindstone attitude that leads people into saving for saving's sake. And saving for saving's sake is a long, complicated rat maze in which you can travel round and round for years and years. You save to be secure because you figure you'll be secure if you save, and the more you save, the more secure you'll be; but the irony of it all is that if once you get into the maze state of mind, no matter how much you save, this thing called security doesn't exist for you anywhere. [Continued on next page]





Make the family dreams come true. Puncture a slit in the lid of a screw top jar, label with a picture of the item, record-player, tennis court or whatever your private project, and then start the family dropping in coins

All this, however, is not to say that saving is a dumb idea only indulged in by people who have inferiority complexes about money. It would be silly to ignore the fact that in our present economic set-up, the majority of us are completely dependent upon our jobs—victims of them, in a certain sense. And our jobs, sadly enough, are not dependent upon us. We can lose them sometimes through no fault of our own, through mysterious shifts in the world economy. It is scary to think of. But how scared can you get? If you saved every nickel you earned you still wouldn't feel safe, and you would lead a very sorry life to boot (a lot of misers lead it). After all, it is impossible from a practical point of view to prepare for all the possible disasters of life, and anyway they rarely—outside of a soap opera episode—all descend at once. You don't usually break your leg on Tuesday, find the house burned down on Wednesday, lose your job on Thursday, and wind up a hearty weekend by burying your favorite aunt.

All this is not to say that insurance, annuities and money in the bank aren't good things to have. They are good; we're all for them. Everyone knows that you don't have much chance for happiness if you don't have an inner sense of security, and a good part of that inner sense comes from having a good pile of money in the bank. The whole business simply amounts to this: If you live with a fear of future poverty, to all practical intents and purposes you *are* impoverished. After you've found your minimum of security, money in the bank, insurance, annuities, figured on the basis of your income, then is the time to begin saving for the "tangible intangibles" like a home, a baby, a holiday. These are the real investments of life: investments for happiness, freedom, comfort, fun.

Even a small income can contribute its bit toward family fun. We all give ourselves treats now and then, and then act as though they are somehow not of our doing. We act as though we weren't entitled to them. They sneak up on us—run into us by accident. We're not responsible, didn't arrange for it to happen. That's one of the reasons we're so confused about money. In part, it's a deliberate unwillingness [Continued on page 172]

## The sad facts of family financial life

### The B.'s buy themselves a baby

John and Harriet B. wanted a baby, so they invested in one. John's income is \$3,017. It took John and Harriet three years on a regular weekly savings plan to hoard \$750 for the baby fund. Little B. is now a bouncing five-month-old and John and Harriet think he's pretty wonderful and well worth having saved for.

But what's bothering them isn't the initial cost, it's the upkeep. Their food bills stagger them. When they planned for Baby B., they didn't plan for HCL. The rent on their three-room apartment

still remains \$45 a month, but milk is higher, diaper service is higher and Harriet splurged on a too-fancy layette that cost \$100. So this year she could spend only \$50 on her own clothes—not nearly enough with the changing fashion silhouette.

Our analysis: The B.'s live in a large Ohio town. The big leak in their family income is their car, a jalopy which costs \$30 a month upkeep, plus \$90 a year insurance. John drives it to work, hardly anywhere else. He could use city buses, sell the car. Those extra dollars would fix the food bill.



### The House that Jack built

The R. family consists of Jack R., his wife Betts, and the two little R.'s, Hankie and Susan. Jack was in the Army for six years, and the war and the housing shortage turned Betts and the babes into nomads. Betts said about this: "The big thing that kept us going was our dream of owning our own house."

After Jack got out of Service his net salary was \$5,600 a year, and the R.'s put their savings into a house in a small town within commuting distance of New York. They're paying \$14,500 on

time (too much for their income, the bankers say). Their expenses added up to \$4,746 a year, which means they have about \$71 each month for fun and savings.

Our analysis: Buying the house takes a lot of doing without, but it's worth it, and the house saves them money in the long run. They no longer indulge in expensive gadding; they find entertainment right at home. They are putting some savings into household machines, the garden and furnishings, too. It's all a good, long-term investment.

### The unhappy existence of the X.'s

The X.'s are a family of three, Bob X., Janet X., and Junior X., aged one year, six months. Their combined complaint is that pleasures are too costly; they can't make ends meet and never expect to. Bob's income (after taxes) is \$4,000. Janet works occasionally for a small weekly, which nets her \$150 pin money and a subscription to the paper. The big fact-of-life in the X. existence is Bob's bonuses—Xmas and vacation—amounting to \$600 (which they spend hectically), thus bringing their total yearly take to \$4,750.

They're buying a \$6,000 house on time, which costs them \$43 a month, and the whole of their income, including \$420 which they can't find at all, slips away sight unseen. Last year, with part of their \$600 bonus they spent two weeks at the seashore (they wanted to stay longer), and with the remainder tore out and bought a washer. This is nice, but it doesn't make the X.'s happy. Even their dental fund gets nicked when they hit a hump. Analysis: They'd better check to find where that \$420 goes, then save via the Mason jar plan.



### The W.'s find campus confining

Jeff and Barbara W. live in a small, ivy-covered college town in the Midwest, where Jeff is an assistant professor at \$2,600 a year and Barbara pinch-hits behind the desk at the college library for \$200. Total income, \$2,800. They consider their particular campus staid and fussily old-fashioned. They say, "It's the kind of place where you have to lock the front door and pull the shades every time you want to take a drink."

When they realized their life wasn't quite what they wanted, they set out to make it better

by planning, and saved \$250 a year, most of which goes for Jeff's six weeks of summer school at Northwestern: their investment toward the day when Jeff will be a full professor at a larger university. They also stick quarters into their kitchen piggy bank. In this way they save up \$50 for what they call their splurge; they go to Chicago, see a couple of shows, eat at a swank restaurant and listen to as much good music as they can afford. Our analysis: A good temporary program, but it allows no cash for emergencies.



By Sally Topping Sun

**S**ure, sure, I know. This summer you'll really have a garden. Last year's fiasco wasn't your fault exactly, because how were you to know the baby would start teething just when somebody said you couldn't wait a day longer to prune back the roses and divide the dahlias? By mid-July the weeds had taken charge and by mid-August it was easier to ignore the whole thing. The year before, of course, you had just moved in . . .

Or maybe you're the family in that new house. By planning carefully, there certainly should be ample time to take care of the garden if only . . .

All right. How about a garden without any "ifs"? One that will provide immediate color and bloom all summer, that's almost weed-free and practically foolproof, that you can take care of in your spare time, in, say, an hour and a half a week? I lump all the time together week-ends, or chop it up into minutes-per-day, if you'd rather.

Honest. Not a single "if" attached, provided you pass up your dream garden and plant a practical one. This means no roses, no glads, no peonies or dahlias, for instance, but it does mean plenty of annuals, and plants treated as annuals, that you'll discard at the end of the summer.

The whole purpose of an annual is to bloom and set seed within one year. It may seem easier to plant perennials so you won't have to start the garden from scratch each time, but if you don't cater to [Continued on page 166]

Three gardens that will grow  
in spite of your good intentions

This is easy. It's 5' x 15':

Larkspur . . . 10 white (18" apart)

Cosmos . . . 3 white, 5 red (2' apart)

Dusty Miller . . . 1 purple, 8 rose (15" apart)

Annual Canterbury Bells . . . 4 pink, 7 blue, 4 white (1' apart)

This is easier. It's 5' x 12':

Cosmos . . . 1 "Orange Flame" (3' apart)

Flowering Tobacco . . . 12 (1' apart)

California Poppies, Bachelor Buttons . . . arranged with 1 poppy, orange (10" apart); 5 bachelor buttons (1' apart); 4 poppies, orange

Browallia . . . 16 (9" apart)

Baby's-breath . . . 12 (1' apart)

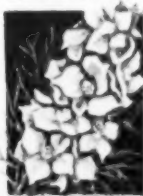
This is the easiest. It's 3' x 15':

Strawflowers . . . 3 red, 2 orange, 5 yellow, 2 orange, 3 red (1' apart)

Martinia, Blue-eyed African Daisies . . . arranged with 3 martinia, mauve (1' apart), then 3 daisies (1' apart), 3 martinia, 3 daisies, 3 martinia

Sweet Alyssum . . . 30 (6" apart)

LARKSPUR



ZINNIA



COSMOS





- 102 Writing Table, by William M. Harnett
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- 106 Get Your Kitchen Out of Hobble Skirts
- 108 LIVING Unhobbies a Kitchen for One of Its Readers
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- 128 If You're on the Move
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- 134 Table the Motion
- 138 You're the Architect
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- 142 Still Life in the Parlor, by Marianne Tuteur
- 144 Dirt Cheap, by Ann Combs Wolf
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- 148 You've Made Your Bed

William M. Harnett was born in Ireland in 1848 and was brought to America when he was a year old. His talent for drawing was apparent as soon as he was old enough to hold a pencil, but his father died so he had to sell papers and run errands to help support his mother and sisters. He found time to study art at night, however, and soon was making a living at it. By the eighties he was so popular that his pictures sold for \$5,000 and \$10,000 each! The nineteenth century called him "the most realistic painter of his age" and admired him for his realism. We admire him for his surrealism. Forgotten for almost fifty years after his death, Harnett was reintroduced in 1939 by The Downtown Gallery and has been growing in popularity ever since. Connoisseurs admire his flawless painting and his arbitrary juxtaposition of unrelated objects. He is touted as one of the granddaddies of "Modern" art. We introduce our *Facts of Life* with a Harnett because these facts are also real. What can be more real than our budgets, children, daily bread, daily jobs? And what can be more surreal, too? Clothes, pies, vacuum cleaners, the baby's colic, bosses, husbands, bank balances, or lack of them—such are the facts of life.

By T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings

## Kiss the junk good-by



One of the prominent "works of art" in the 1936 surrealist exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York was a mask decorated with household utensils, including a mousetrap, bits of wire, hairbrushes, etc. It caught the attention of an elderly man who, after looking at it with singular disfavor, turned to his wife and said, "Never throw anything away."

It is no exaggeration to say that this admonition seems to have foretold a household mania that grew to horrendous proportions throughout the U. S. in the ten years following the surrealist exhibition. Saved like brands from the burning, birdcages became lamps, sewing-machine bases became tables, washstands turned into bars, and cast-iron tubs painted Schiaparelli pink bloomed with plant life. White elephants became proud possessions and attics were stripped bare, while the junk pile languished in neglect.

One New York newspaper offered headline advice on "The Art of Flossing Up a Room," and the chic magazines burbled ecstaticly of "chandeliers swathed in pink mosquito netting," fireplaces painted with "big pouting cabbage roses" and floors "squoshed" with sponges full of chartreuse paint. Inevitably, the out-of-town followers of this decorative surrealism hurried to get in on the irrational clambake.

From Chicago came news of a staircase with a handrail made from an old gun with bayonet attached; lamps made from old coffee mills whose cranks still turn, a cranberry picker utilized as a magazine stand, and a coal hod masquerading as a wastepaper basket. All of which, however, paled beside the inventive genius in Atlanta who created a baby crib from an antique dough tray, an inspiration that conjures up fragrant visions of absent-minded Southern mothers kneading their offspring into a batch of shortening bread.

The effect on the public of this irrational fandango was stupefying. From California to Maine, housewives, their eyes shining with misplaced creative abandon, scurried up to a million attics. Down they came with Morris chairs, marble-topped washstands, McKinley rockers, General Grant sideboards, mahogany consoles, rusty metal dress forms, needlework footstools, golden oak pedestal tables, plush-covered parlor lounges, bead portieres, carved whatnots, bird cages, mustache cups, kerosene lamps, antimacassars, bell jars, Tiffany glass, Moor. [Continued on page 179]

You may call it fun, fun, fun—this turning of Victorian cast-offs and President Taft relics into furnishings for your home. But T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, who put antiques over the jumps with his best seller, *Good-by, Mr. Chippendale*, has another name for it. Mr. Gibbings, an ardent modernist in houses and interiors, has just written a new book, *Mona Lisa's Mustache*, in which he takes modern art apart

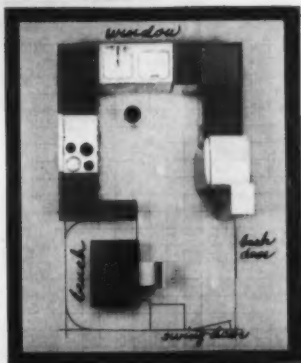


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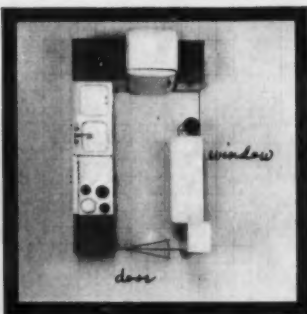
Three work centers are the ABC's  
of good kitchen planning. . .

These work centers are: (a) storage and preparation; (b) sink and dishwashing; (c) cooking and serving. The three kitchens at the right present typical problems; each is solved according to architectural limitations and family needs. 1. (Top) A large, rectangular room with U arrangement at one end and built-in breakfast nook at the other. 2. The long, narrow, typical apartment-house kitchen. . . Window on side makes possible L arrangement, with work or breakfast bar under window. 3. Medium-sized rectangular kitchen with work centers in a two-wall arrangement; sink and washer are isolated to form a separate laundry corner. Room could be planned differently without laundry

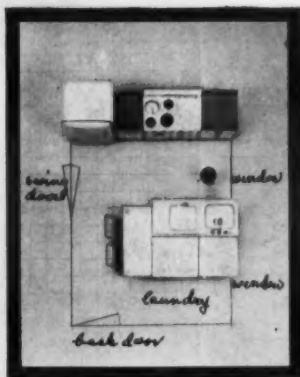
1



2



3





## Get your kitchen out of hobble skirts

Your kitchen doesn't have to look like the pride of the nineteenth century (see the gem at the top of the page) to be inefficient. It doesn't have to date back to President Taft's Administration to be hobbled.

You can have all the latest postwar wonders and still pile up extra footwork and man-hours if your arrangement isn't efficient. Of course, you don't have to go to the woodbox or the pump, or trot to the back porch to rummage in the icebox, but you can lose a good part of the joy of your new equipment and reduce the time- and back-saving it should mean unless you give enough thought to planning.

That shiny new refrigerator that's about to come into your life may have dry and moist compartments, frozen-foods storage, butter-conditioning cubbyholes and all the latest nifties, but if you have to creep around the door to get at your larder or walk to the far end of the kitchen every time you need another egg, you'll be losing much of your money's worth.

In fact, modern equipment is all tied up with the new science of kitchen planning, and the people who make it

and sell it think planning is so important that most of them have specialists who work on nothing else. Some have services whereby you may have your kitchen scientifically planned or replanned (on paper) for a small fee. And practically all have booklets to help you analyze and plan your own. If one of these days you expect to build, buy or remodel, you can't do better than to conduct a study of your own kitchen habits and motions. Find out if your work centers are conveniently arranged, or if you have to rush back and forth to complete each task.

Almost everyone has heard of the three basic work centers which are the ABC's of kitchen planning. They are: (a) storage and preparation; (b) sink and dishwashing; (c) cooking and serving.

For the easiest, smoothest performance, the work should flow around the room in alphabetical order. Perhaps the easiest kitchens to work in are those where the equipment is arranged to form an L or a U, though some home economists (and experienced housewives) hold that a two-wall kitchen with fixtures [Continued on page 175]

**This kitchen shed its hobble skirts;  
doubled its efficiency**

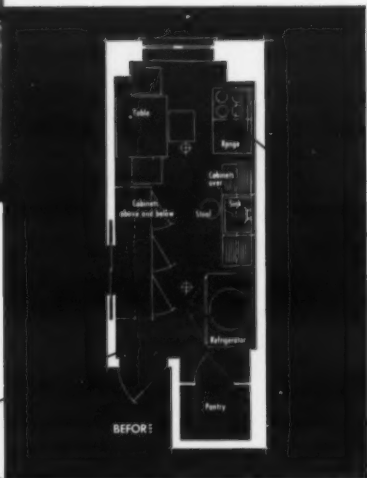
Below: The floor plan and a few typical scenes in Jenny F.'s old kitchen. Good, mildly obsolete equipment, badly arranged, lengthens Jenny's day, shortens her temper. Fixtures lined up on one wall, with stove far away from serving center or dining-room door. Bottom, left: No space to put things while loading and unloading the refrigerator. Bottom, right: Crowded, inadequate preparation counter. Center, right: Kitchen table crowds stove, and vice versa; both crowd Jenny



WILLIAM HOWLAND



**Before**



**Complete turnabout**

Right: Jenny's replanned kitchen. Note ample cupboards between refrigerator and stove, with serving window over them. Above: Paper work at the breakfast bar



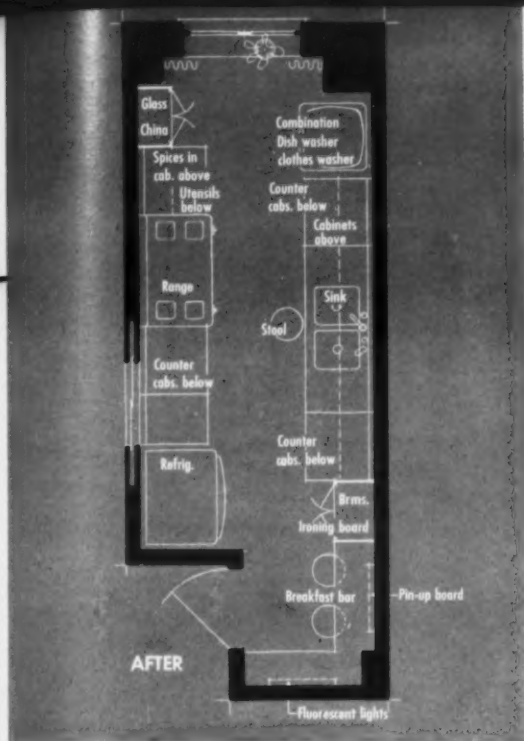
**Deep knee bends at the refrigerator**

**Crouch and bump technique at the oven**



BEFORE PHOTOGRAPH BY JULES FISHER

**Operation clutter  
on the cupboard top**



## Living unhobbles a kitchen for one of its readers

Jenny and Dick F. were married before the war, and their two children, Ricky and Paula, were born before Dick went overseas. They lived in an apartment in those days, but after Dick got back they "lived around," as they put it, until they were finally able to get possession of Dick's old family house, which had been rented ever since his mother died six years ago.

They had moved in a few months earlier when LIVING met them. Jenny had been finding out a lot about pre-depression kitchen planning. Dick's mother, in her own words, had "always believed in buying the best." She had equipped her kitchen with a huge gleaming-white electric refrigerator. At the time she bought it, it was the last word. But Jenny found that its vaguely Chipendale cabriole legs and asthmatic hatbox on top, not only were the occasion of mild mirth, but meant, because of the way it was placed, that there was no space for setting things while loading and unloading. Sometimes Jenny put things on the floor; sometimes she carried them to the table. She had other dodges, too, like pulling up her work stool to set them on.

Mrs. F., Sr., had also bought a gas range. She had put it near the window because she thought it would be cooler, but it was opposite the only bit of wall space where Jenny could put her kitchen table. Every time Jenny looked in the oven she had to turn sideways to keep from bumping the table. When the children or Dick were sitting at the table, it was an even tighter squeeze. Besides, the stove was hot, and half the time she fed the children in the dining-room when she'd rather have had them under her eye while she worked. [Continued on next page]

Ricky and Paula eat their suppers out from under Jenny's feet in the corner where Grandma F.'s pantry used to be. The piggy bank matches the curtains and catches the family's odd change



Jenny's mother-in-law had never done anything about the sink. It was just a sink, small and inadequate, with two porcelain drainboards spreading off each side like a bird poised for flight. Wooden cabinets with sliding doors had been built above it, but they were so high that, although Jenny is a tall girl, she could reach only the bottom shelf. The doors stuck frequently.

There was a work surface on the opposite wall and storage space underneath. At first, Jenny says, she thought it really wasn't a bad kitchen, as kitchens go, particularly after some of the dumpettes she had cooked in recently. But it finally began to get her down.

The sink got her down first. She was on the point of getting a new cabinet one when she asked advice of LIVING's editors. Before long, it became evident that Jenny's kitchen was a fine example of good equipment gone wrong. If the fixtures were fairly obsolete they still worked, and proper arrangement would have doubled their efficiency.

If you study the two floor plans you'll see that the old

kitchen was unplanned, but it was a one-wall arrangement, which is less efficient than a two-wall arrangement. Also, Mrs. F., Sr., had had a "pantry" at one end of the kitchen for storage, about half of which was waste space.

The stove was at the far end of the room, just about as far from the door as possible. A row of cupboards had been built along the wall opposite the fixtures, and this constituted Jenny's only work and serving space. It was usually pretty well cluttered.

Before anything was done, LIVING called in, not one but three experts—for over-all planning, for lighting and special advice on gas equipment. About twenty floor plans were drawn up before one was selected. Every problem has a number of solutions, but there's always one that seems best for the special situation.

Jenny had some ideas of her own. She lives in a city where gas is the cheapest, most practical fuel, so she chose a gas stove and a gas refrigerator. She wanted to include an automatic washer and a snack [Continued on page 152]

#### Time chart for same menu

chore	Old	New
of away marketing	12 min.	3½ min.
prepare dessert for dinner tray	5	4
prepare roast (30 min. cut by starting roast in pressure cooker, 40 as against 1,10)	6	3
prepare vegetables (2)	38	24½
at table	6	5
make meat (3 or 4 times)	4	
last from pressure cooker a handy meal		3
prepare salad greens	5	3
take French dressing	3	2
the muffins ready for oven	5½	4
47 vegetables on stove at dinner time	3	
utens and under children	20	20
prepare and give children supper (Work up mixing bowls while they eat . . . in new kitchen pressure-cook two vegetables, begin potatoes)	20	20
take children to	6	6
30 glasses; get out salad, erving dishes	3	3
take sauce for carrots	6	5
½ cup coffee	2	1½
boil potatoes blue food if pressure cooker is used	3	4
serve vegetables, meat	5	3
Time saved: 34 minutes	2:32½	1:58½

#### The F.'s new kitchen is pretty— it does pretty, too

On the chart, below, left, you can see exactly how Jenny F. saved 34 minutes in getting an ordinary dinner. Reasons: Bottom, left, Jenny saves 6½ minutes putting away her marketing in the big new Servel gas refrigerator. . . . Vegetables and greens go in the crisper (that's what Jenny is doing in the picture), meats in the low-temperature compartment at the top, eggs in the special rack. The cupboards make a handy loading station. Bottom, middle: Jenny's Tappan gas range is a joy to use, has automatic oven temperature and

time controls, bins for implements and a window in the oven door. LIVING eds put Jenny's stove on the same wall with the refrigerator; set the new sink on the opposite wall. Room was made for a Thor Automatic washer, which also comes with a dishwashing unit. Jenny's handy cupboards and the streamlined sink are by American Central; the shadow-proof fluorescent lighting is by Sylvania; and Jenny's gay curtains are Schumacher's Pigs-in-Clover Everglaze chintz, lined against the weather with Syntilon plastic material. Piggy design is hand-painted on the window shade from Interstate. Linoleum is by Congoleum-Nairn. Her pressure cooker is by Revere Brass & Copper.

WILLIAM HOWLAND





Sparkle, the essence of light



Shifty the devil



Peaceful



Primavera

By Theodor Muller

## Color...friend or foe?

Planning a color scheme is like planning a party—it's a certain success if you put together the elements that blend. Arranging a good party is a matter of selection: You omit the people who clash, pick the ones who click and bring together the people who will go into a happy huddle at first sight. Color isn't any more difficult than that.

Actually, if you must be scientific, tests show that the average householder who slaps paint on a plaster wall can only distinguish between twenty-six pure graduated hues in the same spectrum; scientific super-apparatus distinguishes 100,000. These hues create certain emotional reactions, and the whole idea of color can be reduced on the human level to seven unique colors or "psychological primaries."

So before you invite colors to your house, study their characteristics.

Red is temperamental, like a vivacious woman. In small doses it means cheer, in more potent ones and with other colors—glamour. It possesses a provocative quality, and a rich aggressive splendor when it dominates an interior. Not only the most exciting color, it is also the most *inciting*. Over-used, its [Continued on next page]

Tests show psychological reaction  
to black, white, gray is  
stronger than to actual colors

Beware bathroom  
colors that give  
queasiness a worse tinge



Left: Colors in a house are as potent as the people who live there. For instance, a strong dose of red is temperamental, like a vivacious woman. Orange is a salesman who wins friends and influences nickels. Yellow is active, merry as a bobby-soxer. Green is good, steady, dependable—like an old beau. Pale blue is the airy-fairy personality type. And so it goes; just group a lot of the right—or wrong—colorful characters in your house and see what happens

SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

angry bullshiness is psychologically harmful. For instance, those ruby lamps formerly used in photo-processing have been known to cause photographers such extreme attacks of migraine that they've been driven to acts of physical violence. Red is heady stuff; even nature uses it sparingly.

**Yellow** is active in a merrier, less physical way than red. Too much of the sharp color varieties has a nervous, restless effect. Warmed toward orange, the effect is too stickily ingratiating. Orange is a salesman, winning friends and influencing nickels—a notorious hawker of candy bars and other newsstand wares. People take to orange-yellow too easily and tire of it as quickly.

In its truer forms, yellow is the essence of light—pure sunshine. It does not lose its good qualities when mixed with white to make pale tints. It does not turn “pastel” and lose its virility, as does red diluted to pink, or lose depth, as does washed-out blue diluted to baby blue.

**Green** is normal. It has been said that green is the color of the bourgeoisie. As they are the backbone of the nation, so green is the backbone of the spectrum. It is good, steady, restful, but not sedative, and never offensive. It is nature's abundant background. We can not have too much of it if there are accents of other colors. However, green must be avoided on surfaces which may reflect quantities of light. When surface color gives reflected light a greenish or bluish cast, it weakens the sense of illumination. Worse, when this discolored light falls on people, it makes them look ghastly.

Green is a refreshing background and a reassuring one. It plays no optical tricks, such as appearing nearer, as does red, or feigning distance as does blue. Green stands pat in a nice way.

**Blue** is to some extent the color that isn't there. In its lighter versions it is airy, transparent, evasive. In deeper tones, it has the mystic depth of shadow. It suggests the bottomless pool. Warm light blues, such as turquoise, have the freshness of green without its substance. Purer blues are restful to the point of sobriety. Too much blue is subduing and can act as a depressant to the extent that people in a blue atmosphere become inert and disconsolate—so we speak of “the blues” as a mood.

As a receding background, on a wall to enlarge a room, on a ceiling to heighten it, blue is unequaled. Like green, it has great value in offsetting other colors to their best advantage. Blue in quantity is no more to be

feared than the sky, provided there are some other pleasant colors on the scene as there are in a natural landscape.

**Black, White, Gray.** This group, called “achromatic,” has been so often defined as the absence of color that many people still don't think it should be included among the basic unique colors.

But human reaction is our test and the reactions to these without-hue colors are every bit as strong, and certainly more positive and definite, than the reactions to the hues. A person dressed entirely in white or a room with all its surfaces and objects in gray creates a forceful or extreme impression.

White carries a sense of cleanliness and purity, sometimes a sense of sanitation, to the point of antiseptis. But beware the sterility of an all-white kitchen or bathroom. Rather, use accents of white to bring an association of neatness and freshness to a color scheme.

White accents also have an important value in assisting color focus. They act as a standard for unconsciously appraising the other colors. For example, a yellow and green scheme without any white at first appears pleasing as a color combination, but later confuses the eye. How light is the yellow? Very light compared to the green. All right, then, how dark is the green? Very dark compared to the yellow? Under brilliant illumination, the contrast would be greater. As the eye fatigues, the contrast lessens. Is it a warm yellow? If not, it might appear so by contrast with the green. And so, without white as an honest measure the eye's appraisal never comes out right.

When pure white touches color it gives the visual clue to value and hue. Our most fundamental sense of security, rightness, safety, comfort, depends on just such unconscious color relations to our surroundings. In poor and confused color surroundings we can be seriously disturbed, depressed, ill at ease, without really knowing why. We may say we don't like the looks of a place, without being able to say what it is we don't like and why we don't like it.

**Black** is also a comparison standard. The use of some black and some white in any color scheme gives it vitality, makes it come alive, because the two comparison standards act as double assistants to the other colors. By using both black and white you can introduce the extremes of value contrast, and prevent light colors from looking pale and anemic and dark colors from appearing too staid and somber. When teamed with other [Continued on page 180]



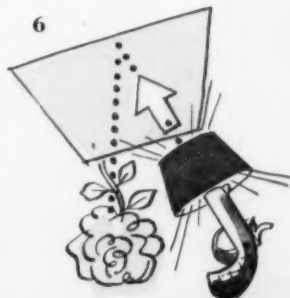
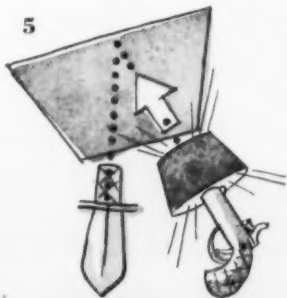
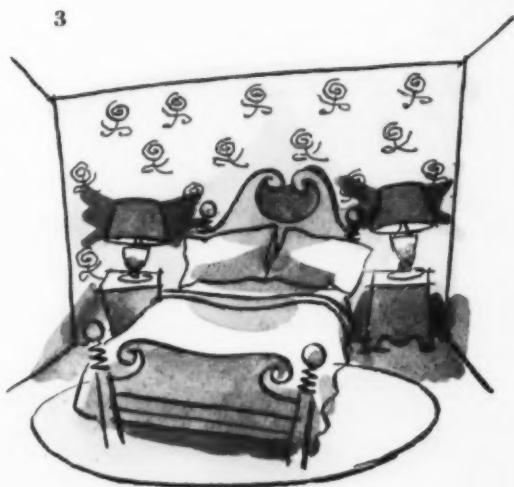
### Sleight-of-hand with color and light

1, 2. Plan window walls with an eye to night and day. In the daytime they're in shadow; your eye looks right past them to the scenery outside. But at night, when the window blacks out or the blinds are pulled, wallpaper or paint comes into its own. Stripes seem bolder, colors brighter

3. You don't want the color scheme to jump out at you like a nightmare when you're in bed, so confine exciting colors or patterned motifs to the floor or wall behind the bed

4. Use a silver-capped bulb to keep light from reflecting the ceiling color. A too-dominant ceiling hexes other hues

5, 6. If your ceiling color is hard and cold it will reflect the same sort of light, mayhap giving your guests a zombie-like look, and doing even crueller things to other colors in the room. A soft-toned ceiling throws an alluring light downward, bathes everything, even guests, in a rosy glow



By Sara Welles



Your idea of heaven is to float on a cloud

## Two in a bed

Sleeping is an art, and volumes have been written on the subject. But to sleep alone is an infant's trick, compared with the difficulties of sharing a mattress with a member of the opposite sex.

If your wedding night is still a date on your future calendar, you may as well know now that the first big disillusionment in marriage occurs on that first night in bed together.

You will discover that your gallant new husband is probably a bed-thrasher and poacher, a blanket thief, a pillow-puncher, a kicker and a teeth-gnasher in the still, dark hours. Besides, he hides his head under the pillow every time you're positive you hear a burglar. And you have just contracted to spend one-third of your lives—and two-thirds of your time together—together in bed!

Now, the bedchamber is no place for the battle of the sexes. And once the honeymoon is over, avoiding full-scale nocturnal war is no easy matter. It requires careful attention to problems of both strategy and matériel.

First let us take up strategy: for instance, all those questions beginning with *who*. Who gets up to open or shut the window?



A six-foot jump discourages germs





Ex-GI spouse is a post-grad in bedmaking

Who gets up to lower the blinds? Get the extra blanket? Tighten the faucet? Kill the mosquito? Turn off the radio? Set the alarm clock? Fasten the bolt on the front door?

Don't do anything rash, when you meet the *who* questions. They can be solved by any girl who puts her mind to them. There are three possible tactics:

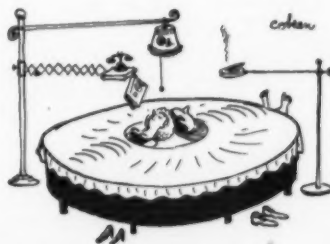
1. Physiological. Practise breathing and muscle control until you can feign deep sleep. Only a cad and brute would wake you.

2. Testimonial. Read your husband the following affidavit, signed by one gentleman, wherein he testifies, "It's a matter of chivalry. I believe it's the duty of the Man to get up and open and shut the windows." (Confidentially, the author of that statement lives in an igloo.)

3. Contractual. Follow the lead of one smart girl who worked out a deal with her husband, second week of their marriage, on a night when he had a head cold. She agreed to get up herself and open the window, just that [Continued on page 176]



You lie awake; he sleeps like a log



Don't buy novelty for novelty's sake



By Peggy Fish



Any time Bill Fish alights from a long piloting trip to far places, he's likely to have some "treasure" for his house under his arm

## Wings over Long

If I'm proud of our home, it's because I married a man who believes art begins at home. Running a house in the country, cooking the meals, doing the housework and laundry, not to mention the tumultuous process of raising two children, add up to a tough job. It's hard. No getting around that. But it's good fun, too—especially if you have a husband like Bill.

Captain Fish, of American Overseas Airlines (that's Bill), was one of the early volunteer pilots of General Chennault's "Flying Tigers." After he came home and we were married, we went through the usual trying period of living with friends and in-laws while looking for a roof of our own. Finally we discovered a little white house in Stony Brook, Long Island, nestled among the trees, complete with dogwood, azalea plants and tulips. As soon as we saw the house we said, "Yup—this is home." Granted it wasn't much to look at then—a little down-in-the-mouth and dog-eared—but imagination and action are Bill's middle names.

Nowadays, Bill's piloting job keeps him away usually about two weeks out of every month. When I drive him over to La Guardia Airport, I know that the next day may find him in Ireland, Iceland, Germany, France or some other far-flung region of the globe. This has its disadvantages—to use a New England form of understatement—particularly when that "office" where your husband works happens to be a shell of soldered, bolted metal 10,000 feet in the air, whizzing through space at a rate of 250 or more miles per hour.

But there are compensations, too. You [Continued on page 182]



Bill does his basic painting in his cellar shop, but the fun part, the stenciling, he works on anywhere in the house. He cuts his own stencils, adapts designs from old sources. If you'd like to stencil, turn to page 184 for full directions

# g Island

JULES PINNEY



The dining-room is the Fishes' special pride, because everything in it is the result of careful scouting, from the hutch table, pine dresser and Early American chairs to every piece of the copper-luster collection in the corner cupboard. Each piece has been the object of loving elbow grease on the part of the Fishes. They keep their linens and silver in the old pine chest (right); the spectacular Staffordshire dogs are one of Bill's overseas finds



The natural wood of the walls in Peggy and Bill's hallway makes a good background for their old prints and old pieces of furniture

To restore this mirror, Bill revived the old art of painting pictures in reverse under glass





BYRON MARTIN



**I**f you've ever been faced with a small fry birthday frolic, you know that it takes more than twenty kids and a cake to make a party. A party is a state of mind that grows out of the kind of atmosphere of at-homeness that warms a bunch of shy little pixies into a general conclave of jumping exuberance; it's that sudden blooming of laughter, a rollicking feel of freedom which makes everything unsurpassably, irrepressibly funny.

Ice cream and cake it is, too. But when you stage a Third, Fourth, Fifth Birthday party, what are you going to do for two mortal hours, from three to five, before you bring on the cake and candles? We asked eight of the kindergarten set what they liked best at parties. And we discovered two schools of thought, which might be roughly classified as the Ice Cream Camp and the Prize-Getters, with the weight of opinion definitely on the side of the P.C.'s. One of its more materialistic members, Agnes Mae, age five, said, "I like a party where I get a present, too." When pressed for reasons, she said, "Well, when I give something, I want to get something."

The mouthpiece of the ice cream-and-cake crowd was Ronnie, a Roy Rogers' man, now in attendance at the Bank Street School. His cool comment: "Party without iscream-and-cake? Nuts!"

As for your guests' state of mind, they will certainly arrive promptly at three, and since their parents mean to enjoy *their* liberty up to the very last moment, none of the young will leave before six. The guests arrive feeling a little uncertain and a little proud in their party shoes, a little cross from missing their naps, more than a little antisocial; but one thing you can bank on is that under no circumstances will they pretend to be enjoying themselves when they are not.

The beginning of the affair may find you feeling a bit uncertain. The birthday band sometimes arrives in what amounts to an excessively antisocial mood. In other (Continued on page 174)

# Goody...we all get a present



PHOTOGRAPH BY

PETER MARTIN

nt

**A**n ancient "fish story" in Scotland has it that St. Kevin, living alone with his books, on the fish he caught in the Lake of Glendaloch, was tempted by a celebrated and beautiful lass of the neighborhood. According to the English poet, Samuel Lover, Kate's appeal was pointed and practical—as gustatory as it was amatory:

"'You're a rare hand at fishing,' said Kate,  
'It's yourself, dear, that knows how to hook them;  
But, when you've caught them, agra!  
Don't you want a young woman to cook them?'"

Fish can be fried, poached, curried, stewed, boiled to eat hot or cold, baked plain or in a soufflé. They may be creamed, stuffed, used in soups and salads. They can be appetizers or a main course; they may even appear as an English savory—for a final fillip at the end of a rich meal.

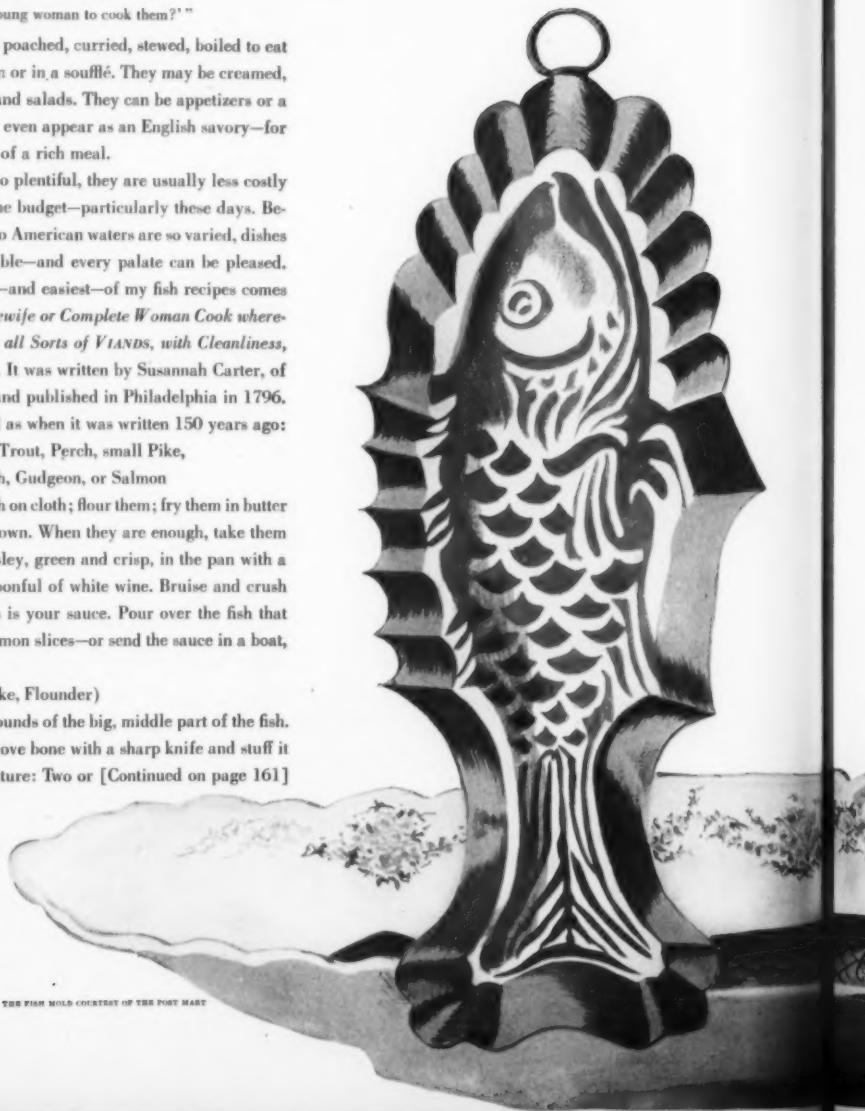
Because fish are so plentiful, they are usually less costly than meat—kinder to the budget—particularly these days. Because the kinds native to American waters are so varied, dishes by the dozen are possible—and every palate can be pleased.

One of the oldest—and easiest—of my fish recipes comes from *The Frugal Housewife or Complete Woman Cook wherein The Art of Dressing all Sorts of VIANDS, with Cleanliness, Decency and Elegance*. It was written by Susannah Carter, of Clerkenwell, London, and published in Philadelphia in 1796. Here it is—just as good as when it was written 150 years ago: How to Fry Fish, be it Trout, Perch, small Pike, Jackfish, Catfish, Roach, Gudgeon, or Salmon

"Wash and dry fish on cloth; flour them; fry them in butter until they are a fine brown. When they are enough, take them up. Now fry some parsley, green and crisp, in the pan with a little butter, with a spoonful of white wine. Bruise and crush several anchovies—this is your sauce. Pour over the fish that are on a platter with lemon slices—or send the sauce in a boat, if you please."

To Bake Fish (Cod, Pike, Flounder)

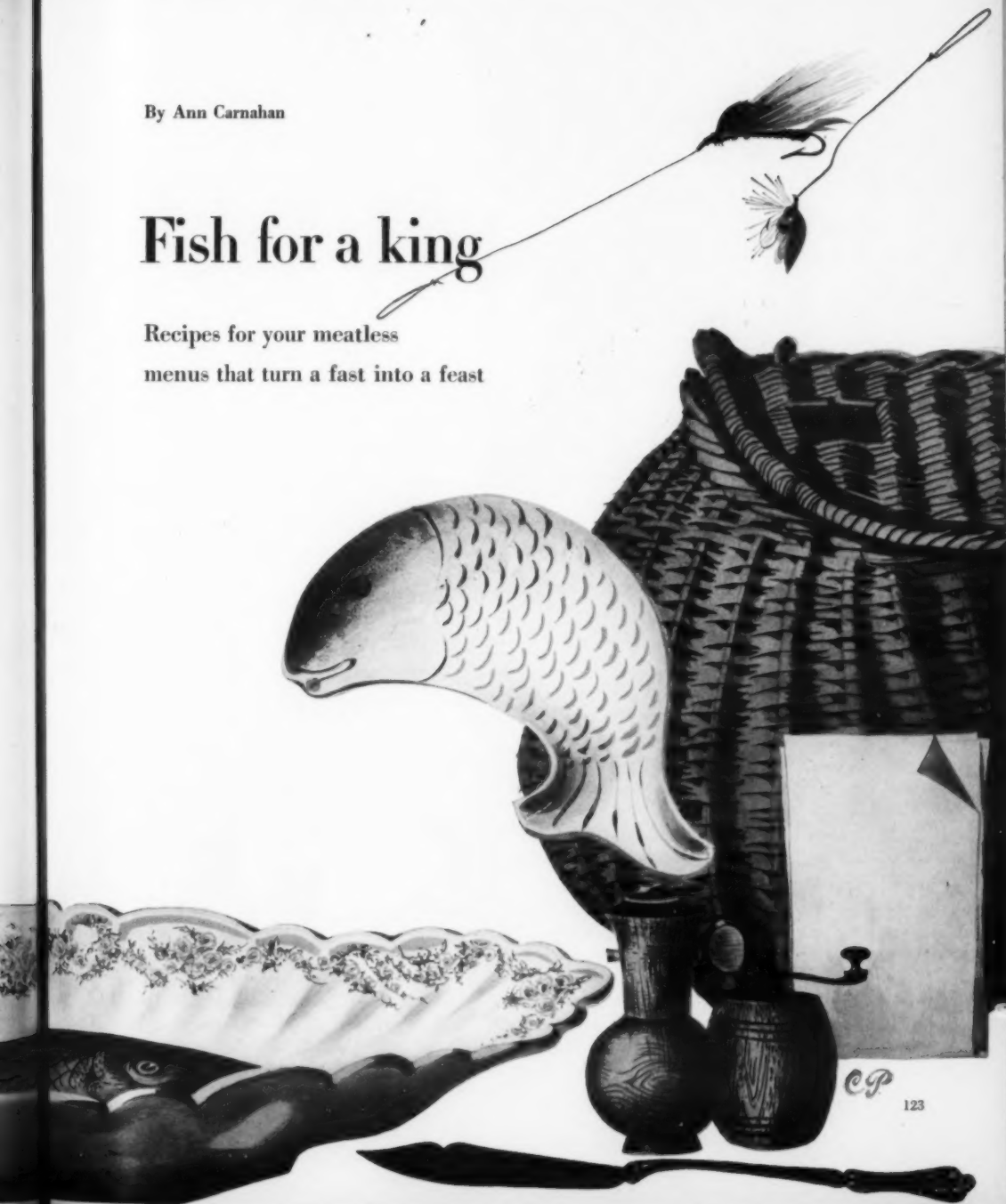
Take about two pounds of the big, middle part of the fish. Clean it carefully, remove bone with a sharp knife and stuff it with the following mixture: Two or [Continued on page 161]



By Ann Carnahan

# Fish for a king

Recipes for your meatless  
menus that turn a fast into a feast



GENE FENN



Charles Hamrick samples his famous spaghetti sauce

**M**en's hospitality is hard to beat. An invitation to a man's party is a flattering thing. When men have a party they ask only the people they want. You're not invited because you're an extra woman or an extra man or a suitable age. And certainly not because your host feels he's socially indebted to you. You're at a man's party for just one reason—because it pleases him to have you. And, quite naturally, this piece of unpremeditated masculine graciousness puts the company at their best.

It also puts people at their best to find their host waiting on the doorstep to greet them. You don't catch a man rushing around at the last minute with a kitchen-flushed face. Marketing is likely to have been done two days ahead, and every step worked out with earnest masculine logic down to the last half hour before the guests come, which is usually spent in satisfied contemplation of a thoroughly finished job.

Women keep a nervous eye on the pennies. Men don't. Notice how often you see cut flowers gracing a man's party. And notice, too, how generous a man is with the portions, what good quality he offers. Maybe it's champagne and a musician pulling magic out of a diamond-studded accordion, or maybe it's beer and cheese and Jack Craig's southern charm on the [Continued on page 126]

## Men give the best parties



Donald hovers over the beans himself and adds the flourishes with the guests in the kitchen



WILLIAM HOWLAND

Saturday night home-baked parties are a specialty of the Reverend Donald Cheetham. An ex-Merchant Marine, Donald has found a way to entertain hungry friends on a young parate's salary. The Cheetham beans are served from the bean pot, where they've been baking all day. Country sausage and bits of pared apples are stirred in the hour before serving.

Men give the best parties, continued

phonograph. Whatever it is, it's the best of its kind. A man's party is a production.

Most men like to entertain at home. Charles Hamrick's production is spaghetti cooked on his own gas range, and Donald Cheetham's baked beans are a Saturday night at-home attraction. Bill Pahlmann specializes in before-the-theatre buffets in his New York apartment. Some men with a flair for entertaining, however, have been limited by the housing shortage and the fact that they are still looking around for a place of their own. In their case, a party calls for a bit of ingenuity, but they have come up with their own productions. Archie Smith entertains in other people's houses, or takes his friends for a train ride to some out-of-the-way eating place in the country.

Charles Hamrick is a young textile executive who produces spaghetti in the sparkling setting of a small, attractively decorated apartment looking out on the skyscrapers of midtown New York. Marge Hamrick (Charles's wife) helps him, but Charles cooks the spaghetti and mixes the sauce with a turn of the ladle all his own. If the occasion warrants an added flourish, Charles himself tosses the wide-open Hamrick salad that goes with the spaghetti.

Hamrick spaghetti is cooked in a full bath of boiling salted water, the last twenty minutes before serving. Charles tests a piece now and then as he goes along and, as soon as the "bone"—the last trace of stiffness—is out, the whole thing is plopped into a collander, drained a couple of minutes, heaped on a hot platter and brought to the table. The trick in the sauce is a [Continued on page 163]



VICTOR MARTIN

Men's parties have become so famous recently that even a department store had a party table-setting show, starring masculine party-givers. Ted Malone, above, and Bill Callahan, right, did just that at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn. Ted Malone, radio commentator, likes brunch parties. He lets guests whip up combinations of their favorite box cereals with cream and fruit. Bill Callahan, star of *Call Me Mister*, has guests serve themselves—cafeteria style—on special chow trays reminiscent of GI days when trays were part of standard equipment





Interior Designer William Pahlmann's favorite party is a before-the-theatre dinner. The basic dish is black bean soup served from a white ironstone tureen. The living-room of Bill Pahlmann's apartment is small, but a radio-player combination serves as a buffet. Guests sit on sofas near the fireplace, and a coffee-table accommodates extra plates. The Pahlmann collection of paintings and sketches hangs on the wall above the radio



## Comfort unfolded



### Fourteen-in-one



### Move-about refrigerator



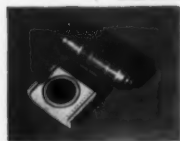
Shuts to suitcase size



### Space-saver



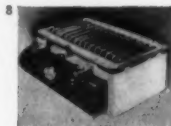
### Fluorescent pin-up



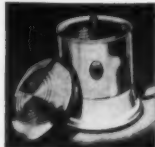
### Anti-firetrap



Long arm



### Cooking with gas



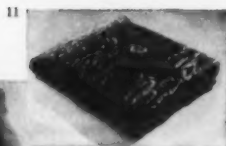
### Mini washing machine

**I**t's all very well for those who stay put, but suppose you're Regular Army (or Navy), or Jack is an engineer, and it's just one furnished room, flat or house after another. And anybody knows how discouraging furnished diggings can be! What sort of things can you invest in that aren't too big to cart around, which will also make the places you light more livable?

Well, first of all, the average "furnished" place, so-called, is always shy occasional tables. **1.** So why not take a couple of folding jobs of your own—inexpensive, like this E-Z-Fold job that's \$5.98 at Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn. It's strong and sturdy, opens to two heights, folds to nothing. **2.** Even if you cook over the gas jet, it's a comfort to have your own pots and pans. Here's a whole set that packs into one aluminum bucket—fourteen pieces for \$9.95 at Lewis & Conger. **3.** And here's a portable electric refrigerator, the size of a large suitcase, that's good for lodgings without one, and for hotel rooms. It plugs in AC or DC current, or, when you're traveling, you can take it in the car, packed with the baby's formula and eleven pounds of real ice. It's not cheap—\$159.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer—but it can make a lot of difference in your living. **4.** If you're plagued with small quarters, a hang-on-the-wall stand for your hot iron will help clear the decks. You can get a Wil-Stan for \$2.49 at Hammacher Schlemmer. **5.** A good light for reading in bed is another usually missing item in the furnished room. Take your own pin-up Sylvania fluorescent light around with you; costs \$18 at Lewis & Conger. **6.** For safety's sake, particularly if you have makeshift cooking arrangements, pack a miniature fire extinguisher. Gift Clues has it for \$3.95 postpaid. **7.** A small vac is easier to drag around the country, and you'll bless this long-handled frame Westinghouse has made to facilitate cleaning rugs. You'll find it at Bloomingdale's, for \$5.95; the vac is \$24.95. **8.** If your journeying takes you into primitive spots beyond the power lines, this tank-gas two-burner Kabinkook grill may be what you need; it can be had at Atlas Boat Supply Co., Inc., for \$28.75. Lewis & Conger's Everhot oven will fit on top; at \$10. **9.** For bathroom laundry—particularly if you are out beyond the diaper service route—this little Easy Whirldry washer will do a dozen at a time and spin them damp-dry. It fits under the sink or in the closet; costs \$59.95 at Bamberger, Newark. **N. J.**



If you haven't already been given blankets, or if you are just buying them, you might consider that one electric blanket packs down to one-half the space of two ordinary ones, or a quarter the space of four. **10.** This Simmons Electronic one will keep you toasty no matter how cold the weather or how sparing the landlord is with the heat. It's \$47.15 at Hale's Bedding Stores. **11.** If you have blankets, Westinghouse's electric comforter may be what you need for frosty climates. It's a little bulky but saves on other coverings; comes in rayon satin with non-skid rayon faille lining. It's \$49.85 at Bloomingdale. **12.** Maybe you'd like to have your own pillows, but you're floored by the idea of packing and carrying them from place to place. DuPage has made one you can blow up, of Vinylite; folds to hand-towel size when deflated. It's completely sanitary, and besides being easily portable is non-allergic. Can be had for \$5.95 at Lewis & Conger. **13.** If you're on the move with a young sprout, there's the problem of the play pen. You need one that folds up and is practical to cart around. The Thayer one snaps shut automatically when you press a pedal, rolls about easily on its casters. Cost, \$25 at Saks Fifth Avenue. **14.** The Pailmaster, a Fiberglas jacket to fit in or outside of an ordinary bucket, can act as a peripatetic icebox. At Hammacher Schlemmer; \$8.95 for inside size, \$9.95 for outer. **15.** Perhaps you'd like a radio that's easy to move about, has some of the qualities of the bigger models, but is not a real portable. The new Stewart-Warner table model plays on AC or DC current and on AM and FM; comes in an ivory or mahogany plastic case, is less than 15" wide, costs \$74.95 at Wanamaker. And while we are about it, here are a few hints on how to combat the drabness of furnished rooms. Take with you a large bed or couch cover in some sturdy material like corduroy, felt or textured woven fabric. Let it be a gay and cheering color, and if you don't need it to cover the landlady's horrors you'll usually find it comes in handy as window draperies or as a curtain to hide the kitchenette. Choose packing boxes that are the right size to place end up to make chairside or bedside tables. Cover them with squares of felt. Take inexpensive prints or maps mounted on fabric to Scotch-tape to the wall (no nails in the plaster), and at least one pretty linen tea cloth and your teacups, to help you make friends as you go.



Warm comfort



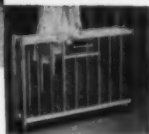
Toasty electronics



Inflated plastic



Folding pedal pusher



Rolling stock



Jacketed ice bucket



Move-about radio



By James Thomas Flexner

## in your attic

We Americans are so used to thinking of art as something you go far away to find that only too often we are like the fairy-tale hero who combed the world for a magic charm that was right under his nose all the time. You do not have to sail to Europe in order to secure art worthy of your home; you do not even have to carry your checkbook into the hushed salons of big-city art dealers. Hidden away in some corner of your parents' or grandparents' house, you may well unearth the paintings your great-grandmother selected for her walls. If, like so many of us, you have moved away from your family homestead, you may discover in a little antique shop around the corner the pictures which somebody else's great-grandmother bought and cherished. Sometimes, for the mere labor of carrying a load down the attic stairs—or for a few dollars—you may secure just the spot of color and design that is needed to give your living-room distinction.

Our ancestors had good taste, and they loved pictures. When Great-aunt Harmony wanted a picture to enliven that dark [Continued on page 132]



This portrait of some unknown great-grandma was found neglected in New Haven, Connecticut. Her character and seriousness come through the amateur technique. James Thomas Flexner, whose new book, *First Flowers of Our Wilderness* (Houghton Mifflin), deals with American painting in the eighteenth century, here pursues his theme into the nineteenth and the recent past



FROM HARRY NEWMAN GALLERY

Here is the kind of prize you dream of finding by a top-notch of the nineteenth century, L. C. Kock. This artist specialized in "gentlemen's estates," as did many others of less note and talent. This painting now wears a price tag of \$450

Romantic young ladies learned in finishing schools to concoct fanciful studies, such as this monochromatic drawing from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, done in 1864 by one G. L. Cummings



FROM COLLECTION OF THE AYRER

Real or imaginary events were subjects of many an amateur sketch, such as this drawing entitled "Balloon Ascension," which Mr. Flexner discovered in Wallingford, Conn.



FROM COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

place in the hall, she made it herself. She never doubted that she knew how, for had she not been to the best Ladies' Seminary in the region, where she had been taught "dancing, needlework and painting in oils"? And when Harmony got married, her groom wanted portraits of them both as parlor pieces. He did not mourn that he lacked the cash to pay some famous member of the National Academy; he hailed a face-painter who came by in a carriage, and paid him with three nights' lodging and a bottle of rum.

While Harmony and her [Continued on page 154]

Mourning pictures embroidered in silk, painted in oil or water color (as below) turn up everywhere; have a stylized, melancholy charm. Notice the ubiquitous classic tomb, the maiden and willow, both weeping



FROM COLLECTION OF ELEANOR HILLMAN



FROM HARDY STONE GALLERY

This still life, painted in bold, clear oils on a 27" x 38" canvas by its unknown artist, is a prize for its decorative effect



FROM COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

Pictures of villages and towns have a regional interest besides any interest of technique or decorative qualities. Frequently painted from life, they were also done nostalgically from memory after the covered wagons had rolled west. Above: Monochromatic crayon drawing of a New England village green; village name and artist unknown

FROM COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR



This is the kind of portrait that seldom languishes in the attic, for it presents Great-grandma as aristocratic and attractive. Yet, like this unknown Southern belle, such paintings, due to various vicissitudes, do turn up in old shops and at auction sales to bring charm to your room



Low magazine-table in oak or birch. The open slot keeps all the magazines in place, leaves the table top clear. By Jens Risom at Georg Jensen, New York, about \$54

By Dorothy A. Rogers

## Table the motion

A modern oak step-table with plenty of surface room for cocktail tray and glasses and, hidden in the back, a compartment for stowing away bottles. From Robert Irwin's Pendleton group, at John Wanamaker, New York, for \$75



Every move you make around the house begins or ends with some table: your bed table, breakfast table, coffee-table, bridge table, right on through to the dining-table. You work on tables, eat on tables, do practically everything but sleep on them.

You're curled up on the davenport, relaxing with your knitting while waiting for dinner to cook itself. There's a noise of gurg and burble from the kitchen. The coffee is boiling over. You drop the knitting on the end table and make for the kitchen on the run. After dinner you're sitting in the living-room, cigarette in hand. The door bell rings. Company! Down goes your cigarette, on an ash tray *on the table*. Your guests troop in; hellos are said. You suggest a game of bridge, and out comes the card table. All the tables in your house ought to be there for conveniences. You need them everywhere—in every room from bedroom to bath—right at hand for those thousands of times during every day of your life when you must table the motion.



This tuck-away table (apartment dwellers' find) serves well for gin rummy, tea or dinner-for-two. When not in use, it can be folded up and slipped into a closet, behind a screen or even under a bed. Available in oak with blue-gray finish and other colors. From Robert Irwin's Pendleton group at John Wanamaker, New York, \$37.50. Bowl, mugs also from Wanamaker



The two tables under the large one can be pulled out to "table" supper trays. Made by Imperial for W. A. Hathaway, New York, \$85. Accessories: Black, Starr & Gorham, New York

English console chairside table of mahogany—the shelves for magazines or to display your hobby. Made by Brandt at Bamberger, Newark, New Jersey, about \$45. The dogs are from Mittelstaedt, New York



This table is convenient for a narrow apartment foyer. When you come home at the end of the day it makes a good place to drop off newspaper, packages or gloves. And with one leaf up it's a nice spot for a quick snack. With both leaves up there's room to serve luncheon for four. Octagonal shape, solid mahogany. W. & J. Sloane, New York, \$79.50



For relaxing with a cigarette here's a fine swing-about table (with ash tray set in). Made of fruitwood, by Dinkelspiel. Bloomingdale, New York, about \$49.50

A big, big cocktail table. (Also useful as a wide work surface.) By Morton, \$79.50, at Quality Decorating Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Gift wrappings by Jane Pickford

When shopping by phone you need plenty of writing and elbow room and space for a telephone book. This small mahogany table and chair, with white leatherette, by Hekman. Stern Brothers, New York, \$49.50



PHOTOGRAPHS BY KING WOODS



This mahogany tier-table saves the hostess steps to the kitchen and keeps the coffee service close at hand during dinner. By Valley City Furniture at W. A. Hathaway, New York, \$25



A bedside table that makes reading and listening in bed a pleasure. A John Stuart table in natural, olive-green with faun, or red with white. About \$55 (without radio), Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, New York



Just right for the knitter. This step-table has a large drawer, roomy enough for needles and yarn. It's a modern design in silver-mint finish, made by Morgan. W. & J. Sloane, New York, has it. The price: \$43



In the bedroom this table leads a double life, serving as a sewing-table or night table or both. Made of Wildwood cherry, Colonial style, by Consider H. Willett. At Kresge-Newark, Newark, New Jersey, \$42.50



With a pair of scissors, a jar of paste and Planitect (the new way of planning a house), you can design your basic floor plans to scale

## You're the architect

Now that building materials are easier to get, many of us have taken heart and are planning a house. This is quite a job when you're confronted with a blank sheet of paper, but the task is easier with Planitect, the graph-paper and cutout way of drawing a floor plan to scale. You can play with your house for a year before you relinquish it to the architect. With scaled paper, scaled rooms and even scaled furniture, your planning is free of algebra and slide rules, and you're saved from planning a kitchen that's all out of kilter with the rest of the house.

The new way of planning a house is like playing a game. With Planitect's plotting paper and cutout rooms, halls and furniture, a pair of scissors and some rubber cement (or paste), you can cut out a house and tailor it to fit your dreams.

Planitect is a new packet of plotting paper, squared off to a scale of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " equals 1'0", and seven sheets of cutouts. With it you can experiment with proper spaces and wall thicknesses, and the draftsman can begin work immediately on the final details. Preliminary discussions on structural proportion are skirted, and you can devote all your time to plotting rooms and spaces. Naturally, construction details should be left to a professional.

Like any game, Planitect consists of a book of instructions and a set of movable objects to push around and build with. The board (remember Monopoly and Parchesi) is four green plotting sheets marked off in squares. You place these face down, stick the edges together with Scotch tape and arrive at a combined sheet  $18\frac{1}{2}$ " by  $25\frac{1}{2}$ " which, face up, represents the land on which you're going to build.

Use a heavy black pencil to mark off the boundary lines of your property, and if there are any trees or other objects on the grounds, use your artistic talent to draw them in. (Big dots will do just as well, but probably wouldn't be as much fun.) If you're property-less at the time, you can go hog-wild and work on your green plot without regard to boundary lines, the neighbor's fence or his precious hedge that encroaches on your property.

For your first layout, select the rooms, halls, driveways and so forth that best fit your plans. Clip a set of these from the work sheets. The cutouts are measured to standard sizes; if you want to be really original, some of the Planitect Working Sheets make it possible to plan rooms of any dimension you desire. When the various parts of your house are properly pasted in position on the plot sheet and the black borders glued together, you will automatically have accounted for your wall thickness.

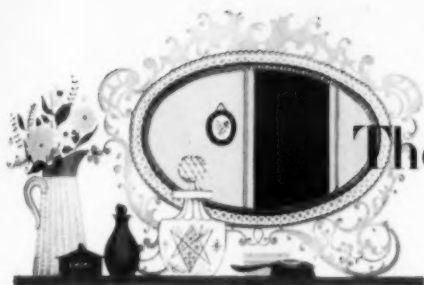
The actual floor plan is up to you. If you like, you can study your hoarded home magazines and newspaper clippings for ideas. You will probably change room sizes and shift your plan many times before you find the ideal combination. Until you actually apply the glue, nothing is final.

Place important items, such as driveways and garages, in position first, to be sure you provide enough room for them and get them in the most convenient spots.

When your floor plan is finished (everybody from Aunt Marie to the milkman has okayed, nayed and made suggestions), lift each unit carefully and glue it in place. Then cut out window and door strips and put them where they belong.

Now you can cut out pieces of furniture and shift them around on your floor plan to your heart's content. To your husband's ditto, because the poor fellow used to be expected to move the sofa from corner to corner and room to room while you decided where it would fit. This shuffleboard is a great husband- and back-saver.

For further information about these ingenious sets, write to Planitect Company, 539 Magazine Street, New Orleans 12, Louisiana. Happy planning to you!



## The dressing-table

### On the shelf

Right: Nancy collects antique bottles, displays them with her pet beauty and grooming helpers. Top: Jergens Lotion; Orloff's Attar of Petals Triple Extrait; Dermetics Blushing. Center: Fragrant Fern Talc by Alexandra de Markoff, in a squeeze-spray bottle; Wintertime Cologne by Charles of the Ritz. Bottom: Ann Haviland's Wood Violet bath powder; Stopette Deodorant in a plastic flask that, pressed, releases a fine spray; finally, Selene Cosmetic Stain Remover, to erase the accidents that happen to everyone

### In the drawer

Below: Beauty props drawered secretly until needed: For those hundred gloss-giving licks, a Pro-Phy-lac-tic brush and comb; Orloff's Attar of Petals Flower Potpourri. Center: A big hand mirror for close-ups; a clear plastic Vanitray, subdivided to keep disciplined tiny, lovable items—with one long compartment for lip brushes and such. Far right: From Dermetics Skin Program, Complexion Lotion and Complexion Dress foundation; Coty's Chypre face powder in its lovely new box; Yardley's Cleansing Cream

WING-WING



A. Eversharp-Schick's Fashion Razor has a white and gold compact-like case, a high feminine efficiency rating, \$3.95. At Lord & Taylor

A



B. Winter-skin chasers—Body Lotion and Hand-Lo, in stylishly stout bottles, \$1.90\* the pair. Through Beauty Counselor Representatives

B



C. Named for a flower that opens its petals only to the moon, the perfume Belle de Nuit, by Fragonard. A half ounce, \$13.50\*. Saks Fifth

C



D. A spoonful of D'Orsay's Bain de Luxe, and an ordinary bath becomes a heavenly session. Four ounces, \$1.85\*. At Lord & Taylor

E. For breath fresh as any baby's, Dermetics Mist. In an eight-ounce bottle with a dropper-dispenser, \$1.95. Dermetics, 630 Fifth Ave.

F. A lovely new bottle, perfect compliment to the contents, Rigaud's Près de Vous Eau de Toilette, four ounces, \$5\*. At Wanamaker

\*Plus Federal tax

D

E

F



By Bert Briller

## Devices for the bedevilled

If the world is too much with you, as often it is, you may take cheer from the fact that we have been working on new machinery, new devices, new household appliances to help you cope with the Human Race.

On this page we present some suggestions for the well-equipped home of tomorrow. And having worked out the fundamentals, we confidently toss the details into the laps of the industrial designers. Take it away, Raymond Loewy!



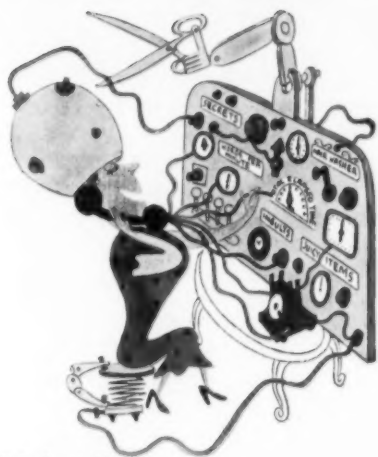
Husband pacifier

The Husband Pacifier is recommended for the wife (this means *every* wife) whose husband uses the last hour before company arrives to mess up the house. The Pacifier is guaranteed to stop him from tossing newspapers about, disarranging cushions, filling all ashtrays and emptying his pockets on the coffee-table. All conveniences are contained within the Pacifier. Upholstered in deep maroon or neat navy foulard prints. Note handy zipper.



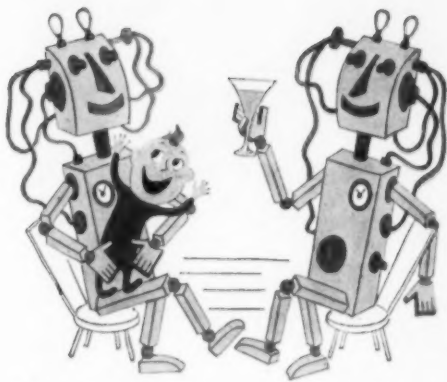
Front-door radar

Front-Door Radar utilizes wartime scientific advances. The device sends out electronic signals which are "echoed" back by people approaching the front door. A facsimile of approaching objects flashes on screen and the dial immediately warns of the danger, allowing you to pretend to be out. Can be installed in your kitchen at nominal cost. Guaranteed to lose you friends—those you don't want anyway—and to make life so much smoother.



### Telephone-aide

The Telephone-Aide is a must for husbands whose wives spend hours making "telephone visits" with friends and relatives. With a simple push of the switch, Wife can set machine in motion to wash and dry her hair in the first hour of conversation. Meanwhile, control panel records all essential data. After one hour, the wired seat gives her a warning electric shock. If she is still talking at the end of two hours, or 25,000 words, the seat catapults her into kitchen and the scissors cut wire before she can get back. (AC or DC current.) Popular gift idea for husbands.



### Robot sitters

Twin Robots, baby sitter (left) and party-goer (right), are indispensable to families with young. The baby-sitter can be left home with Junior. It runs (sits, that is) for six hours on a gallon of gas. Has repertoire of ten radio-type children's horror tales. The party-goer goes to parties while you sit home with Junior. He runs six hours on a gallon of Martinis and is an excellent social mixer. Says "I'm charmed!" and "You're so right!" Available in new-penny copper and gleaming aluminum. Both robots collapse for easy storage, take less closet space than an ironing board.



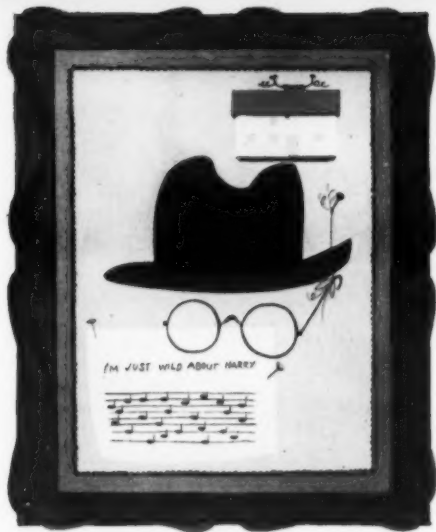
### Sunday morning sleeper

The Sunday Morning Sleeper enables parents to outwit children who love to roughhouse with Mother and Dad at 8 a.m., Sundays. The full-size dummies are squashable, made of foam sponge and can absorb a great deal of punishment. Meanwhile Ma and Pa, as the diagram shows, sleep restfully in air-conditioned, sound-proofed box in false bottom of bed. A buy at \$398.95. Grand Rapids, Mich. Order now or you may not get yours for months.



### Party snuffer

The Party Snuffer painlessly removes your guests at four a.m. Host and hostess invite late-stayers for a drink at bar. As guests put feet on brass rail, host pushes button and small traps clamp feet securely in place. Bar then moves gradually out into street, and down to Sweeney's Tavern. Guests never know the difference. The Party Snuffer is available in mahogany and pickled pine. More than pays for itself in liquor and nerve frazzle saved.



#### What famous person?

Here's one player's conception of a famous person. Who is it? Count five and you'll have the answer: Harry Truman. The hat was included because he used to sell them, glasses because he wears them, the white house block for obvious reasons, sheet music ditto

If yours is a game-playing crowd, or at least a group willing to try something other than bridge, here is a new divertissement in which the sky—pseudonym for your imagination—is the limit. The rules—you can really make your own, but we'll give you ours to start you inventing—are simple, and the props whatever you find at hand, plus one picture frame. Here's how you prepare to play artist:

On a table, mass an assortment of objects: Bobby's rag horse, the old rose from last summer's hat, some string, a shoe, a newspaper clipping, your husband's battered hat, one of Jane's blocks, a can opener—whatever strikes your fancy. Next put your picture frame—any largish frame will serve the purpose—on one end of the table or on the floor. Now all you need are willing players with a dash of humor and a slice of imagination.

Each player in turn is given five minutes to create a work of art by making a still life in the frame with objects

by Marianne Tuteur

## Still life in the parlor



selected from your table. When the picture is finished the player announces what it is supposed to represent: a famous person, a best-selling book, a popular movie, a play, a song or—as a variation—the work of some well-known artist. In each case, the rest of you try to guess who the person or artist is or what movie, song, book or what—not the picture is intended to suggest. One pixie player we know left his frame completely empty. “What best seller is this?” he asked. The answer turned out to be *Gone With the Wind*. Another player pinned two black stockings in his frame and asked, “What well-known character is this?” Marlene (Legs) Dietrich was the doll he had in mind. As you see, possibilities are limited only by the choice of items the table affords, and the whimsy or talent of the players. Between games you can hang your frame on the wall—with a cork mat in it—and devise arrangements by nailing divers objects to the mat whenever you feel in the mood.



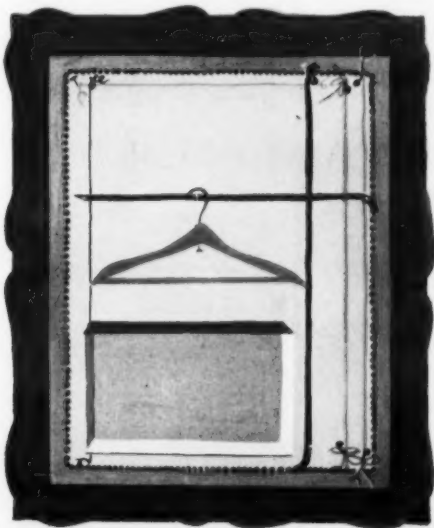
#### What popular show?

Another player makes this arrangement and asks, “What popular show does it represent?” His is an odd still life, consisting of a shoe, some buttons, some string and an old photograph of Mother and Dad. If you guess right, you’ll say the show is *High Button Shoes*.



#### In the manner of what artist?

Using a child’s stuffed horse, a faded rose, a few cards and some cigarettes, one player makes this still life, titles it *My Beau’s Vices*, then asks you to say what artist’s style she has caricatured. The rose and horse are clues that lead to the right answer: Chagall.

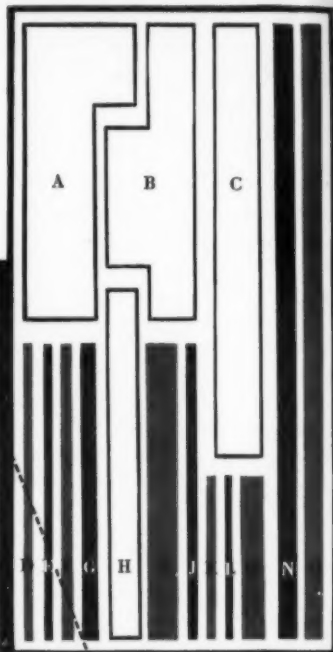
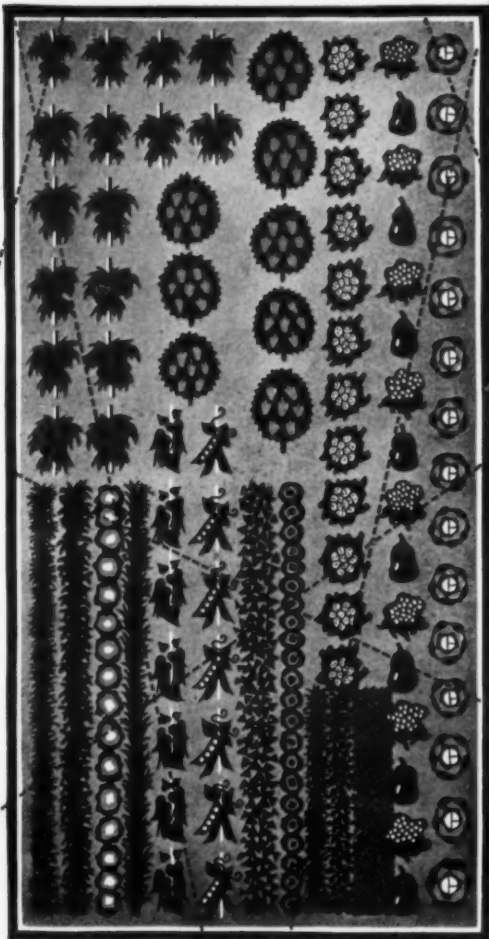


#### Nothing to wear?

An inventive fellow uses bits of string and a clothes hanger to make this composition. He calls it *Nothing to Wear*. The job is to guess what artist it satirizes. The straight lines, geometric abstract pattern are give-aways. Answer? It’s in the manner of Mondrian.

# 25x50 feet on the ground

The trick is arrangement—not great area. Full measure of green-stuff for the family table June to September can be harvested from the plot below IF: you allow only eighteen inches between rows; run rows north to south to get the most sun; plant heavy-foliaged tomatoes, peppers to north; keep lime trench around whole works



Crops keyed on opposite page



SKETCHED BY CELIA RICHARD



by Ann Combs Wolf

# Dirt cheap

Good eating from the ground up

During the war years, many a novice Victory gardener was led up the garden path. Bugs, worms, omnivorous rabbits, resistant soil and poor crops led him down again—convinced him that what he struck weekend after weekend in the broiling sun was not “pay dirt.”

Good gardening stems from the armchair, begins with a handful of colorful catalogues enjoyed before a February or March fire. Once the romance of growing your own has settled in, make a list. In a plot only 25x50 feet, some judgment must be exercised and impractical crops discarded. Potatoes and sweet golden bantam corn take too much space. So do sprawling cucumbers and watermelons, the bulky spinach. Asparagus [Continued on page 162]

For this	You get this	For this	You get this
A. 16 Tomato Plants, \$1	All the tomatoes you can eat from August to mid-October—plus 18 quarts of home-canned tomatoes.	M. 1 packet Parsley Seed, 10c	<i>Décor</i> for the summer plates—flavor for almost every dish. And it goes on and on until Christmas.
B. 7 Green Pepper Plants, 50c	From July 4th on, the prettiest crop in the garden because they flower and bear simultaneously. A plant produces one doz. peppers.	N. 9 Broccoli Plants, 35c	Broccoli for the family 15 times.
C. 15 Cauliflower Plants, 90c	Fifteen lovely cauliflowers.	O. 15 Cabbages, 40c	About 45 of the purple beauties to fry or soufflé with tomatoes.
D. 1/2 packet Carrot Seed, 15c	\$2.50 worth at the usual store-rate and the satisfaction of eating fresher, sweeter carrots than ever.	1. Trowel for Transplanting, 50c	You get as good as you plant—fifteen three- or four-pound heads.
E. 1 packet Beet Seed, 15c	Beet greens early—ruby-small beets in late June—the big ones in plenty during July and August.	2. Spade, \$2.25	100 hours of fresh air and sunshine plus the best bending, stooping, stretching exercises extant.
F. 2 packets Leaf Lettuce Seed, 30c	Lettuce in quantity. Four sowings give salad every day for three mos.	3. Pronged Cultivator, \$1.50	A chance to make a cooperative family project workable, with wives in on the harvesting and children at the weeds.
G. 1 packet Onion Seed, 10c	All you can use for three months, beginning in July.	4. Two rolls two-inch hand-age for tying up plants, 25c	A new and not-soon exhausted topic of conversation.
H. 1 packet Bush Bean Seed, 15c	About a peck of this vegetable.	5. 10 lbs. lime for Rabbits' Rubicon, 60c	The satisfaction of feeding a family (in part, at least) with the very excellent fruits of personal labor.
I. 1 packet Dwarf Peas Seed, 15c	From the two plantings, you should get twenty servings for six.	6. 100 lbs. Garden Fertilizer, \$5	Intimate knowledge of the personal habits of cutworms, large families of rabbits and beetles.
J. 1 packet Summer Squash Seed, 15c	Nearly a bushel of Peas.		Backaches that can be relieved only by mint juleps.
K. 1 packet Head Lettuce Seed, 15c	About four or five dozen big ones.		
L. 1/2 packet Early Carrot Seed, 15c	About two dozen beautiful heads in August and September.		
M. 1 packet Radish Seed, 10c	Planted as soon as frost is out of the ground. Season's first crop.		
	Hundreds of them to use in salad; to parboil and serve with roast.		

\*All prices and yields approximate; garden planned for climate equivalent to New York



By Lucille Broda

## Amerikaner style... first day

My sister Rachel and I trailed after Mamma, very hot, tired and confused. Mamma walked with Mrs. Schier, the "landsman" who was taking us to our new home.

Father had met us at Ellis Island, but he had to go to work. "A man who has just brought over his wife and two little ones from the Old Country," he explained, "cannot afford to lose even a day's pay."

We all carried packages: Rachel and I carried the



little ones that held our clothes and the pictures of the Grandparents; Mamma and Mrs. Schier were panting under the load of the bedding and the linen.

The teeming streets of the East Side were strange to two little girls. There were so many children who stared at us and giggled at the shawls we wore over our heads. "Greenies," they mocked gleefully.

We walked on, not understanding their words, but aware of the amusement in their voices.

Rachel and I were shocked: most of the children were crippled! Poor little things, they could not walk on their own two feet, but ran about bravely on little platforms set on wheels. Overcome with pity, we began to wail loudly. When the "landsman," hovering between amusement and annoyance, discovered the cause of our vociferous grief and explained about roller skates, we became quite cheerful. "I will learn this Amerikaner game," I announced decisively.

We came at last to the tenement which was to be our home. The cold-water flat was squalid and incredibly dirty. All the rooms led off a long hall—for that reason it was called a railroad flat.

Swelling with importance, the "landsman" explained the intricacies of the Amerikaner stove, the Amerikaner icebox and the Amerikaner sink. [Continued on page 172]

# You've made your bed

## Bed with guile

We the people are taller than we used to be and longer beds are in demand. They are stocked by several manufacturers now, can be ordered from others, may become standardized.

Wider beds are urged by doctors. These, too, are now available, and the sheets and blankets required to go with them.

Small quarters and the need for more beds result in a profusion of furniture to convert into beds. Box springs on legs or set flush on a base also achieve more real sleeping room.

Stylewise, upholstered headboards and the Hollywood bed are the most popular varieties. Modern lines surpass all others.

To help select a good bed, rely on the names of well-known manufacturers. Many quality beds are made by local factories, too. A reputable retail dealer can help you to choose wisely.

### New

Convertible beds are of various types: chairs, couches and chaise longue. Old-style day beds have taken on airs and look more than ever like living-room furniture.

Beds provide storage space in utilizing headboards, in backboards of couches, even underneath, where a trundle chest can slide with 8" clearance.

Bedlights are now built into upholstered or mirrored headboards.

Armchair comfort is built into beds with slanting backs.

### Who

Simmons Company  
A. Brandwein & Co.  
Burton-Dixie Corp.  
Kroehler Mfg. Co.  
Superior Sleeprite

The Drexel Company  
A. Brandwein & Co.  
The Mengel Company

Frank Hall & Sons  
Hale's Bedding

Herman Miller Co.  
Hale's Bedding

## Springs eternal

Buoyancy and resiliency combined make a good mattress. Most of us prefer a bed that is softer than the doctors advocate.

Inner-spring mattresses have been the most popular because they offer great comfort. The spring itself must be of good quality and well tied or this type breaks down very quickly. Hair mattresses of 100% curled horsehair have lasting resiliency. Mixed hair has a greater tendency to lose its springiness.

Cotton felt is good, too. One manufacturer prefers a well-built cotton felt to an inferior grade of hair mattress. Latex foam for mattresses is a wonderful new product, and may prove to be the most durable, lightweight and desirable of all materials.

The best indications of quality in mattresses are well-tailored, prebuilt edges and sturdy ticking. Again you can rely on the good reputation of the manufacturer and your local dealer.

### New

Latex foam is magically comfortable and sanitary as a preformed mattress. Shredded latex is used in layers with cotton felt. Hair is rubberized to retain spring.

Jack Spratt—firm for one, soft for the other—or he-man mattresses, for those who like extra support.

Inner-spring mattresses have improved construction: floating springs and Pil-O-Rest.

Extra-large mattresses, 5'6" x 6'8" or any size, built to order. One comes with bed-rail extenders.

### Who

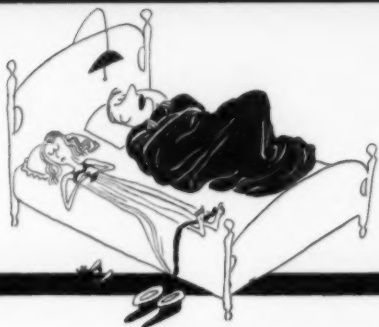
U. S. Rubber Co.  
Firestone  
A. Brandwein & Co.  
Mittman Co.

Lewis & Conger  
Spring-Air Co.  
Stearns & Foster

The Englander Co.  
Karpen Bros.

Spring-Air Co.  
Hale's Bedding Co.  
Waterbury Mattress Co.

We get worn out—but so do our beds. At last, supplies are more adequate and postwar plans are coming true. Replace the sagging springs and droopy pillows for restful sleep



### New wrinkle in sheets

Have the correct size sheet for each bed. For cots and day beds, 54" wide is sufficient. For a single bed have the 63" width, for twin beds, 72". Three-quarter beds require 81", double beds, 90". There are wider sheets available for Hollywood beds.

Almost any bed needs the 106" sheet. That is the length of the cloth when torn. Hemming uses 5"; it pre-shrinks about 5". A mattress is 75" long and several inches thick. Add it up and you'll find there is only enough left to tuck in at each end.

The higher the thread count the greater the strength and the finer the texture. Muslin of 120 to 130 count is comfortable and durable. Over 140 is only for heavy-duty purpose. Fine percales start at 180 thread count. Over 200 threads is really luxurious.

The terms "combed" and "carded" apply to the thread itself. A "combed" yarn is more uniform, thus stronger and smoother.

### New

Sheets now come in extra-long sizes. One company makes a sheet 108" wide by 126" long. Several companies will cut any length.

Colored sheets are back. There are jewel tones, lovely pastels and some with contrasting borders or printed in gay designs.

Box corners on Sanforized sheets made to fit on crib mattresses.

Electric sheet to be used with regular bedding. Washable.

### Who

Bates Fabrics Inc.  
Wamsutta Mills  
Cannon Mills  
Utica and Mohawk

Wamsutta Mills  
Cannon Mills  
Bates Fabrics Inc.  
Pepperell Mfg. Co.

Pacific Mills

Westinghouse  
Electric Corporation

### Snuggle up

A blanket is good only as long as it is warm. When the nap is worn off, or has become stiff due to improper laundering, the blanket has lost most of its warmth and should be replaced.

In buying blankets look for deep nap and close weave. 100% wool is the best natural material but synthetics show excellent results. The electric blanket has its own ardent adherents.

Consider two lighter blankets instead of one heavy one; more warmth in the extra napped surfaces, without the extra weight.

Color consciousness is developing. Blankets are now coordinated with sheets and towels in many exciting color combinations.

Be sure to buy the right size blanket for your bed. Oversize blankets are available to combine with the extra-large beds.

### New

Several companies make extra-large sizes. You'll find 90" x 108", or 108" square bound on all sides.

Wonderful, eye-opening colors or the softest of pastels and decorator shades and versatile white.

There are many electric blankets. They now come in single or double sizes, with one or two separate controls. Electric quilts are varied, too. The covers are removable for washing.

Blankets made with synthetics are fluffy, warm, less expensive.

### Who

St. Marys  
North Star  
Springfield

Springfield  
Kenwood  
Chatham

Simmons  
General Electric  
Fieldcrest  
Universal  
Westinghouse  
Everwarm

Nashua  
Pepperell

### Better than a lullaby

A pillow must be springy to give you proper rest. A good mixture of down and waterfowl feathers is better than 100% down, which is luxurious but not so buoyant or long-lasting.

Fiberglas pillows carry the AMA seal of approval. This material has no aggravating effect on allergy sufferers. The Glasdown Corp. and L. Buchman & Co. make them, and they come covered in either a white Fiberglas ticking or pastel-colored cotton.

The Kot-N-Top pillow has a layer of glazed cotton between the feathers and the ticking, like a lining. It acts as a filter and provides extra softness. It's a product of the Burton-Dixie Corp.

Measure the ticking of the pillow to choose the right size case. The average is 45" x 38½" (torn size), but there are many others. Plastic coverings on pillows alleviate allergy aggravation.

Non-allergenic is the Vinylite air pillow by the Du Page Plastics Co. You blow it up to whatever firmness pleases you, deflate it to pack flat on trips.

Plastic ticking is waterproof, wipeable, fine for the crib mattress made by the Simmons Company. Sanitized ticking, produced by the Golding Bros. Co., is excellent covering for pillows because it deters odors and retards the growth of bacteria.

An item to watch for is the Permapad of Fiberglas, to be made by the Stanley Manufacturing Co. It is fireproof and it will wash clean without shrinking.

General Electric Co. makes electric foot warmers, 36" x 17", covered in muslin, to use under blankets.

### Booklets

*Set The Stage For Sleep.* Information on sleep equipment, style trends, care of bedding and how to determine quality. Yours by writing to the National Association of Bedding Manufacturers. (ML-2), 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago 54, Illinois.

*This is Fiberglas.* Inclusive general information on Fiberglas for bedding and its various uses. Profusely illustrated. Write to the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. (ML-2), Toledo 1, Ohio.

*Let's Plan a Bedroom Around You.* Bedroom plans and features of Mengel furniture in various arrangements. Pictures in color. 10c. The Mengel Company (ML-2), Louisville 1, Ky.

*Decorate Your Dream Room.* Clever ideas, well illustrated, for everything from decorating French doors to making lamps. North Star Woolen Mills Co. (ML-2), Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*From Sheep to Sleep.* The entire process of making good wool blankets is explained. Write to Kenwood Mills (ML-2), Attn. Sales Dept., Albany, New York.

*Beauty Secrets.* Advice on judging the quality of sheets, swatches included. Utica and Mohawk Cotton Mills. (ML-2), 55 Worth Street, New York 13.

*How To Choose and Care For Your Pillows and Comforters.* Getting greater comfort and longer life from your bedding. Burton-Dixie Corp. (ML-2), 27 New Jersey Railroad Ave., Newark, New Jersey.

*A New Way to Better Sleep.* Clear answers to your questions on electric blankets. From the Simmons Co. (ML-2), 222 North Bank Dr., Chicago 54, Ill.

# there's a new look in

What's the "new look"

in living? It's not *one* . . . it's

one of many! The "new look"

under *your* roof may be informality,

curvilinear furniture and Dufy

circus colors. Or it may be a household of

Victorian decorum and nostalgic *décor*.

Your home is in fashion when it fits your family,

your activities, your ambitions. And *MADMOISELLE's LIVING*

says you can have that home today. Read the magazine

that tells *all* about homemaking. It shows you

how to make everything in your home

(including the budget) blend into a pattern of

happy harmony. Take out a new lease on living.

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## MADMOISELLE'S

# LIVING

The magazine for smart young homemakers

A Street & Smith Publication

122 East 42 Street, New York 17

## Living unhobbles a kitchen for one of its readers

Continued from page 110

bar for the children.

Before work started and before the plan was finally chosen, Jenny cooked a test meal in the old kitchen so her motions could be timed and charted. When the kitchen was redone she cooked the same meal with the stop watch on her. The results you can see in the chart. The same thing was done with the cleaning up afterwards (see chart at the end of this article) and it was found she saved 34 minutes in preparation, 22 minutes in the clean-up.

In the clean-up, as you can see by the play-by-play chart below, Jenny's big saving was due to her dishwasher. We consider that fourteen of the twenty-two minutes she saved in the new kitchen were attributable to the dishwasher alone. With Jenny's old sink, she had to stack, get out her dishpan and stop in the midst to dry plates, glasses and silver before she could make room for the pots. Now her dishes go into the washer as they come from the dining-room, and wash while she does the pots, puts things away and wipes up the kitchen. The dishes drain and dry in the washer, can be put away next morning.

Much of the time saved in getting dinner, Jenny found, was due not only to having such wonderful equipment, but to the fact that everything was right under her hand when she wanted it. Before, she had had to make innumerable trips to the pantry, where staples and canned goods were kept. She'd also gone through quite a few lost motions, taking stuff out of the refrigerator and carrying it to the table or counter, and generally moving things from place to place to make room.

And then, she was often in her own light. The central overhead fixture was always casting a shadow over her shoulder right into the field of operations. You couldn't chart the dodges on a stop watch, but they were there all the same. The new fluorescent fixtures on either side in the new kitchen give ample, shadowless light, and there's even a shelf light in the corner where the old pantry used to be to light the breakfast bar and planning desk.

Eliminating the pantry made it possible to change the door and create a corner just made for the refrigerator. Besides, it also gave room for the small breakfast bar, which Jenny also uses to set out dessert plates or party fixings when she's having guests.

The arrangement of the cabinets was worked out carefully. The cabinet to the right of the sink holds her flour bins and other staples and she uses the counter here for all sorts of mixing. To the left of the sink she keeps everyday dishes, and below, soaps and detergents, her clothes basket and the washing machine unit when it's not in use. There's a narrow cabinet opposite the washer by the window in which Jenny keeps her less-frequently-used china and glass, her flower vases and supplies. This cabinet is exactly like the broom closet on the outside, but is equipped with movable shelves, whereas the broom closet has none.

The broom closet is placed at the end of the kitchen near the door on the sink wall. Cabinets with large bins on either side of the stove provide room for cooking utensils and other equipment. A wall cabinet to the right of the stove is equipped with a special spice rack so little condiment jars and boxes won't get lost behind each other.

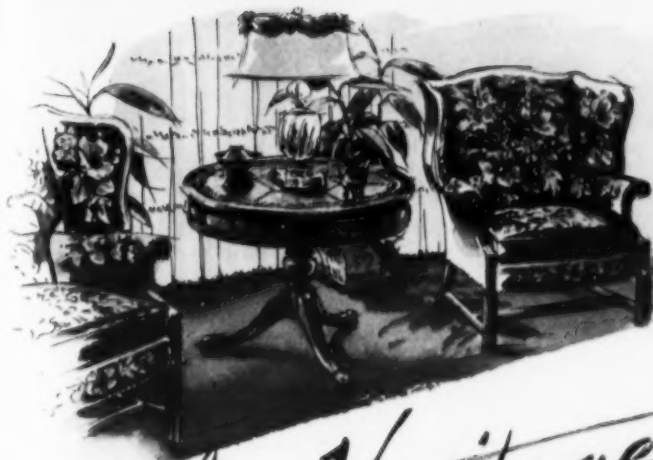
Jenny's kitchen is now a gay and cheerful place. The sunny yellow walls and the green marbled linoleum set off the streamlined, white cabinets and black work surfaces. She's made curtains of an amusing Pigs-in-Clover chintz, and repeated the design on her yellow window shade. She also glued cutouts on the wall over the planning shelf, which she decorated as well with a huge Mexican piggy bank to catch the stray pennies when she comes back from market. Jenny was afraid that rain might spot her curtains as her window is large and has casement openings, so she lined them with green plastic film. Jenny says that besides her work being more efficient and quicker, it is easier to feel glamorous in such a sparkling kitchen with its gay color scheme.

### Time Motion Chart of Preparation of Dinner in Old and New Kitchen

The Meal: Veal roast, carrots, green beans, mashed potatoes, green salad, frozen cream dessert, coffee.

Preparation: For family of four

Chore	Old kitchen	New kitchen
Putting away	12 min.	5½ min.
Put everything down on opposite side, take many things out of refrig., set on floor, wrap and wash lettuce, wrap meat		Spray lettuce at sink; put in crisper, meat in meat compartment
Make dessert in morning to freeze in time	5 min.	Make dessert any time; put in quick-freeze tray 4 min.
Prepare roast 1:40 min. before serving, 325° oven	6 min.	While cooker is steaming up (Roast started in pressure cooker means beginning approx. 30 min. later) 3 min.
Get out vegetables		
Wash and prepare carrots	15 min.	Uses hose 11 min.
beans	14 min.	14 min.
potatoes	9 min.	Wash only 1½ min.
(Beans are put on 30-40 min. before serving; carrots 25-30 min.; potatoes 20 min.)		(Peel after cooking in pressure cooker)
Baste and salt meat	2 min.	
Set table	6 min.	Set table 5 min.
Put everything on tray and take in		Put everything on tray and take in
Wash, cut and mix salad greens	5 min.	3 min.
Make French dressing	3 min.	2 min.
Mix muffins; put in greased pan ready for oven	5½ min.	4 min.
Baste meat	2 min.	Take roast from pressure cooker; put in oven, salt, baste 3 min.
Prepare children's supper (Cream cheese and jelly sandwiches, applesauce, milk)	5 min.	5 min.
Put on beans to cook	1 min.	
Bathe and undress children (2)	20 min.	20 min.
Put on carrots to boil	1 min.	
While children eat, wash up bowls, utensils, etc., talk to them	15 min.	Also wash pressure cooker; cook beans and carrots together with divider (3 min.); potatoes, 15 min.; muffins in oven 15 min.
Put muffins in oven	1 min.	
Put on potatoes to boil	1 min.	
Take children up to tuck in (If Daddy gets home in time he does this, in any case goes up to say good night)	6 min.	6 min.



*by Heritage*



*Booklet - 25 cents*

*Fabric by Goodall*

HERITAGE FURNITURE INC. HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA

## Put up a good front, continued from page 12

PETER MARTIN



Placed above the handshake knocker is a small antique mirror which gives callers a chance to put on their best faces while waiting at the door

The point is that the kind of door you have depends on the kind of house you have and the kind of person you are. For instance, if your hobby is pottery-making, why not advertise it? Fire some tiles (or buy them) to fit into the panels of your front door. (Some apartment houses affably permit you to do as you like with your own entrance door.) Or if you're a collector of old English prints, and have a many-paneled door, you might buy some inexpensive reproductions, cut them down to fit, and paste and shellac them over each panel. Anything you yourself think up could say a personal "hello" to your family and guests.

A quiet touch also helps create a good front. Sometimes just outlining the panels of a black or dark-green door with a thin edging of gold paint will give a rich look to an otherwise severe entrance. Sometimes just the spic-and-span, snowy whiteness of a door will give an air of distinction to the front of a house.

For the holder manner, you might put a red-and-white striped awning over your entrance and stripe the door and door knob to match, or have your friends write their signatures in a bold hand on your white doorway. Or give the whole house a waked-up look with a howling red, yellow or blue entrance.

You might even have a special door made; design it yourself or have it copied from one you like. This isn't as expensive as it sounds. A cabinetmaker in New York estimated for us that a simple Colonial-type door could be copied in clear pine for \$50 or \$75. And it might be made even more

cheaply than that by a cabinetmaker in a smaller town.

For pictures of stock doors—that is, doors you can order right from the factory—you might look into *Sweet's File*, a catalogue of building supplies, to be found at your architect's office or perhaps at your local library. Shopping around for a door via building supply catalogues is an intelligent way to attack the problem. A surprising number of good-looking doors can be ordered ready-made.

Sometimes an organized door-hunt into the countryside can be rewarding. We know of one family who bought a huge door from the front of an old mill. A great unwieldy key, all of seven inches long, came with it. Since this was a little impractical for carrying around in purse or pocket, they put an unobtrusive Yale lock next to the old lock, and suspended the big key from the top panel. Old-door shopping must be done with care (and a tape measure), however.

There's no end to the imaginative things you can plan for your own doorway. It's all a matter of figuring out or shopping around to see what you can do about putting up a good front.

PHILLIP AND WOOD



This is a Colonial door, a country carpenter's interpretation of Palladian style. Its informal proportions give more than a hint of the country interior found within

Chore	Old kitchen	New kitchen
Fill glasses, salad on serving sill, get out serving dishes	3 min.	Muffins in oven 3 min.
Sauce for carrots	6 min.	Sauce for carrots 5 min.
Put on coffee	2 min.	1½ min.
Mash potatoes	3 min.	Peel, wash potatoes 4 min.
Strain water from vegetables and put into serving dishes, serve meat	5 min.	Vegetables into serving dishes, meat on platter 3 min.
Preparation total	2:32½	1:58½
Clean-up for family of four		
Clearing table	2 min.	2 min.
Scraping and stacking	4 min.	4 min.
Putting away in icebox	6 min.	While putting away, dishwasher is going 3 min.
Washing dishes	5 min.	
Washing pots	6 min.	4 min.
Drying silver	2 min.	
Drying glasses and plates	5 min.	
Drying and putting away pots	2 min.	2 min.
Putting away silver and dishes	2 min.	Dishes taken from washer in morning
Washing sink		
Wiping stove, work surfaces	3 min.	2 min.
Emptying garbage pail, taking outside	3½ min.	Garbage out in paper container 1½ min.
Clean-up total	40½ min.	18½ min.

The following manufacturers cooperated in the replanning of Jenny K's kitchen:

The American Gas Association  
Served, Inc.  
Tappan Stove Co.  
American Central Manufacturing Corp.  
Hurley Co.  
Sylvania Electric Products Inc.  
Congoleum-Nairn  
F. Schumacher & Co.  
Plastic Film Corp.  
Interstate Cloth Shade Co.  
Revere Copper & Brass Co.  
Club Aluminum Co.  
Corning Glass Co.  
Hobart Manufacturing Co.  
Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.  
Ecko Products Co.

Refrigerator  
Range  
Cabinets  
Dishwasher-washer  
Lighting  
Linoleum  
Chintz  
Curtain lining  
Shade  
Pressure Cooker  
Utensils  
Pyrex ware  
Coffee Grinder  
Roaster  
Small implements

Club Aluminum may be found at Hammacher Schlemmer; other accessories at Bloomingdale.

Pottery pig, from the Pan American Shop.

Installation by the McCann Kitchen Installation Co.

## “Cozy corner” in fine Colonial by ★WHITNEY★



Approximate prices in photo above: 5625 Newport Chair \$120.00, 1315 Duck Foot Drop Leaf Table \$49.50, 5622 Newport Sofa \$227.50, 1304 Nantux Cocktail Table \$25.00, 1569 Lazy Tom Magazine Table \$25.00.

There's no furniture richer in tradition, more truly typical of gracious, comfortable living than early American—and Whitney has long been noted as one of the foremost makers of fine colonial. Colonial furniture for every room in your home, made now by Whitney in sunny, selected birch, will rank among your most prized possessions.

Authentic in every detail, Whitney colonial reflects the careful craftsmanship that goes into every piece. Its simple charm and graceful design never go out of style. Its loveliness is enduring. Its lustrous, wear resistant finish assures lasting beauty years on end. That's why the nation's finest stores, jealous of their own reputations for quality, are proud and happy to stock and display this fine furniture for your selection.

★WHITNEY★

*Birch*

W. F. WHITNEY CO., INC., (M 248) So. Ashburnham, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Please send me, without charge, the brochure showing the Whitney Birch furniture you are now making.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Art in your attic

Continued from page 132

husband lived, the pictures hung on their walls, blending perfectly with the furniture and china. However, Harmony's heirs—and particularly that fancy daughter-in-law from the city—thought the whole decorative scheme stuffy and out of date. Furniture and pictures went up into the attic together.

Most of us have long since discovered that old American furniture has charm and value. The corner cupboard the fancy daughter-in-law despised is now the pride of your dining-room, and you would not accept five hundred dollars for the old highboy (or maybe you'd jump at it). But, unless you are a very unusual person, you have left up in the attic the pictures that used to hang beside these prized heirlooms.

You probably know quite a bit about American primitives: how this particular kind of picture has become a cult among sophisticated collectors and art critics; how they hang in major museums and bring fancy prices on New York's Fifty-seventh Street. But do you realize that the pictures which lie forgotten in corners of American attics are also American primitives?

The theme song of this article might well be "Bring those paintings down, babe; bring those paintings down!" Carry Great-aunt Harmony's pictures from the attic to the parlor. Or, if your family furniture and decorations have, most unjustly, gone to a cousin, search the dark corners of village junk shops; go to country auctions.

Should your picture-hunting carry you out of the home and involve scribbling your signature in a checkbook, be cautious! Only a few American primitives are worth large sums; do not bid high when you see something pretty, on the theory that you are getting a very valuable painting that you could sell for three times what you pay. Priceless pictures, it is true, are sometimes knocked down for a few dollars, but, particularly in the field of painting, you have to be a howling expert before you can be a good judge of values. Pay for a painting only what it is worth

to you in the decoration of your home. Then you cannot lose. Should you, in addition, make a killing—that is sheer profit.

If you are anything like me, the first thing you do when you come into possession of an old painting is to carry your treasure out into the sunlight where it can be examined to the best advantage. Undoubtedly, color and design will be obscured by dirt. However, don't rush indoors for a soapy rag. Probably more pictures have been ruined by being washed with soap and water than by any other misfortune. The soap attacks the paint; the water dissolves the glue-like substance which sticks the paint to the canvas. The picture may look better for a short time, but in a few years the colors will flake off.

When your know-it-all neighbor comes by and urges you to clean your painting by rubbing it with a raw potato or onion, just laugh. For although this vegetable cure sounds very sophisticated, it depends on friction, which is bad, and on the water in the vegetable, which is worse.

Superficial dust may be safely removed by brushing the picture lightly—never bear down hard on a painting—with a soft brush, or with absorbent cotton moistened by a gasoline-type cleaning fluid. If you wish, you may gently rub the surface with a high-quality emulsion cream furniture polish. You will be surprised how much brighter your painting will become.

However, neither of these methods will take off the old, discolored varnish that gives the "brown soap" appearance which was once regarded as the hallmark of an old master. Although various chemicals will remove this yellowed varnish, I advise you to leave it alone, since the same chemicals, unless handled with the greatest skill, will also remove the all-important top layer of paint which contains the artist's finishing touches. If you want the picture to look like new—and if you are feeling rich—carry it to a professional restorer recommended by your local museum. Otherwise, be proud the old canvas looks its age.

A painting is not ruined if it is torn. A very cultured lady of my acquaintance sold a beautiful old family portrait as almost worthless because there was a rip across one of the eyes. What was her horror, on walking into a major museum a few months later, to see the ancestress hanging there serenely, her face bearing no visible scratch. Rips, of course, must be fixed by professionals, but do not worry about them unless they are conspicuous enough to ruin the effect of the picture. After all, part of the fun of hanging Great-grandfather's portrait is that it was not painted yesterday.

You may want to put a new frame on your treasure, but do not move too hastily. Even if, at first glance, the frame looks strange and out of fashion, remember that it was selected by the artist or by the person who originally bought the picture. Frame and painting are likely to go together like coffee and cream. Before you throw the frame out, give yourself a few days to get used to it. And consider the possibility of painting it a color that would chime better with your décor.

American attics contain many kinds of pictures that fit in with contemporary living. Most obvious, of course, are paintings which have a particular meaning for the owners because of family association. If you possess a portrait of Grandmother that makes her look handsome and gracious and noble, you have probably already brought it downstairs. If Grandmother is still overhead, associating with dust and spiders, I suspect it is because she is shown with a hatchet face and painted in so literal a manner that the picture seems crude. Bring her down anyway. The very unconventionality of her likeness may make it a prize. American primitives are admired because of their honesty and because of the simplicity with which they were painted. Their emphasis on flat design and geometric patterns approaches modern techniques of painting and is particularly suited to contemporary taste.

Do not fall into the trap which caught a rich New England lady

a few years ago. She possessed a large portrait of her great-grandfather, who had been a clergyman. Worried because the picture emphasized the mole on his cheek and the rotundity of his belly, she hired an artist to paint a copy that smoothed out all the details she considered strange or ugly. She hung the copy in her living-room and tossed the original into the attic. One afternoon she invited an official of an important museum in to tea. He examined the rainbow-tinted copy with as straight a face as he could summon, and then asked whether it had not been made from an old original. When she admitted the truth, in his suavest manner he persuaded his hostess to take him up to the attic, and then to give his museum the battered but honest portrait which she had considered too mean for her drawing-room. I happened to be present when the portrait arrived at the museum, and I shall never forget the excitement with which we wiped off the dust and cobwebs to reveal one of the greatest Early American pictures I have ever seen.

Portraits are not the only type of painting which has a particular suitability for your rooms because of family association. The old American artists habitually advertised that they made "perspective views of gentlemen's estates." You may well find a water-color drawing of the house in which an ancestor lived, or—if you are lucky—one of those farmyard scenes which are among the most delightful of American primitives. When a good husbandman paid over money for a picture of his house and barn, he wanted everything in place: the well sweep just where it belonged; his prize rooster crowing on the dung-hill; his cows grazing in their pasture. Great-grandmother herself is shown pouring a pail of slops into the pigen. Here is life itself in miniature.

When not engaged with slops and pigs, Great-grandmother may well have been a painter herself. She had started off when, as a mere slip of a girl, she had spent a glorious season or two at boarding school. Many were the styles

in which she was taught to paint, and every one of them is suited to your guest bedroom or parlor.

In those days, young ladies were not supposed to get so interested in life that they forgot death; it was a routine assignment to paint in water color a graveyard, complete with weeping willows and weeping maidens. In the center was a large tomb bearing the names and dates of one or more family casualties. I was fortunate enough to find one such "mourning picture," done on silk, the creator of which had not only been talented but also underprivileged: her relatives had been so uniformly healthy that, although she had painted as large a tombstone as her classmates, she had been forced to leave it bare. Inspired less by active sorrow than the lugubrious romanticism of youth, mourning pictures are not too depressing for your rooms.

The depictions of fruit and flowers which Great-grandmother drew on velvet are among the most prized of American primitives, although I must confess that I personally find them a little dull. Perhaps because I was born a boy, I prefer the old girl in a more romantic mood. She painted a much-ringed maiden—could she have been thinking of herself?—finding a very bouncy Moses in the bulrushes. She drew medieval ruins frowning most awfully down precipitous cliffs. Although she dutifully depicted prim young ladies, good as gold at their knitting, her heart seemed more in her drawings of wild she-creatures riding through the twilight with demon lovers. I suspect Great-grandfather had his bad moment bringing this skittish bride to earth.

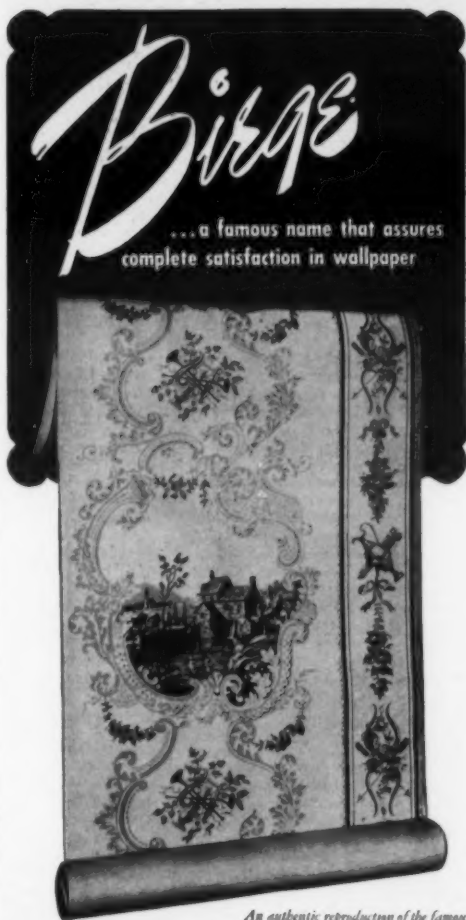
Passionately interested in the part of the nation where they lived, Americans painted and collected pictures with a regional interest. The face of the continent was preserved in thousands of landscapes. Admiring romantic scenery, the painters depicted sunsets on the Rockies or the White Mountains; they showed thunderstorms roaring down the valley of the Hudson or the Ohio. Yet they had a quieter mood, too, which appreciated the flowers in a lowland field or the quaint charm of a village green. They were fascinated by their fellow citizens, by children playing in a New England barn or boatmen dancing as their barge floated down the river. Indians courting the plains supplied an ever-exciting subject, as did the glowing smokestacks of Missis-

sippi steamboats pushing through the night. Down south, artists showed the cotton pickers in the fields. Whatever your local habitat, pictures of it were painted.

There is always a chance that, mixed in with the primitives in attic or antique shop, you may find a canvas by a famous fine-arts painter. The artist's signature may enable you to identify him, but, unless the picture has never been out of your family's possession, be wary! Most art dealers are fine, upright men, yet there are bad apples in every barrel and sometimes it is a great temptation to double the price of a picture by the simple act of scrawling a name in the lower left-hand corner. Grandmother, of course, would not have gone in for such forgery, although she may have gotten confused and, in making a list of her possessions, attributed a family painting to the wrong artist.

Here are some of the nineteenth-century names you would like to read on your attic treasures. If the picture is a landscape: Thomas Cole, Asher B. Durand, Albert Bierstadt, Frederick E. Church, Sanford R. Gifford, John F. Kensett, Edward Moran, Alexander Wyant, George Innes, Homer Martin, Thomas Doughty. Among the many good portrait painters of the nineteenth century were: Chester Harding, Rembrandt Peale, George P. A. Healy, John Neagle, Thomas Sully, Charles Loring Elliott. If your paintings show ordinary people engaged in ordinary tasks, look for the signatures of George Caleb Bingham, Eastman Johnson, William Sidney Mount, Edwards Hicks, Winslow Homer.

This list is, of course, only a sampling of the many important names in American art. You will find in your public library reference works which give information about hundreds of painters. But do not be discouraged if the author of your picture is not listed. You do not expect every chair in your house to be a museum piece, nor must your dining-room table be worth five thousand dollars. You are delighted with your furniture if it fills its utilitarian purpose and is agreeable to live with. You need ask no more of your paintings. If they brighten your walls, if they help give your house personality, if they bring a smile of pleasure to your guests, you may well be content. Your voyage of exploration through that darkest wilderness, the American attic, will have been a success.



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## A woman's lot is not a happy one

Continued from page 86

ready to be your husband's companion and sex partner. There are other rôles, too, like being part-time cook, waitress, chambermaid, cleaning lady, laundress, seamstress, social secretary and general housekeeper.

All this is a pretty tall order. You don't want to give up the fight. Darn it all, you have talent, and you want to use it and be somebody in this world! But whenever you try to concentrate on that play you're writing, or are getting your much-needed rest after a hard day at the office, in comes the child, complaining wistfully, demanding your attention.

You try to do all these jobs well but it won't work. Pretty soon you give up one of the major rôles in your life, or play it down. It's hard to do it. Sometimes you make the decision too late. Sometimes the conflict has already told on you in some way: in the breakup of the marriage, or in a great mental struggle or in the unhappiness of a child. And soon you become another black dot on a statistician's chart that points to another failure in life's record.

To many an intelligent woman, the conflict between career and homemaking is resolved by surrendering the career. But here, too, the price is paid in later life. When the child has grown up and no longer needs the mother's attention, the mother tries to take up where she left off eighteen years before. But it's not easy. Many things have happened, and there is too much to be relearned. Of course, you may point to the women who have done the impossible. *Who's Who* lists some two thousand of them who have won distinction through personal ability in important fields, and fifty-seven per cent of them are married. Most of them are authors, educators, artists, social workers and musicians. More than half of these notable married women are mothers, with an average of from two to three children. But these women are the great exceptions among the millions of working women, and we don't know how many of them had the money to hire help to take over their duties while they were making their

mark. Some may be the Harriet Beecher Stowes of our generation, and they should be acclaimed. But under a proper environment the number might have increased tenfold. We are drowning the talents of our womanhood in the backwash of our surging industrial life. Those talents must be salvaged before it is too late.

The average woman works not because she wants to but because she must. It is the woman who must work whom we are helping least. When confronted with the choice of having to give up one of her rôles, she can't give up the job, wants to hold on to her husband, so the rôle she gives up first is that of mother—she stops bearing children, and that decision is being reflected today in the declining birth rate.

We need not resolve the question of whether a child today is better off with less attention from its mother. The important thing is that the child is not getting the right kind of attention when it does get it. It has become the butt of all the tensions, the recipient of the cruel dividends of fatigue and of the bitter by-products of inner conflict. Is there no way to resolve the dilemma?

The key lies in the home, the neighborhood and the environment. We haven't shown a tenth of the interest in the needs and habits of the American working women that we have in our buffaloes. When the latter were approaching extinction we rose to the task and saved them. We found out why they were becoming extinct. It's time we did the same thing for ourselves and our own women.

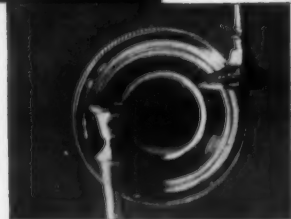
Compare the technique when we build for our animals and when we build for our women.

To build the Cleveland Zoological Park, for example, the best firm of architects is hired. Before getting down to the blueprint, all the relevant information about the bobcats and elks, and their habits and habitats, is charted, assembled and studied. Architect Conrad, of Conrad, Hays, Simpson and Ruth, then travels about the country to find out everything that's known about zoos and zoo

# Fancy duds for Colin and Candy's christening table

Right after Belinda's christening, Colin and Candy warmed up their new house. Early that morning, Candy and Nanny cut special sandwiches and set the buffet table, while Colin wiped the punch glasses, and Butch looked after Belinda

Belinda slept through most of the christening ceremony, waking only as she left the church with Candy



Sandwiches were stacked on Gorham's sandwich plate, #493, for \$32.50. Harmonizing candlesticks, #8675, \$30 a pair

Continued on page 158

terrain, that's not printed in the books, and brings to his office the best knowledge and information on the subject. Experts in each field are consulted, or their work studied—Lee Crandall on birds or Theodore Schroeder on cats or elephants. The beaver is a working mother, too. But she is a very shy animal and if she has no privacy she simply won't give a dam for the public. So we must create an environment where she will work like a beaver and still bear little beavers. Evidently, the surroundings must be landscaped so that Mrs. Beaver won't see any people glaring at her while she builds her dams and lodges. The problem is finally resolved by utilizing a long row of rising stone ledges which will conceal the people from the beaver but not the beaver from the people.

"Now the otter," says Mr. Flays, Mr. Conrad's partner, "is a different sort entirely. He's an exhibitionist, a smart aleck and a gymnast. The problem here is not so difficult. Here we can allow him to indulge his exhibitionism and we arrange his home so he can best do so." Of course, everything will be fixed up so Mrs. Otter can produce her five little otters in the required nest of grass in a hollow near the water or under the protecting roots of an overhanging tree.

Dozens of plans are experimented with and dozens are discarded before the right terrain is designed. Rules are finally evolved for the junior architects working on the job.

But what happens when we build for people? Eighty per cent of all the small houses in America are built without the help of architects at all. The house is rarely put up to suit the needs of a particular family. It is built first and then the family takes it or leaves it. Most houses are built from stock plans—for an imaginary "average family" that simply doesn't exist. There is probably not a single house ever designed in the whole of America to suit the requirements of a working mother, and builders still use blueprints that were obsolete in the days of the horse and buggy. They simply cut down the room sizes, eliminate the cellar, paint the shutters a bright blue and put the houses up for sale.

We cannot settle all the conflicts that exist between making a home and a living. But a great part of the dilemma of the modern working woman would disappear

overnight if we planned for her as we do for our beasts. We must set up a home more suited to her needs. But we can do this only after we give as much study to the problems of her home, her work and her childbearing as we do to that of our yaks and polecats.

If the mother works all day, she must know that her child is being properly cared for while she is off to work. There should be provision for expert child care and for supervision while the mother is earning her livelihood.

There should be cooperative nurseries to care for the preschool child, and it should be done at a cost she can afford.

We must relieve the working mother of the responsibilities of being housekeeper, cook and dishwasher after putting in a long day at the office. We can have cooperative kitchens supplying the food, cooperative servants to clean. The working mother should feel that she can cook if she wants to, not because she has to.

Since the mother (and the father, too) is exposed to the din of the loom, the typewriter or the telephone all day, the house must be erected in a well-planned neighborhood. (No wonder nearly two-thirds of the people in cities of over 100,000 "would rather live almost anywhere else.") The home must be a retreat where the tensions of the day can be relieved so that we're ready for the next day's work. We must, therefore, aim to achieve the privacy our neighborhoods lack. The home should be built in pleasant, open surroundings. It must be a haven where working parents can rest and relax. Local services and community buildings should be planned with each neighborhood. The home and the neighborhood should have recreational facilities and play spaces essential to keep a busy, harried mind from cracking under the strain of modern-day turmoil.

The average house today is still built for the housekeeper, not the breadwinner. The developer buys land as cheaply as possible, which means that all too often it's a long way from the shopping center as well as from the place of work. The gains we have made in reducing the working hours from fifty to forty a week have been more than offset by the time given to commuting. The woman who spends an hour traveling to work every day wastes almost a whole month of every year of her working life in the effort—a precious

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**Colin and Candy christening,**  
continued from page 156



Punch was served in a milk glass bowl with matching glasses. Westmoreland Glass Co. About \$20



Candy's silver pattern is Gorham's Strashourg. Place settings are: dinner, \$25.50; luncheon, \$23.50



Collecting milk glass is Candy's hobby. Her peg-edged sandwich plates, from Westmoreland Glass Co. are \$3 each

month—hanging on to a strap or being mangled in a stampede of escaping commuters.

We must strive for new neighborhoods convenient to the work location, neighborhoods designed for comfort and privacy.

Sweden has already started on this road and has proved that it can be done. Neighborhoods are planned in large units instead of the isolated cluster of houses five miles from nowhere, so common to our own subdivisions. All apartment houses in Gothenburg have playrooms designed mainly for children whose mothers are employed away from home. The child may remain in these playrooms all day and is given three full meals. The playrooms are under the supervision of trained personnel and the parents pay only twenty-three cents a day for this service and the meals. Both the city and the national government make contributions toward the service.

H.S.B., the cooperative which builds about fourteen per cent of all Sweden's housing, not only has trained personnel for the job, but trains the personnel as well. In addition to the playrooms, it provides children's hotels in its Stockholm project, where the youngsters can be received for a week or more when the parents go away.

Another type of cooperative in Sweden has been designed especially for families where both parents work. It has a cooperative kitchen, which supplies food to the tenants of the apartments, and cooperative servants to care for the apartments every day; the children are provided for in co-operative nurseries. When the mother returns from work she looks at the menu and orders a meal delivered to the apartment—or it can be eaten in the public dining-room, as she chooses. Why not thousands of these in America for our own working parents?

In America we made a start in the right direction during the war. When our women were called upon to build planes and ships, we discovered that someone had to care for their children. Trained supervisors were engaged in war housing projects and children between two and six years of age were taken care of and given meals at costs ranging from \$3.50 to \$7 per week. An after-school program for older children was established, too. Some of these child-care programs still survive in the war housing projects and in public housing undertakings. But with the end of the war and with

budget-cutting by Congress, many of them have disappeared.

Middle River, Maryland, is one of the few examples that have survived. Located near the Glenn Martin aircraft plant, almost ten thousand families still receive the benefit of group organization for their boys and girls. There is child supervision, and there are book- and music-lending libraries and dancing and gym classes. Programs such as these should be continued and expanded, not canceled.

Winfield Park, New Jersey, under the supervision of capable Delmore Brickman, is another example. There are weekly story and music hours for children under six as well as movies and dancing classes. Older children, too, are cared for while the mothers are at work. When Congress curtailed expenditures for such social services, the nurseries and kindergartens were taken over by the mothers themselves. They raised \$600 by voluntary subscription, and today forty children are cared for while the mothers earn their livelihoods. Not only is this volunteer project operating with a surplus, but the mothers have now saved enough for partial scholarships so two of their instruction may take nursery school courses.

Why must we wait for a war to awaken us to the need for helping our working women? The time has come when we must improve the conditions in the home as we did in the factory. Most of our building in the future will be of large-scale communities that create their own new environments. Child-care centers and community restaurants and co-operating home-keeping can and should be made part of every housing plan.

The care of the children of working mothers should be a public responsibility, just as parks, schools and public golf courses are. Unless we think of our new communities not only in terms of brick and mortar but of the needs of the people who live in them, the projects will be obsolete the day they are built. Here is an opportunity for America to build not only solvent neighborhoods but decent family lives.



## We live in Peter Cooper Village

Continued from page 88

needed an apartment. Residential Manager Thomas McNair had the job of interviewing the applicants and last summer 1,200 apartments were leased, all to veterans. The Metropolitan reserved a limited number of apartments for the personnel of the United Nations, and the strict policy prevailing for the rest held that these apartments were to go first to veterans. Fima is not only with the UN but is a veteran besides, so it was with both prayer and hope that we had sent in our application.

We were interviewed some time last March. Toward summer, a Metropolitan representative came to visit us in the two 9'x10' rooms we called an apartment. (Fortunately, they let us know a day ahead of the impending visit, so the two rooms and Fima and I were scrubbed within an inch of our lives.) The representative seemed as nervous as we, asked us questions we'd already been asked, informed us our respective offices would be visited (where, no doubt, the same questions would again be asked about us) and then shyly departed. It was all very pleasant, but no one had yet hinted when, or even whether, we might live at Peter Cooper. Finally, when we were despairing in the first heat of summer, the Metropolitan Life envelope turned up in our mail. We were to come to the office. More questions, the same. We would hear from them later. In July: *We could move in around the last of September!* We would hear from them as to the exact date. We moved on the twentieth. We've since laughed a lot with our neighbor Peter Cooperites who went through this same suspenseful sweating-out process. We all agreed that after each interview we had been sure we'd never make the grade. Now, we pinch ourselves to make sure it's true.

I suppose ours isn't a unique experience—just unique for us. Other young couples all over the country are queuing up for apartments in brand-new housing developments. Maybe you're one of them, with your name on a long, long list, waiting for the day when the mailman brings a letter that says you're in, you've got a place

to call home. Our own personal, private suspense wasn't something Metropolitan had cooked up just for hasty veterans. It was due, of course, to the fact that they themselves couldn't be sure of the exact date a building might be finished, and to the immense number of people they had to interview.

Though nearly everyone has heard about Peter Cooper Village, everyone doesn't know why it is so called. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Peter Stuyvesant III, great-grandson of the famous Dutch governor, built his home — Petersfield — among the fields sloping down to the river. Petersfield was on what is now the block bounded by East River Drive and 15th and 16th Streets. During the last century, as the city expanded without constructive form or plan, the district became the Gaslight District, because of the huge gas tanks looming near the river. The tanks were torn down but the district remained a blighted section of warehouses and ramshackle old-law tenements. The Metropolitan developments are built on this land. There are really two of them: Peter Stuyvesant, named for the first owner of the land, and Peter Cooper, for the founder of Cooper Union.

There will be twenty-one fireproof buildings, fifteen stories high. They'll cover about one quarter of the nineteen acres of the Village, will contain 2,495 apartments, and will house something like 7,000 people. And possibly—and this is what a lot of harrassed young mothers are banking on—there'll be a day nursery for the offspring of some of these 7,000 people.

This is the way it *will* be. In the face of these statistics on what is to come, we Peter Cooper pioneers are fairly insignificant. There are only three buildings occupied. We rattle in the space for the other eighteen. In the midst of all this drilling, hammering, steam-shoveling, seed-planting, road-making, path-paving, floor-and-brick-laying, we are minuscule. We are but as ants. And I mean ants, completely at the mercy of Building. We take endless detours because there's an un-

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accountable hole in the middle of a path that yesterday was in good condition. We live by whistles; the starting-to-work signal, in the dim early morning while we're still dozing, the go-to-lunch and come-back whistles, the go-home-at-night whistle and several others during the day which don't seem to coincide with any usual activity, so we can't guess what they might signify. There are, too, the whistles of the workmen—woe unto any woman, cross-eyed, beautiful, bow-legged or snaggle-toothed, who ventures out her door. There's an endless block to walk in any direction to get you out, and every step is accompanied by the most unbelievable variety of whistles from men on every floor of every building along the block, from men in the ditches, men in the trucks, the steam shovels, the tops of towers. It is, to say the least, a most unnerving experience. We live by sounds; a penetrating bing-bong from the steel girders as though someone were constantly hammering on the water pipes; the eternal coming and going, reversing and gear-shifting of trucks; the frightening roar of the Long Island commuters' seaplane which lands each day not in the walls of our house as we expect, but on the river at 20th Street; a conglomeration of the sounds of things happening. And when there is silence, it is a great silence. From twelve to one, when the men are eating, their quietness is broken only by their whistles. On weekends and at night, there are only the throaty boat-voices from the river. No one on Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive seems to blow his horn, and 20th Street is still closed to traffic.

In spite of the immensity of it all, the numbers of buildings, of acreage, of people—you don't feel lost and swallowed up, nor do you feel hemmed in, suffocated. The buildings are quite a way apart so that from any window you see a great deal of blue sky, and below, a great deal of green grass (or where it will be soon). And inside! This is where I take a firm grip on my prose.

I will first explain that everyone here, just like you, has been at grips with the housing situation. The E. E. Griffiths have now been married one week. He's a Purple Heart veteran who is a sales representative for an importing firm. Ruth is secretary to a clergyman at St. Bartholomew's. They say they were engaged forever, waiting for a place to live. The forever

started to shorten up a bit when he put in his application for Peter Cooper. As soon as they knew they could move in, they were married.

Then there are the Deweys—Ben Dewey is a lawyer. He and Laura—Lolly—have been married since the beginning of the housing shortage. First they lived with her mother. In Washington, before he went overseas, they lived in an apartment with a number of roaches. Back in New York they had one room and a hot-plate. They, like everyone we know, applied the day Metropolitan announced it was building. They were among the first to move in, on July fifteenth. Before Fima, I lived in one room with not even a hotplate, and in a huge Greenwich Village apartment with no heat on Sundays, and rats. Three days before Fima and I were going to Virginia to be married, we still had not even a hotel room to come back to. We found, and lived in for a year and a half, the two afore-mentioned 9"x10" which had no door because the only fire exit was through our apartment. Every one here, and I've yet to find an exception, has some such story. We were fed up, sick to death of living without kitchens, without storage space, with rats, mice and bugs, in spite of all our sprays and powders, of trying to make a normal life in places that had very little of the normal about them.

To steer clear of the rhapsodies, I shall list only the things about our apartments that we love and will never in a million years take for granted. The apartments have one and two bedrooms; for every bedroom there's a bath—tiled floor and tiled-half-way-up walls, tub and shower, medicine cabinets large enough to hold more than your jar of cold cream. The bedrooms are about 13'x16', with large casement windows. The living-rooms have double casements, eight feet wide, or 72" casements like ours, with another large window on the side. Our living-room is large enough to hold a regular-sized dining-table and chairs, a piano, and our prize, a 48"-diameter coffee-table (which was an old Victorian dining-table Fima found for \$15, cut down and refinished into bleached oak), along with various chairs and couches, without seeming crowded. All the living-rooms are about 400 square feet. The kitchens have the same large casements, a Westinghouse refrigerator with all sorts of storage tricks, a stove with oven regulator, a laundry tub attached to

the sink, linoleum-covered work counters on both sides of the room and all-steel cupboards, top and bottom. All floors except the kitchen and bath are hardwood parquet. There are three large walk-in closets and a huge linen closet. The front door has a chiming doorbell and a tiny, prohibition-day peephole, in case you'd like to see whom you're letting in. Rentals: one bedroom, \$85-\$110, two bedrooms, \$110-\$135. No matter what price, all apartments have the things I've mentioned; the rental goes up only if you have a river view or are on one of the higher floors.

The apartments in Stuyvesant Town are \$51 to \$70 for one bedroom, \$62 to \$87 for two bedrooms, \$76 to \$91 for three. Stuyvesant is rented only to people in low or moderate income brackets. It was built under the redevelopment company's law of 1943, passed by the State Legislature to stimulate rebuilding of obsolete city areas. Under the contract with Metropolitan and the city, taxes for Stuyvesant Town are reduced in accordance with the redevelopment plan, thus allowing new, modern apartments to be available at low rentals. Peter Cooper Village is not tax exempt, pays full taxes and therefore collects average to high rentals.

The nearest good stores are four long blocks over, in the Gramercy section. When Peter Cooper Village is finished there will be stores on each corner; they were leased when building plans were first announced. Since these are still in the planning stage, shopping is a real problem; remember, in one of those blocks you hurdle everything from steam shovels to road barriers. However, nothing remains a problem long in Peter Cooper, it seems. We are besieged by what others say comes to all new tenants, but what I insist comes only to Peter Cooper: I avoid service. Our third day in, I began brooding about our piled-up laundry. I started toward the Classified to look up laundries. The door bell rang. A uniformed man said, "Would you like your laundry and dry-cleaning picked up each week, ma'am?" I could only stare. When he asked if I were interested in milk, butter and eggs, I thought, for a wild moment, that the laundry owned a dairy, too; however, he only "worked with another fellow and he'd send him up." Shortly, the Borden man arrived (and soon after, the Sheffield, and another

Mademoiselle's Living for Spring 1948

whose name I didn't catch). I explained my private strike on butter and eggs while the prices are up. The Borden man understood—his own wife felt the same way, he assured me—and my order for milk twice a week wasn't too small for him to take care of. Our lovely doorbell chimed on during the day: three Electrolux men (\$5 down, the machine delivered in six weeks—with variations); the candy-store man from First Avenue who would be delighted to deliver our morning and afternoon papers and soft drinks any time of day or night, no charge for delivery; various groceries and markets and delicatessens, all equally delighted to deliver at any time; a cleaning woman who had work next door and would like more; a man who would love to measure our windows for Venetian blinds; one who would love to measure our table for asbestos pads.

There are a few things wrong. It seems that for all Peter Cooper cares, we can hang our cars from an East River dock. There are absolutely no provisions made for parking them. Twentieth Street is not for parking; if it were, it might—assuming even half of Peter Cooper's expected 7,000 have cars—get a bit clogged up. The month before we moved in, Fima found an open-air parking lot on First Avenue, for the unbelievably low sum of \$10 monthly—which promptly went up to \$12 before we could move in. Too, we've discovered the one and only way we know of that Peter Cooper cut down on building costs. They cut out soundproofing. We know why they had us sign an agreement before moving in saying we would cover our floors with rugs. The woman above us clatters around in high heels incessantly. Another thing we disapprove of is a segregated housing project.

Many other people don't like having to sign a three-year lease, or to give a month's rent for security in case they're purple-striped a wall and won't restore it, or not being allowed to have pets. Now that they're in and have forgotten how it is not to live decently, they complain about the building noise, about not having stores, about a lot of little things which will no doubt be remedied when the project is finished. These people say that in three years, when their leases are up, Peter Cooper will be a nice place to live. Fima and I think they're crazy. We think it's a pretty wonderful place to live right now.

## Fish for a king

Continued from page 122

three chopped onions, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, 3 slices chopped and fried bacon, 1 tablespoonful dried bread crumbs and 1 beaten raw egg.

Wrap three slices of bacon around the fish to keep it closed over dressing. Put in baking dish with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Bake in hot oven for nearly 30 minutes. Remove and discard outside bacon; add a bit more salt, pepper and either the juice of half a lemon or 1 jigger white wine. Brown for 5 minutes and serve right in the baking dish.

The rest of your dinner might be new potatoes, boiled in the jacket, and frozen green peas, cooked with two small onions and the heart of a head of lettuce (use the rest of the head for salad).

### Salmon Bretonne (baked)

Take 1 pound of salmon for two; remove skin and bones. Cut in small cubes about one inch square. Toss them with 1 cup mushrooms into a skillet with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Add salt and pepper and brown slightly over a medium flame for 5 or 10 minutes. Put in oven under a lid for another 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Move to a hot plate; sprinkle with fresh parsley. Now add 1 more tablespoonful of butter and the juice of half a lemon to the pan in which the salmon was cooked. Heat this and pour over salmon and mushrooms as a sauce.

There is an epitaph in an English churchyard which goes:

"Tom Blank  
Lies buried in these cloisters;  
If, at the last trumpet,  
He doesn't jump,  
Just cry 'OYSTERS.'"

Whether men so much like oysters (dead or alive—the men, that is) I don't know. But they always give them a cheer. Here are three easy ways with an oyster:

1. *Dressed lightly:* Have about 6 oysters per person opened at the fish market. Bring them home on ice—and serve on ice with freshly ground black pepper, a squeeze of lemon juice, a few capers.

2. *Wearing nightcaps:* Sauté about

4 oysters per person with 3 tablespoonfuls of butter. Turn off the heat when their edges ruffle. Butter the inside of half an oyster shell or a small glass custard cup. Cover bottom of shell or cup with 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped frozen spinach that has been cooked with salt, pepper, juice of half a lemon (NO water) and 1 chopped onion. Now lay 1 or 2 oysters on each bed of spinach.

Beat 1 or 2 egg whites stiff; add 1 tablespoonful of horseradish, pinch of dried parsley, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped browned bacon. Put a dollop of this mixture on each oyster; slide under the broiler for two minutes or until the nightcaps brown.

3. *As a stew:* For four people, cook 2 dozen oysters in their own juice with a little salt, some freshly ground black pepper, and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. In another pan, gently warm (do not boil) 1 quart of milk and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cream. When the edges of oysters curl, pour in the warm milk and cream. Serve piping hot with a dash of red pepper on top. Celery stuffed with yellow cheese, black olives and crackers make this a complete Sunday night supper.

### Fish Soufflé

Melt 3 tablespoonfuls butter in top of double boiler.

Stir in 3 tablespoonfuls flour, salt, pepper, pinch of fennel.

Now add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk and stir to a smooth paste.

Add 3 beaten egg yolks and quickly remove from fire.

Stir in 1 cup tuna fish, salmon or lobster—canned or fresh.

Return to fire; stir gently as it thickens.

After cooling the above mix for 30 minutes off the stove, combine it with stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold together slowly until two mixtures become one. Turn carefully into a greased casserole. Squeeze juice of an entire lemon over top of soufflé; bake at 385 degrees for about an hour until it browns on top. The casserole must sit in a pan of water while soufflé bakes. Serve with a sauce of thick sour cream (hot) and 3 tablespoonfuls of chopped cucumber or

with a sauce of 1 cup hot white sauce, mixed with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup white wine and 1 chopped hard-boiled egg.

### Poached Filet of Sole or Flounder

At least half of Escoffier's 1,000 recipes for fish ask that it be poached—which means nothing more than cooking it in the oven or on top of the stove. The heat must be low; fish must be kept covered and basted frequently with the liquid in the pan. The liquid can be  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 cup of white or red wine or stock from chicken or mushrooms or fresh green peas. A bouillon cube dissolved in water with 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice is excellent. For six people, poach 6 nice-sized filets of sole (or flounder) for 10 minutes in any one of the above liquids. Remove fish to hot platter on which there is a bed of cooked fresh spinach, cooked mushrooms or a nice pile of fresh asparagus tips. Now add 1 tablespoonful of butter that has been mixed with 1 tablespoonful of flour to the liquid in the pan. Make a medium thick sauce; add salt and pepper and either 1 cup chopped shrimp or  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated mild yellow cheese—and pour sauce over fish and platter. Place under broiler for exactly 30 seconds at high heat before you serve.

### Curried Shrimp

Brown  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped apple and 4 slices chopped banana in a large frying pan. Add salt, pepper, 1 tablespoonful curry powder (you may add more to taste later), 1 tablespoonful flour. Pour in 3 cups of chicken stock or add 3 cups water and 2 chicken bouillon cubes. Simmer for 30 minutes and add 1 teaspoonful chopped green pepper and 2 pounds of cooked and peeled shrimp. Serve with hot rice, chutney and beer. The best dessert after this dish is an ice-cold fruit compote of sliced bananas, sliced oranges, sliced pineapple with a dash of rum, brandy or kirsch.

During the early spring—from February on—everyone going to the fish market near the Vieux Carré in New Orleans makes a

small detour to the market coffeehouse. Only after fortification with chicory black coffee, fat, luscious strawberries and fat, hot crullers liberally doused with powdered sugar do you go on to the fish stalls to buy from the great piles of pearly pink shrimp out of Lake Pontchartrain, the sleek, gleaming pompano (which one salts, peppers, butters and bakes an hour in a sealed Patipar bag), the energetic crayfish and lobster. The selling in this market is at so fast a pace you've no time to think what you want. For that reason the coffeehouse provides the pause for menu-making, decisions and recipe-swapping. Here are the two best Creole fish dishes I picked up:

### Shrimp Gumbo

Boil two pounds of shrimp for two minutes only in a Court Bouillon (made of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts of hot water, 2 sliced onions, some parsley, a bay leaf, salt, pepper and some celery tops). Cool and peel off shells. Remove black membrane running down the shrimp's back. (Frozen or canned shrimp may be substituted, but they need to have some of their salt rinsed off in cold water.)

*Gumbo:* In a big copper pot or frying pan or an earthenware casserole, brown three finely chopped onions and 1 chopped garlic bud with three slices of chopped bacon. Add 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, pinch of salt, ground pepper, pinch of fennel, 2 cups chopped okra—canned or fresh—and 1 #2 size can of tomatoes.

Simmer gently 30 minutes until it thickens before you toss shrimp on top of pan; take to the table as is. Serve with hot boiled rice and an avocado and grapefruit salad.

### Bouillabaisse New Orleans

This is a world-famous dish. Restaurants charge plenty for it; poets and travelers praise it; but home cooks usually avoid it, fearing complications. Few seem to know it is a fish stew—that the ingredients vary with the fish available—that there are as many recipes for it as there are such disparate seaports as Marseille and New Orleans.

Take a very large copper stew-pan or heat-proof casserole. In the bottom of it make a bed of three finely chopped onions, three finely chopped garlic buds, pinch of fennel, pinch of parsley, pinch of crushed bay leaf, pinch of thyme, peel of half an orange.

On this bed, put assorted pieces (about 2 pounds altogether) of fish with firm flesh—turbot, conger eel, shrimp, crab, lobster. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup good olive oil, salt and pepper, a little saffron, a pinch of nutmeg—and just enough hot water to cover fish. Boil at very high speed for just 5 minutes.

Add the delicate little fish such as red mullet, some whiting or little smelts (about two pounds in all). Cook quickly for another 5 minutes. Fish out orange peel, garlic or any other bits and pieces of spice remaining. *This dish is an entire meal in itself. Serves six.*

Serve very hot in large flat soup bowls over a piece of toasted, garlic-flecked French bread to catch the gravy.

Shortly after the war in Europe was over, the French fishing fleets began to go out—warily threading their way through the still dangerous mine fields off the coast. From then on, each day someone would tell his story of his first fish in four or five years. My husband and I had gone fishless in England because of the necessary ban on fishing in the sea, fishless in France—and we were determined to find some! It took five hours of chasing about Paris on the Metro and the whispered help of a half-dozen storekeepers before we finally arrived on the busy Rue Mouffart on the Left bank. In one barrow on the hill we found a lobster, fought it into a flimsy bag, argued as to the dangers of transporting it home, drew a crowd—asked for clams and were sent into the rear of a dark little hole-in-the-wall filled with empty barrels. From the back yard, the proprietor pro-

duced a dozen stony-cold clams. He broke them open; we ate one each on the spot and started at a fast trot for home on the Ile St. Louis. The lobster broke away twice so we boiled it immediately on arriving at the house. The concierge gave us the recipe for the salad we had that evening:

#### Lobster Salad

(Canned lobster may be used instead of the fresh which is quite troublesome to pick from the shell.)

Mix 1 jigger of red wine vinegar with 1 jigger of good olive oil.

Add 1 tablespoon capers, 1 head of loose leaf lettuce torn to pieces, the lobster, salt, fresh pepper, 4 small hot sliced boiled potatoes and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup celery. Mix very well. Serves just two.

The clams we ate very quickly as we had no refrigeration. They make an excellent lunch (or did for us).

#### Clams Supreme

Have clams opened at the market. Leave on half shell. Arrange in a large flat pan for broiling. On each clam sprinkle a bit of salt and freshly ground pepper. Arrange  $\frac{1}{4}$  strip of raw bacon over top; add 1 tablespoon of a good dry white wine on each. Broil until bacon is crisp. Serve immediately—and be sure your guests drink the sauce from the shell.

Now for the savoury—as a finishing touch: Mix well one can of boneless, skinless sardines, 1 pinch curry powder, 1 hard-boiled chopped egg and 3 tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Spread on rounds of toast. Put a drop of lemon juice on each and sprinkle generously with yellow rat cheese.

Just before serving, pop these delicacies under the broiler to melt and brown the cheese. Serve hot instead of a dessert.

basic reason for your garden. Even at the present high rates on vegetable stuffs, it is not possible to save more than 15% to 25% on your green grocery bill for the four months, June through September.

The 25x50 foot vegetable garden plotted here has five advantages over hit-and-miss efforts: It is small enough to be cared for evenings or on Saturday mornings. In some cases, double use of the space is possible and two crops can be planted and harvested in succession from the same area. It is planned to give the biggest bulk crops for the least effort. The crops selected are the hardest known—and the most popular eating. In the interest of economy and appetite sharpened by outdoor efforts, the vegetables chosen are good meat, cheese and egg substitutes and "extenders." Peppers, cabbages and tomatoes can be stuffed and baked—served instead of meat. Squash and tomatoes are the best of meat-dish stretchers. Eggplants have as high a caloric value as eggs or mushrooms.

And the test of the garden is taste. There is yet no measure for the difference between store-bought peas and your own June peas cooked with a few lettuce leaves and pearl white onions only twenty minutes after separation from the garden. There is a difference and a delicacy in salad cut a half hour before it meets oil and vinegar at table. Little need be said about the pride of producing a half-pound, glowing, sun-red tomato that beats anything the neighbors can bring forth.

Here are the few rules:

To discourage night-marauding rabbits and woodchucks, dig a two-inch trench all the way around your garden plot. Keep it filled with lime.

To cut down your crop of weeds, save all grass cuttings and spread them as a mulch between tomato and pepper plants, between the rows of the other vegetables.

Watch your spacing. Always leave eighteen inches between rows of vegetables.

Don't overplant. A one-ounce package of seeds will plant from 50 to 100 feet. If you put in too many seeds, you must either spend hours thinning them out—or watch your plants die of overcrowding.

Read carefully the directions on each package of seeds. Consult a good handbook when in doubt.\*

And a schedule:

\*Garden Guide and Record, 5th from Peter Henderson, 35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Now in February, select your plot. Keep in mind easy access to the kitchen door. Keep away from large trees; their roots drain the earth of nourishment the vegetables will need, and their leaves may have made the soil sour. A few bushes to the north or west of your plot will provide a needed windbreak.

Pick a level plot, out in the open sun. Plan to run your rows of vegetables north to south. This way (as the drawing shows) both sides of each row get equal benefits as the summer sun moves east to west.

You may also order your seeds.

The last week in March or the first of April, mark off your area with stakes and string. If the frost is out of the ground, get a man with a horse to plow it under. Don't break your back this early in the spring hand-turning it!

After the first April rain on your good earth, break up the clods with a spade or a fork. If you live in a newly-built area, you'll find brick bits, shingles, shale and plaster clumps all over the place. Borrow the neighbors' seven-year-olds for this chore.

Spread your 100 pounds of fertilizer evenly over the ground and dig it in to a depth of about 6 inches—just what a spade will take comfortably. If the soil is clayey, dig in 50 pounds of sand at the same time. Import two or three dozen earthworms if you discover them missing while digging. The nearest "Go Fishing" sign usually has them for sale; a neighbor may let you remove two or three dozen of his extras. Worms aerate the ground—make the soil porous, facilitate the growth of sturdy plant roots.

By mid-April, you can start your spring planting. That is, if you live in the temperate U.S.A. south of the line New York City-to-Des Moines-to-San Francisco. Planting dates are earlier south of this line, a bit later progressively north. In the temperate zone, gardening is a profitable sport until October 15th and the earth gives bountifully until then.

Here's how:

**Tomatoes:** Cousin to the eggplant. Plants may be set out from the first to the tenth of May, about three feet apart. As they grow to a height of two feet, the foliage becomes too dense for the fruit to get light. Pluck off some leaves. Pinch off the suckers. Tie with two-inch bandage to heavy poles driven upright in ground; this support is necessary for good fruit. Good eating eighty-five days after

## Dirt cheap

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nd strawberries are delicacies better bought; they yield the home gardener nothing save green tops until the second year.

Consult your list of possible plantings with these three points in mind:

- (1) Does the family like it?
- (2) Do the rabbits and bugs like the same part of the vegetable

you do, or will they content themselves with the leaves?

(3) Does the keeper of the kettles know how—and like—to cook what you are going to plant, cultivate and pluck with pride?

Consider, too, that old wives' tale of pocketbook relief. They quickly disabbed the theory that "it's cheaper to grow 'em" as the

plants are in the ground.

**Broccoli:** The Italian and Riviera varieties are best. Set out about first of May, two-and-one-half feet apart. Heads of green flower buds will form about sixty-five days later. Cut, cook and eat before they bloom.

**Eggplant:** Set out about the tenth to fifteenth of May. Plants must be two-and-one-half feet apart. You wait eighty days for the purple three-pounders to reach maturity.

**Cabbages:** Set out half a dozen plants about April twentieth. On May tenth, set out the remainder, allowing always two or three feet between the plants. Sixty days later, one or more will certainly be ready for the cooking pot.

**Califlower:** The small plants can be set out May fifteenth. Allow two to three feet between them. Pat earth firmly with trowel at base of small plants. When the heads start to form in June, tie the green outside leaves over heart with string; this insures a bleached, pure-white head. Sixty-five days is the waiting time.

**Green sweet peppers:** Set plants out two-and-one-half feet apart about May twentieth. Cultivate gently in the area from time to

time to fight down weeds. Sixty to seventy days later, the plants will have shiny green fruit which are best baked with a bread, corn, onion and spice stuffing and a sauce of puréed fresh tomatoes.

**Beets:** Sow one half the ounce packet of seeds in one half the line allotted beets about April twentieth. Seeds should be two inches apart in the drill-line you may make by drawing the handle of a trowel firmly through the earth—and one inch deep. Thin the plants out four or five weeks later; use the young tops you pluck out as greens—cook them as you would spinach. About May tenth to fifteenth, sow the rest of the seed in the remaining space. Fifty-five days to full growth; you may want to cook one mess of them at about forty-five days.

**Leaf Lettuce:** This staple takes only forty days from seed to salad. Sow half a packet in half the space allotted on April fifteenth. Do exactly the same thing May fifteenth, June fifteenth, July fifteenth to insure a constant crop.

**Head Lettuce:** Sow seed late in April. Thirty days later, thin plants to one foot apart. Tie up heads in their own green outer

leaves in June to blanch the heart. Eighty days' waiting.

**Radish:** The French Breakfast variety are the pretty red rose with white tips kind, delicious buttered. Sow one-half a packet of seeds in half the row allotted in mid-April. Eat after three weeks. Plant again in May and in June.

**Parsley:** Like all the herb family, it is slow to germinate and does not show green for four weeks. (Don't give up hope until after seven weeks of no-show.) Plant seeds 1½ inches deep in the shade of some large-leaved plant like broccoli. This will be seventy days growing, but will continue until Christmas in the garden if you cover lightly with leaves; works well in pots brought to the kitchen window, too.

**Onions:** Sow seed one half inch deep about May first. Three weeks later, thin out plants to two inches apart. Pull and eat from ninety days later on.

**Leeks:** Sow one half inch deep April fifteenth. Thin out plants three weeks later to two inches apart. It will be August before you have the all-important ingredient for vichyssoise, but they keep well in the ground through October.

**Carrots:** This culinary staple should be sowed three times—April tenth, June twenty-fifth and August tenth at the rate of one third a packet of seed on each of those dates. Thin out after three weeks to three inches apart; water lightly in the evening during a dry spell.

**Squash:** Plant in hills three feet apart after the weather is settled and warm, in mid-May. Put ten seeds in each hill, one-inch deep. After a few weeks, when the little plants have three or four leaves each, weed out all save the four strongest on each hill. They grow up in seven weeks.

**Bush Beans:** Pick a dwarf evergreen variety. Plant one-half your seeds in the first week of May, the other half three weeks later. Seeds go down two inches, should be one inch from the nearest neighbor. You can harvest six weeks after planting.

**Dwarf Peas:** Plant exactly as bush beans above but with leaning posts or chicken wire between two facing rows. The peas should be planted earlier than the beans, in fact, about April twentieth. It is a good seventy days before a picking is ready.

## Men give the best parties

Continued from page 126

cupful of Chablis. The Hamricks got that tip from an Italian countess who got it from an Italian soprano who should know. Start the sauce by heating a clove of garlic, five or six peppercorns and a scant teaspoon of salt in four or five tablespoons of flavorful fat—chicken, perhaps, or olive. Be sure the mixture doesn't get too hot—just warm enough to turn the garlic golden. Strain the fat of all its spices and cook the meat in what's left—a half pound of ground veal and a half pound of ground beef. Add two cans of Italian tomato sauce, and let everything warm up and simmer slowly; stir in a pinch of oregano. (Oregano can be bought at spice stores or Italian delicatessens. It looks like hay, but draws the very soul out of the tomato in the sauce.) Just before the guests come, stir in the Chablis and have a cupful of finely cut parsley to scatter over the top of the sauce when it's put on the table. If you need to save time, you may start out with a can of Henri's Sauce With Mushrooms, then add ground meat, oregano and parsley, and the Chablis.

Charles Hamrick's charcoal-broiled spareribs are another of his specialties. A South Carolina offspring, Charles was born with a grill in his hand. He starts his fire in a barbecue grill an hour ahead of time—kindling first, then charcoal, piece by piece, until he has a thick bed of coals. He lets the coals die down until there's hardly any fire at all, then he starts broiling. If the meat begins to blaze, Charles takes it off again and waits for the fire to go down. The spareribs come off the grill spiced with the flavor of charcoal. They are juicy and brown on the outside, and hot, tender and well-cooked inside.

On cold nights, Charles and Marge collaborate on their own Texas creation—grilled hot dogs with chili con carne and grated raw Spanish onions. Heinz has a very good chili con carne which until recently was sold only to restaurants. It is available now at grocery stores or delicatessens that carry Heinz products. This dish requires practically no cooking and is a meal in itself when

served with a Hamrick salad.

Single-handed, Chef Charles does a fine oyster stew—cooks the oysters a few minutes in butter till the edges curl, then adds salt, pepper, paprika, milk and finely cut parsley.

The Reverend Donald Cheetham, recently out of the Merchant Marine, found himself in a new parish with many new friends he wanted to entertain. He gives them Cheetham beans which he cooks himself.

"I couldn't possibly cook anything else," he says, but he turns out this hearty, delicious, complicated dish from a recipe his mother treasured for years:

Take two cups of dried red kidney beans and soak them over night. Drain next morning and put them in a bean pot (a heavy baking dish would do, but the bean pot has more glamour and does a better job).

Into the pot with the beans go ¼ cup molasses, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each of salt and dry mustard, ½ teaspoon pepper. Add enough boiling water

to cover. Let it cook slowly in the oven all day. An hour before serving, slice up some country sausage (about two sausages per person) and stir that in, along with pared and quartered apples—a quarter of an apple for each person. Set it all back into the oven to cook a little more and mix it around now and then. If you haven't time to soak the kidney beans overnight, buy two or three cans of A&P kidney beans, drain off all the water, then add seasoning.

The bean pot is set out on the table which Donald covers with a Turkey-red tablecloth. He has a big tin candelabra, a wooden bowl for green salad, real Saturday night Boston brown bread and gay pottery plates (everything goes on one plate: beans, salad brown bread). Dessert is usually some kind of fruit compote: peaches and plums (several of Del Monte's canned fruits, mixed, always make a good compote), with real cream. After dinner there's singing—first on the phonograph (Donald has a good collection of American ballads); later the guests join in.

Old-fashioned shelled corn and poppers are always on tap at Mr. Cheerham's, and a big bowl of hard candy usually in evidence.

Donald says he thinks people get tired—city people, that is—of sitting in crowded restaurants. A dinner party at home, on the other hand, he believes is as good as a day in the country.

Archie Smith, who played with Helen Hayes in *Harriet* and was John Apley in *The Late George Apley*, is still looking for a place to hang his cook's apron and skillet. Sans apartment and, consequently, sans kitchen, Archie has had to resort to other methods of entertaining. Most of the time, he invites his friends to have dinner with him—at their house. No one is allowed to lift a hand when Mr. Smith is at the skillet. And the skillet, literally, is what he uses. Archie's *pièce de résistance* is Virginia fried chicken, done to a golden brown turn. With this, he serves candied sweet potatoes (Premier puts up sweet potatoes in cans; you can glaze them easily), rice—with each grain standing alone like jackracks—and green peas (Birds Eye, if you haven't time for fresh peas) with tiny cap mushrooms. Archie adds to all this a salad of avocado, grapefruit, curly endive and the *Smith French dressing*. Tiny hot rolls accompany all this, and for dessert there is charlotte russe. This is made with a custard-like base to which sherry has been added. (Royal vanilla pudding can be used for the custard base, made thin with an extra quarter or half cup more milk than the recipe on the package calls for.) The custard is in the center of the bowl and the top of the charlotte russe is stiff whipped cream. As a reward for all this, Archie doesn't have to wash the dishes.

When he doesn't invite his friends to have dinner at their house, Archie invites them all for a train ride. He meets them at the station and presents his train tickets to the conductor. Only an hour or so later do his guests know where they're going. Archie himself scouts around for out-of-the-way eating places in New York and its environs—sometimes going to Connecticut. Playing at Duncan Hines he looks for historic taverns, mellowed taprooms and curious old restaurants with pedigrees. Archie's guests are sure of three things when they accept a train invitation: good food, an interesting place for a party and an entertaining train ride.

William Pahlmann, the designer, is a host who has definite convictions about food. "Good plain food," he says, "is the best. The hot things have to be hot, and the cold things, cold."

"Cocktails, but within limits, is my idea," Pahlmann continues. "And I hate people to be late—most men do, even though they never have anything fancy. I like big pieces of sharp cheese for hors d'oeuvres—honest old rat-trap variety for me (Wisconsin cheeses are favorites; Kraft Kay cheese is a fine sharp one)—and plenty of corn fritos. I got used to them in Texas, I guess." (Fritos—crispy corn fritos in cellophane packages—have just come into the New York market.)

Bill has designed a radio cabinet that stretches along most of one mole-gray wall in his New York apartment. The cabinet is terraced—high center and lower ends—and makes a wonderful buffet. Bill sets it with the marvelous gold and white soup plates he bought in Paris before the war for a mere song, and a huge tureen of black bean soup. (Underwood's canned black bean soup is tasty and quick to prepare.) Sometimes Bill serves a meat and vegetable casserole (kept hot over an alcohol burner). His salad in the big wooden bowl is made of feathery, green and white fennel (tasting faintly of licorice), watercress, romaine and curly chicory. And never anything but plain French dressing—wine vinegar, olive oil, salt and pepper. (Write Post Mart, 336 East 86 Street, New York 21, N. Y., for Rare Recipes—French dressings.) For dessert, cold cut-up fruit laced with brandy. As guests step up to help themselves, *sambas* thump and swell under the groaning buffet board.

Another man we know likes to give picnics in his thirteenth floor New York apartment. He asks each of his guests to bring something. One girl brings chocolate cake (Joy Cake Mix is sure to make a good chocolate cake); someone else is assigned chicken sandwiches. Another person is in charge of accompaniments—pickles, black olives, etc. And still another person brings cold Russian tea—a heady brew concocted of cold tea, port wine, nutmeg, cinnamon (these stirred in while the tea is hot) and mint leaves. The host—clever man—adds paper napkins. Before any of the guests arrive, our friend has his own fun. He rolls up the rugs and thumbtacks children's paintings of baddling

brooks, shady lanes and cows in meadows on the floor and walls. A sign, "This Way to the Spring," guides his guests to the kitchen sink. Another one, "Watch for Falling Rocks," is directly above a boulder (on the mantelpiece) which was dragged home from Central Park when no one saw.

Still another friend who is looking for an apartment has Sunday night suppers which triumph over the lack of an icebox or stove. He invites a handful of friends in for Sunday night supper in his little furnished room and has a waffle party, using a two-burner grill and a waffle iron. Supper includes golden brown waffles with Vermont maple syrup, and a tossed salad with French dressing and julienne slices of Swiss cheese mixed through it. There is hot coffee and a helping of fruit from the bowl which is the centerpiece. Simple? Anybody could do it. It doesn't require any great culinary ability. Waffles come in packages now. (Duff's Waffle Mix is one of the best.) Coffee can be instant (Nescafé or Borden's) if there's no two-burner—and show us the man who doesn't like to toss a salad! The French dressing—bottled, if you insist.

In Dayton, Ohio, James McConaughy, author of *Stephen Ayres and Village Chronicle*, is another male cook with a following. His curries are as famous as his fishing-camp beans that cook all night in an iron pot over a hickory fire.

"As for menus," James says, "the most successful I ever concocted was a Sunday night snack of hot leek-and-potato soup (creamed in a Waring Mixer), a chef's salad with lettuce, onions, radishes, peppers, celery, thin slivers of cold chicken and boiled ham with a good French dressing—and crêpes Suzette for dessert. (Roast's Crêpes Suzette in a jar can be obtained by writing to the Epicure Club, Elizabeth, New Jersey. They can also be found at Charles and Vendome in New York. Heat the crêpes Suzette in a chafing dish. Add brandy and blaze it.)

Like Charles Hamrick, James has a wife to help him. She loathes cooking so she gave him a thoroughly professional copper stove with an alcohol lamp and chafing dish attachments. From there he moved right on into the kitchen where he had a larger stove and more room to move around.

Most men have their specialty—a culinary creation they are proud to display if encouraged. And men can cook up a swell party.

## Nancy's shopping list

Continued from page 71

Nancy bought her furnishings over a period of four months. She started with savings of \$200 and gave priority to basic necessities, later added piece by piece out of salary-savings. Here are the things she bought and the prices she paid. If you want to buy similar items you will find many of them at the stores listed opposite page 78. Prices subject to change, and slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Simmons Deep Sleep Mattress, box springs and legs ..... \$84.00  
Printed cretonne, Nashua's "Pen Plaid" design, 17 yds. at \$1.69 per yd. .... \$28.73  
Nashua's Gray Everglaze chintz, 6 yds. at \$1.40 per yd. .... \$8.40  
Cocktail table, commodes and dresser, by Mengel ..... \$156.50  
Selig's sectional love seat and two matching chairs, in Collins & Aikman's "Seneca" bouclé fabric. The group ..... \$234.50  
Flaxtex Rug, 9' x 12', Fay Carpet Co. .... \$75  
Pottery "New Yorker" lamp from Amerikraft ..... \$37.50  
Desk lamp, General Lighting Co. .... \$12  
Total cost: ..... \$636.63  
Other furnishings of Nancy's apartment are carry-overs from school days or gifts from family and friends. Ask your Mademoiselle's LIVING Mart store for items like these:

Gray handkerchief linen, eight-piece luncheon set by Elmer P. Goldsmith, about \$15. Matching apron about \$5. Candlewick pattern plates and goblets by Imperial Glass Corp. Goblets cost about \$6 for half a dozen, plates in proportion. And with them, Oneida's Morning Star pattern. Edward G. Krumpke specializes in cute cupid candelabra and ornaments. So if you haven't inherited any from Grandma, your favorite Mart store may have some of Mr. Krumpke's, from \$4 to \$36, according to size. Nancy had the Emerson black plastic finish radio which now fits so neatly into her book shelves. Many Mart stores carry the same #517 model. The picture over Nancy's disguised bed is a reproduction of a Raoul Dufy from Koltz; about \$45.

We can't promise you'll be able to find all the things Nancy found. We say: take your time. Ask about budget buying. Plan ahead.

## One room and a job

Continued from page 71

letters. I must have written hundreds to advertising big shots, trying modestly to tell them how super suds I'd be as a copy writer. I dashed to New York for three interviews that bore no fruit, and then last August came another summons, and I was hired—for real coin, too. It seemed fabulous.

Meanwhile, Penny had been prodding the real estate boys and girls, and she prods hard. One week before I was due to report on the job I had my room and kitchen in the East Forties, a mere skip from the office. It has taken me four months of careful saving, and even more careful shopping, to furnish it. The first step was to decide about colors. Since it's not a light flat, I chose flat white for two walls and turquoise for the other walls to match a lovely inexpensive cretonne I'd found.

The first thing I bought was a box spring and mattress with bolsters. The bolsters are covered with the plaid cretonne—it's chartreuse, white, turquoise, black and gray—which I also used to cover a piece of cardboard that I tacked along the wall behind the bolsters to make the bed look like a sofa. The flounce on the bed is of the same plaid, and the coverlet is made of plain gray chintz. I sent it to Mother, who is a demon sewer, and she quilted it in squares to repeat the pattern of the cretonne.

My next purchase—after shopping the town, I assure you—was the big thing! Jim says I'll be a wonderful doctor's wife; he claims I'm thrifty and tidy and a glutton for house-cleaning, and not likely to get bored sitting around with nothing to do while he is off raising the dead. At one swoop I bought four modern rubbed gray oak pieces: one chest, two commodes and a coffee-table. They're inexpensive, well made and admirably simple in design, and are part of a bedroom group which I can add to and use in our bedroom after Jim and I are married. I've bought everything with an eye to those larger someday quarters. There's plenty of storage space in the three chests, and my clever Jim worked out some book shelves and a combination desk-dining-table

deal by making a top for one of the chests. He bought an eight-foot plywood panel, cut it out in a curious free shape that looks something like a grand piano, and fitted it over the chest, curving it up to the window. I lacquered it black, and also lacquered the window sill and frame black. I work on this handy top, set dinner for two there, and use it as a buffet when I have more guests.

After my furniture spree, came the rug. I bought a woven gray flax nine-by-twelve textured rug that I'll probably use in our bedroom later. I still didn't have any chairs, but I had to wait several paydays before I could do anything about that. Gradually, and one by one (so that the bills wouldn't be too devastating), I bought a simple little sectional modern love seat and matching chairs upholstered in a nubby chartreuse fabric. You can use them all together to make a settee, or singly as chairs, or in pairs as love seats. They're sturdy and versatile, and Jim says they're comfortable. *That's a compliment!* Jim thinks most chairs are specially designed to make a man miserable.

Mother shipped my books up from Baltimore, and my typewriter is an L. C. Smith Corona, called the "Clipper," that Dad gave me for graduation. Though I use only four fingers for typing. I go like the wind. Mother also sent me the two china cups that decorate my bookcase. (More money saved.) They used to be Granny's and I always loved them. Mother gave me the plaster cupids for the walls, too, and Jim and I tinted them turquoise. Jim thinks the one with candles looks like me—which is a doubtful sort of compliment. My last buy—with the family's Christmas check—is a honey, I think. It's the Duffy print over the bed. It's framed in an exciting new way.

It's such fun fixing up an apartment, especially when it's for today and tomorrow, too. Everything I buy now is with an eye to making my future home with Jim just that much more complete and attractive. My shopping list with prices is on the opposite page.

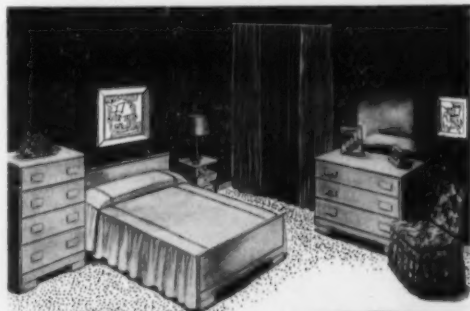


and native American, too! . . .

In "Dogwood," an appealing Indian legend inspires a genuinely "native American" pattern in glassware. \* \* Rich satin Dogwood blossoms float on pools of shimmering crystal. \* \* Or, you may have the petals in delicate cornflower blue or cranberry, or rich ruby. It's a typical COLONY idea that grows "Lovelier as you Live with it." \* \* Wide selection of "Dogwood" occasional pieces, at Bloomingdale's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; The May Co., Los Angeles, and hundreds of other good stores. \* \* The vase illustrated is NOT \$30.00—but under \$3.00. Other pieces are similarly kind to your budget.

PITMAN-DREITZER & CO., INC.

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\* MID-WEST SHOWROOMS: THE MERCHANTS MART, CHICAGO 15, ILL.; CHICAGO 34, ILL.



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## Corner on contributors



Sara Welles



Celia Hubbard



George Nemeny



A. W. Geller



Theodor Muller



Ann Carnahan



Cipe Pineles



Edna Eicke



T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings

### Sara Welles

spent 79 hours in horizontal research for her amusing "Bedeker," p. 116. She free-lances articles; has been assistant art director.

### Celia Hubbard

studied at Boston School of Fine Arts; was former MLE assistant art director; retreats to Cape Cod each summer to paint. See p. 100.

### George Nemeny

is one architect who is predominantly interested in designing small houses (p. 90). During the war, he was FPH project planner.

### A. W. Geller

is a designer of numerous building projects, including a headquarters building and theatre building. He has won four awards. Page 90.

### Theodor Muller

is design consultant to MLE's LIVING; has lectured at Columbia and M. I. T. He is an expert on your reaction to color. Page 112.

### Ann Carnahan

was born in Iowa; has globe-trotted to the Hebrides, West Indies, London, Majorca, Paris, Mexico. Loves writing, cooking (p. 122).

### Cipe Pineles

won first prize in national high-school essay contest, but has since devoted her time to art directing and magazine illustrating. p. 122.

### T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings

is famous internationally as designer of furniture and interiors, author, lecturer. "The most literate designer extant" on page 104.

### Edna Eicke

and her husband, Tom Funk, are all agog about decorating their new house—four floors, all theirs! They should make it a gem. P. 104.

## A weekend garden

Continued from page 100

perennials when they need it, you'll wind up treating them as annuals, and losing a good part of them. It's not that perennials necessarily demand much more time or care than annuals, but that they demand it at specific times in order to continue blooming. For the most part they're too expensive to throw away at the end of only one year. Take our word for it. For the present, try petunias, California poppies, sweet alyssum, marigolds, strawflowers, annual larkspur and cantenbury bells, cosmos, bachelor buttons, flowering tobacco, blue-eyed daisies, baby's-breath.

The first step calls for some pre-season elbow grease, so move over and let your husband in on this. About four of your gardening hours can be dumped in his lap.

As soon as the ground is workable, spade the flower beds to a depth of twelve inches. Over this spread a layer of either cow manure, stable manure, leaf mold or peat moss, and work it into the soil the full twelve inches. Just before the plants are put in place, give the beds a thorough raking to break up the clods and make the soil porous.

After the fertilizer has been added, put metal curbing, obtainable from any contractor, around the beds. It keeps them to their original size and shape, and holds the soil in place. What's more, it can be sunk level with the grass so it won't interfere with the lawn mower. This cuts down not only gardening time, but the eventual and inevitable cost of adding new topsoil to the beds.

If your time is unpredictable, don't start out with many perennials that need transplanting and division to continue flowering year after year. Use annuals and plants that can be treated as annuals, and discarded when summer's over.

Don't buy plants in flats of a dozen each. Get them in individual pots to make transplanting easy and fast. Pansies are the exception to this. They're sold in baskets.

Don't buy more than six different kinds of flowers altogether, and don't get less than four of each kind. The same flower in several colors or shades provides congruity in foliage and form.

Now for the other side of the story, the timesavers not in disguise. However you decide to divide your hour-and-a-half-per-week, here's what you'll do with it:

Plant in rows or drifts, rather than in clumps, for a natural, neat effect and a minimum of care. Space the tall, background plants approximately twenty inches apart, the medium ones twelve to fifteen inches. The low, front-of-the-border plants can get by on about six inches. Set them all in the ground just as deep as they were in the pots. Do this in the afternoon or on a cloudy day. Tamp the soil firmly around the roots and give them a gentle sprinkling to tide them over the shock of being transplanted.

After they've come into full bloom, keep the dead flower heads picked off to prevent the plants from re-seeding. Otherwise you'll have extra work next year pulling out the undesirable results, as a good many annuals don't come true from seed.

Pinch back some of the new growth occasionally to keep up flower production.

When the soil has dried out after a rain, give it a quick going over with a small rake to provide a dust mulch. This will make it moisture-retentive.

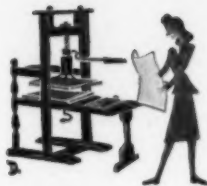
Pull a weed when you see one, but you'll have almost none if you do your raking.

Use the garden hose with discretion. It's better not to water at all than to water everything a little. This encourages weeds and discourages the flowers. If you hit an unusually dry spell, water one small area at a time. Give it a thorough soaking, and skip the rest of the garden until you have more time. The water must penetrate to the roots to do any good at all.

Okay, that's it. Now that you have the do's and the don'ts tucked away in your noggin, skip the dream department and settle for a small, practical garden that will grow in spite of your good intentions.

We've planned three spare-time gardens for you to choose from, all designed to impress the neighbors so the perennials you'll want to add later and your shrubs can get established while no one's looking.

## Our home- maker book reviews



### The prospective buyer

*How to Buy a House*, by L. Douglas Meredith, published by Harper & Brothers, \$2.50. If you're planning to buy a house on time or finance the building of one, this is the book for you. It goes into a crystal-clear, ABC-simple explanation of the problems confronting the would-be owner; gives the answers to such questions as how to arrange financing, how to select a reliable lender, what is the best kind of loan, what is interest and why you pay it.

### The house you build

*Homes*, selected by the editors of *Progressive Architecture*, published by Reinhold, \$5. This is a wonderful picture book of houses, not just plans of houses that might be built, but architectural drawings and beautiful photographs of houses actually being lived in by families from coast to coast. Included are places in the country, on the ocean, river, mountain sites and small suburban lots. The volume is conveniently divided into three parts: one-bedroom, two-bedroom and larger homes.

### Modern art

*Mona Lisa's Mustache, a Dissection of Modern Art*, by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings, published by Alfred A. Knopf, \$3. The author, whose article is included in this issue of *LIVING*, throws a sharp glance toward modern art and proceeds to scalpel wittily the schools of painting and architecture from Rossetti through Dali, with cuts at Gauguin, Picasso, cubism, surrealism, and the Museum of Modern Art on the way. You'll bless or blast the book, depending on your own point of view on art.

### The lights in your house

*Residential Lighting*, by Myrtle Fahabender, published by D. Van Nostrand Company, \$10. This is a big book which deals with all phases of home lighting, the influence of period styling on lighting fixture designs, fluorescent lighting, garden lighting, Christmas lighting, home-wiring. The author answers the questions of which-lamp-where?—with scientific data to back her.

### In the nursery

*Let's Talk About Children*, by Elizabeth Bradford, published by Prentice-Hall, \$2.50. There are many books written about child training from the super-scientific point of view. Elizabeth Bradford writes about the subject in an easy-going but intelligent way. She approaches the cradle-to-kindergarten problems without a lot of talk about neuroses, psychoses and juvenile delinquency, with the result that her book has a kind of slow, wise charm about it—while not neglecting any of the old problems.

### The beginning artist

*Painting for Enjoyment*, by Doris Lee and Arnold Blanch, published by the Tudor Publishing Company, \$1.50. It's just what the title says, a practical book with a fun approach to painting. It gives the basic things a beginner wants to know about colors, brushes, canvas; the different painting media; portraits, still life; and reproduces and appraises the work of outstanding self-taught artists. It's the right book for the novice of any age, whether six or sixty.

### The family pocketbook

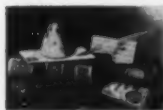
*Financial Planning for the Individual and Family*, by Neva Henrietta Radell, published by F. S. Crofts & Company. Whether you're the other half of a young twosome, a college student, a woman on her own or the head of a family with a limited income, this book will help you figure out your own financial wizardry. Although there is a certain Pollyannish textbook tone to it, the thinking is sound and there is no attempt to prove two can live more cheaply than one.

### Sun in the parlor

*Your Solar House*, edited by Maron J. Simon, published by Simon and Schuster, \$3. Here's a book of practical homes for all parts of the country, by forty-nine of America's leading architects, with forty-nine sets of plans and drawings, together with suggestions for the home-builder. The object: to show the best ways to light and heat a house with sun. It answers such questions as: what does a solar house cost? Is it easy to get a loan on one? is it expensive to heat? et cetera.

## Our cover artists

THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY



William M. Harnett

Charles Howard

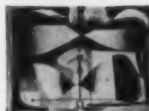


### Still Life

William M. Harnett (1848-1892), whose work we present on page 102, was born in County Cork, Ireland, came to America at an early age, worked as an engraver by day and studied art by night. Later, he divided his time between here and Europe.

### The First Hypothesis

Charles Howard, whose painting, *The First Hypothesis*, appears on page 84, was born in Montclair, New Jersey, in 1899, grew up in Berkeley, California, graduated from the University of California and now lives in England. He is a self-taught artist and first began painting when he worked as an apprentice in a New York decorating shop.



## Hold your breath

Continued from page 40

Do you still protest "thousands for defense but not one scent for tribute"? But do you know about the clinical study made a year or so ago at Flower & Fifth Avenue Hospitals in New York? Fifty patients, hospitalized for a variety of disorders, turned out to have one thing in common: indigestion. In fact, among them they suffered almost every unattractive complaint ever falsely attributed to the cloven healer. Hark, then! All these poor miscreants were given allisatin, a garlic derivative (prepared with charcoal to conceal its identity) for a period of at least a month. And what happened? Relief! Relief for most of them in moderate and even marked degree.

"Maybe so," you concede sulkily, "but you will admit it's kinda unromantic to kiss a garlic-ater." Oh, I don't know. How about Cleopatra? No wallflower, she, though garlic was a staple of Egyptian diet. The Ramesses boys wouldn't be caught dead without it. Had it buried in their tombs ("That they might stink to high heaven?" you irreverently inquire). Ptolemies, too. And where, dear, are the Romance Languages spoken? Italy, Spain and France. Whole centuries of love have flourished there. Can you believe the distinguished families of Capulet and Montague knew nothing of gourmet subtleties in fourteenth century Verona? Was Romeo's pasta innocent of guile?

Give in a little. Yes, garlic is good for you, but never mind that. Who wants a prescription instead of a feast? Test your lingering doubt with champignons à la Provençal that lie like a beatitude in the memory of the diner. Savor the robust soul's content that's hidden in a plate of Friday spaghetti under its yellow snow of freshly grated cheese. Try oysters bubbling in coverlets of fragrant, green-flecked buttered crumbs, or a sonnet in bouillabaisse perfectly scanned with saffron, orange peel and garlic. Be brave. For one fine day you will be graduated a full-fledged alliphile (garlic-lover) and permitted to approach the ultimate, the ivory satin billows of a voluptuous bowl of Aioli sauce. Then, seize the "green lappers," the chicory, cress, romaine and

lettuce with which it's thickly fronded round. Mount the guard! Lock the doors! Stuff the cracks! And sit you down to bliss.

### RECIPES

Aioli Sauce (Pronounced eye-oh-lee)  
Bouillabaisse  
Champignons à la Provençal  
Friday Spaghetti  
Lobster Hors d'Oeuvre

### GARLIC SECRETS MILD TO WILD

*Don See Har Look*—or shrimps in black soy sauce—is a favored dish of gourmet regulars at Lum's Garden on West 49th Street, New York. Many compromises are permissible in the ingredients, according to Manager Frank Eng, but never the omission of garlic, soy sauce, Peking powder and the dash of sugar. The recipe given here is for four people. Substitute ingredients are parenthesized.

Heat 4 tablespoons of peanut oil (or corn oil, but never olive) in a heavy saucepan—preferably round-bottomed. Toss in 2 cloves of garlic chopped fine, 6 to 8 thin slices of fresh ginger (dried ginger root simmered until soft in ¼ cup of broth) and 4 tablespoons black soy beans (drained canned soy beans). "Stir-fry"—meaning toss about with a spatula in the hot oil—for 1 minute. Add 2 dozen or more cleaned, peeled, raw jumbo shrimps (canned lobster or shrimps are good but not so good) and 2¼ cups hot chicken stock (Richardson and Robbins Chicken Broth is convincingly chickeny). Cover tightly and let cook 3 minutes over medium-high flame. Blend 1 tablespoon corn starch with enough broth to make a thin paste and add to mixture. Season with 4 drops of sesame oil (optional) 1 tablespoon black soy sauce and 1 teaspoon Peking powder (B. Altman in New York carries it). Shake in a generous tablespoon of sugar. Stir-fry again quickly and serve at once with individual bowls of dry, fluffy rice. Total assembling time, 8 minutes.

*Lobster Smack* for small but elegant cocktail parties begins with the meat of one small lobster (canned lobster or lump crab-meat) cut in 1-inch pieces. Mix with ½ cup chopped white celery

Continued on page 170

## We live in one of the oldest houses in Indiana

Continued from page 49

furnishing up a place like this is a lifetime proposition. I helped Mother with some of her plans, and went on some antiquing trips with her. I couldn't do as much as I'd have liked, because I was working and saving pennies for the home Wayne and I would start when he came back. But by the time he was mustered out of the Army it was so hard to find a roost that we had about decided to pitch a tent in one of Daniel Stout's wheat fields, when business made it necessary for Mother and Father to move to Chicago.

That's how Wayne and I happen to live in such a sumptuous place. It's much handsomer than anything we could afford to buy. Besides, we don't plan to buy. We've chosen a site just over the hill, and when Mother and Father retire

and reclaim their home, we are going to build a house just a stone's throw from the main house. My brother Chilton has also fallen in love with the place, and also plans to build on one of the acres. In short, the Browns and the Burkharts and their progeny—our infant son Garrett is too young to declare himself clearly, but we're sure he's a Daniel Stout fan, too—are filled with enthusiasm for Early American stone houses, for antiques and the pleasant task of helping to fix and decorate their own home. Wayne is a wonderful handy man. He can do all the indispensable odd jobs that need doing around a house. I am the collector. My special passion is for Early American glass. When we do finally build our "Dream House" I hope I'll have collected enough Americana to furnish it.

## We built a new house in the Old South

Continued from page 58

room, many closets, a laundry, a fireplace and floors that are different.

Our house has no basement, but layers of stone, tile and concrete keep the floors warm and dry. A four-inch base of crushed stone was first set on the ground. Over this, three-inch-thick hollow tile was laid for air space. Then concrete was poured over the tile. The final touch is a thin layer of black asphalt tile which covers the concrete in the kitchen, bath and bedrooms. Carolina flagstone, a grayish blue-green stone, makes dramatic floors in the living-room, dining-room and breezeway.

Tom and I spent weeks studying grays—blue-grays, red-grays, warm and cold grays—before we found a gray that looked well with our flagstone floors. Mastering the gray situation, we moved on to paint samples, color charts and fabric swatches. We decided on a white-gray (more white than black, the painter told me, and no other color added) for the walls all over the house. We use yellow, rust and green accents in the living- and dining-rooms; the kitchen has yellow, blue and red as spice

for the gray. Only two walls in young Tommy's room are gray; the other two are papered in blue with a brisk red figure. Our room, Tom's and mine, has three gray walls. The other wall is papered in cranberry on which strut bright blue and cream figures that look like peacocks. Our curtains are bright blue, and the bedspreads are cream. Tom and I are happy with our gray. It makes a fine neutral background for all our color combinations.

I'm glad antiques are good mixers. We live in a modern house, but I much prefer antiques—colonial or simple non-period pieces—to modern furniture. We inherited our beds, two clocks and a desk. Tom inherited a table clock which has been in his family for four generations. I inherited a French clock in a brass case. We bought our bedroom chests, chairs, love seat, dining-room table and three occasional tables. We have a small chest in the living-room which we use as another table.

Tom and I spend most of our spare time in the living-room, listening to the radio or reading.

Tom's hobby is music, mine is raving. We both collect miniature pitchers. Tom likes baseball. I like hiking. When he tunes in on the baseball game, I take to the woods. We both like football, and listen to the Saturday games together.

Tom wanted some sort of roof between us and the garage. "No one getting wet," he maintained, "when a breeze can act as an umbrella." When it rains, we drive into the garage, park the car, and walk to the house without getting wet. In summer, we move furniture to the breezeway, and our dog—trout—as we call it—becomes a sheltered porch.

The living-room and dining-room connect and are used as one big room for buffet suppers and parties. However, there is enough of a dividing wall to make them separate rooms when that is more practical. Tom says I brag too much about our fireplace, but I know it's the nicest one in North

Carolina. We've used glass balls along the molding of the fireplace instead of wood beading. When we light a fire on chilly evenings, the glass balls catch and reflect the firelight.

When we were working out our plans, I insisted on a big kitchen. I love to cook and try to steal time for it from household jobs I don't enjoy—washing floors, for instance. Eva is my mainstay. She was with Mother for twenty years. She raised me and is now raising Tommy.

Tom and I spent a year planning our house. It looks much prettier than the visual drawing Dad showed us. We are proud of the finished product. We have great ambitions for it. It is designed so that it can be added to easily and, someday, we hope to enlarge both our family and our living quarters. I'd like to buy the adjoining lot and plant flowers there. Then Tom can listen to all the baseball games. I'll have the garden!

## I like art in the decorative arts

Continued from page 60

by the silk screen process in my own workshop, a method which makes it possible to retain the artists' original colors and to reproduce their subtle lines faithfully. The wallpapers may be had in the artists' original colors or in any combination of colors desired.

Their designs are far different from those of the usual commercial wallpapers. Even the titles are provocative. Ruth Amer calls her paper *Sky High*; *Space Balance* is a bold study in color and line by Ed Corbett; Paul Forster names a maize and pink pattern *Sechuan Tigers*. No rosebuds or medallions have been turned out in stereotype by these creative folk. Their designs vary from high-keyed color brilliance to vivacity of line on grayed backgrounds. Most of the patterns are large, forthright, courageous; have the quality and personality of the artists' oils and water colors. It would be interesting to give an artist a twin performance on a featured wall; for instance, to hang an abstract Leah Hamilton landscape on her own wallpaper; or two artists might be teamed up, a Dora Bothwell rendering of the *Zodiac* in oil, let us say, endorsed on Adaline Kent's blue-gray wallpaper, *Minutes of the Last Meeting*.

These papers naturally inspire

decorating ideas. While most of the designs are abstract or semi-abstract, and there's not a quaint pattern in the group, don't imagine they can't be used in a traditional house or with antiques. Actually, they're especially arresting with old things. At least, that's my conviction, but then I'm not an antiquarian. Nor a purist. And quaintness makes my flesh creep. My own house is old and narrow and funny, after the fashion of frame houses built seventy or eighty years ago, but with its gray and white paint it has a jaunty, modern look. The furnishings are Victorian, but they've lost their overstuffed dignity. It's my contention that if antiques are fit to survive and live with us in the modern world, they must show a modern spirit; they must be willing to kick up their ancient heels and prove that they are still full of vitamins. They can do this by responding well to the shock treatment of brilliant modern colors, of modern fabrics, modern paintings, and modern wallpaper backgrounds.

A word of caution, however, is in order about the wallpaper our San Francisco artists have designed. They should be used with restraint and care. A single panel may be enough in one room. In

Continued on page 170

## More facts about Colin

### and Candy's furnishings

Continued from page 82

Colin and Candy have as tight a budget as Nancy's, in furnishing and decorating their home. But they didn't go hog-wild either. . . . Here are some details of their costs:

The Weldtex walls were part of the construction of the house. Carpeting was medium-priced—about \$11 per sq. yd. for the living-room, \$9 per sq. yd. for the major bedroom. They used scatter rugs in the rest of the house (from \$13 to \$18 each). Cost of tables ran from about \$45 for nightstands up to \$125 for a big, handsome dining-table. Drapery fabrics ranged from a mere \$1.39 to \$9.50 a yd., according to the particular effect Colin and Candy wanted.

When it came to major furniture, they didn't buy sets of stuff—no suites! Instead, they got pieces that fit the real-life uses of the rooms. Less than \$700 bought handsome upholstered furniture. For their own bedroom they bought two dressers, a bed with a good mattress and box spring and two relaxing chairs. A crib, day bed, chest and nightstand were all that was needed for the nursery-sitting room. Their closet accessories were bought in a LIVING Mart store. They were made by Kerk Guild and range from \$5 to \$12. Continuing with the bedroom, the big white glass lamps are by Kessler: \$65 each. In the little boy's room a tile lamp (made by Lightolier) and a small Philco radio were all the accessories needed, other than toys.

The beautiful, large living-kitchen has an outdoorsy look because of the Spring Crocus curtains and the attractive Ficks Reed furniture (unit prices ranged from \$24 to \$85). The Merrihorne jug-lamp cost \$29.95. Colin and Candy used lots of shiny copper mugs and wall boxes. Your store may have some like them from Mollie Boynton. The living-room is dressed up with items from Candy's pet hobby—milk glass collecting. Many of her showpieces are antiques, but she also has fine reproductions from Westmoreland—uses them constantly. She likes them with her Gorham Strasbourg silver. Colin is a disc-hound; buys records for their Magnavox when the budget permits. Store list on page 78.

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Continued from page 169

another, one wall might be papered. They are not safe or dull designs. You can't slap them haphazardly all over the place as if they were nondescript nosegays. But if you use them thoughtfully they will do as much for a room as a well-chosen painting.

As a decorator, I have already used most of the papers with furnishings of every period and in

## We live in one of the newest houses in California

Continued from page 53

Charles Eames and Eero Saarinen were awarded jointly two first prizes, it became increasingly important to find the means by which good design could be made available to many people at lower cost.

The museum did an important thing in providing for the manufacture of the winning designs, but it was soon discovered that the then-existing techniques for molding plywood were inadequate. In order to make a real saving, methods of low-cost mass production had to be devised.

So work was undertaken in California to study means and techniques for molding wood furniture. Experiments were in progress at the outbreak of the war, and research and development were quickly channeled into producing molded plywood traction splints which the Navy used in great quantity.

Along with the work on Navy

rooms of all kinds: children's rooms, businessmen's offices, game rooms, halls, living-rooms, night clubs and dining-rooms. I find the papers amazingly versatile. They're dramatic or lyric, nervous or dignified, according to where they are used, how they are used, and with what furnishings they are combined. Their possibilities are endless, and you may find a happy place for one in your life.

splints, there were contracts fulfilled for vertical and horizontal stabilizers to be used in aircraft. And later (as the Molded Plywood Division of the Evans Products Company), experimental work was carried out on molded sections for troop-bearing gliders.

At the end of the war, the experience gained in mass production techniques, plus the precise and varied demands of wood aircraft parts, formed an ideal background against which to carry on further work on the furniture.

Valuable wartime developments, such as weather-resisting resins permitting indoor and outdoor use, and special bonding and welding techniques have been applied to the pieces. And now the first phase of the program is under way, with mass production enabling national distribution of reasonably priced furniture—of high quality material and of simple design.

## Hold your breath

Continued from page 168

and 1/4 cup chopped scallion (mild onions). Salt very lightly. Then mash 1 large clove of garlic until liquid. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon each of sugar and curry powder, and 1/4 teaspoon each of black pepper, oregano (optional) and coriander (whole seeds or powder). Blend with 3 tablespoons olive oil (Wesson oil) and 1 1/2 tablespoons lime juice (lemon juice or vinegar). An additional flourish of chopped green pepper and/or a few "feathers" of fresh dill is all right, too. Slosh the lobster meat around in this sauce and then let it marinate in the refrigerator for a few hours. Just before serving you can smooth in a big

tablespoon of mayonnaise for texture, but it isn't essential. Serve with triangles of soft bread or with beaten biscuits. (Serves four or five with drinks.)

**Mushrooms Provençal** is a dish well known in France, almost unheard of here. Served as a course in place of either soup or salad, or even as a main lunch dish, it is ever an astonishment — and superb. Peel tops and stems of 1 lb. of mushrooms. Plunge into cold water to which 1 teaspoon of vinegar has been added. Let stand 10 minutes. If large, cut mushrooms in half. Chop stems coarsely. Drain mushrooms and stems well

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and add 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley and/or chives, 2 well-mashed cloves of garlic, a grind of black pepper. Let marinate in saucepan for 10 minutes, turning occasionally. Shake in 1 tablespoon flour. Stir well. Moisten with 2 tablespoons white wine and 1 tablespoon water. Simmer 10 minutes and serve very hot.

**Friday Spaghetti**, joy to budget and spirit, is a post graduate course for ailophiles. The proportions, therefore, should be gauged by appetite, enthusiasm and the number at table. For four, the procedure is, therefore, this: Grind 4 to 6 stalwart cloves of garlic and cook them in 3 tablespoons of olive oil (no substitute). Next, turn off heat and toss in a good big cup of chopped parsley, chives, scallion tops, fresh dill and any other fresh herbs you happen to have around. Season with salt. Meanwhile, boil 1 package of spaghetti or Butoni in a large pot of boiling, salted water for 9 to 12 minutes. (It's best to fang up a hoop from time to time and munch. Spaghetti and all other pastas should be *al dente*; just cooked through but not soft enough to be so slippery the sauce doesn't stick to it.) Drain spaghetti well. Put back in pan over fire long enough to reheat. Then pour the sauce over it and slew it around madly with two forks until the strands are well coated. Most Italians prefer this dish *without* cheese, but most American undergraduates are likely to want to add a coat of Parmesan (*freshly* grated, please!).

**Aioli Sauce**, the *ne plus ultra*, the supreme test for qualified students of gust(sic)ation. Only experiment can tell you whether it is double or triple this recipe for four. Peel and pound to liquid 2 cloves of garlic. Beat in the yolk of 2 eggs. Add 1 scant tablespoon of cold water. Blend. Turn electric mixer to high speed (if beating by hand, use wooden spoon and stir always in one direction, keeping bowl cool over ice) and add, a teaspoon at a time, 1/2 cup of olive oil. A second cup of oil may then be added a tablespoon at a time. When sauce thickens, add lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste. If mixture curdles, rescue it by beating it into another egg yolk. Keep in moderately cool place and serve with a big bowl of greens with which to ladle it up. (Note: This sauce is fabulously good with fan haddie or any other cooked smoked fish dish.)

## I couldn't live without you, darling, but . . .

Continued from page 57

your closet, and the closet under the stairs are full to the brim—so help me!

Some husbands are no use around the house, or so I've heard. This isn't true of you. You're a mighty willing darling, though I sometimes wish you weren't. Remember that fishing print you hung over the sideboard last week? Does hanging a picture really have to be such a production? My own method is to get a nail and a hammer and hang the damn thing. You make with two kinds of rulers, something called a level, all sorts of wire, special nails, three hammers, and a sizzling vocabulary. How straight or stationary can a picture be? Yesterday I fixed the valve on the radiator with a hairpin. I don't dare tell you, because you are planning to buy three more wrenches for the job. You've already spent five hours working on the valve with a kit of plumbing tools (acquired the time the sink got stopped up in the kitchen and used effectively then to flood the room), but the valve was still leaking when I attacked it with a small gadget taken out of my back hair.

While my hair is still down, may I mention with as little bitterness as I can contrive, that the half-finished projects most husbands are addicted to will someday drive their wives nuts as fruit cakes? Two months ago, my love, you built a beautiful row of library shelves at one side of our fireplace. The complementary row which, according to your story, will one day take its place on the other side, still lies on the floor in the shape of big boards, nails, hammers, saws and other paraphernalia, and our books and lamps still range dejectedly along the walls. You are going to finish this job soon, and your feelings would be injured if I hired a carpenter to expedite matters, but I do wonder, dear, how long a half-finished project can remain half finished? Until the silver wedding anniversary is my guess, and that's why I'd like to get an electrician to drop around, even if I forgo the carpenter.

I know you're a whiz with positive and negative electric shots, or whatever they're called, but our

radio has been dismantled since the night before Christmas when you decided to mend it instead of locating the blown bulb on the Christmas tree, and I begin to miss the news of the world—and even the commercials.

I come now to a point that really baffles me. Last fall, after the wear of the war years, we decided to paint and refurbish. Do you recall the to-do about our living-room? I suggested oyster-gray walls with a banana-yellow ceiling.

"A yellow ceiling," you shouted. "Good Lord, no!" You said you'd never heard of such a thing. You said you'd spent thirty years of your life with white ceilings and intended to go on living with white overhead until your final hour.

I said, "That's hardly possible, outdoors," but you didn't care to argue the merits of God as an exterior decorator; you clung doggedly to interiors. So we painted our walls gray—again—and our ceiling white. Then I showed you the new chintz. It had leaves on it. Big leaves, to be sure, but calmly green in color.

"No," you said. "Positively no. Too noisy. Too bold. Let's have a solid color, something soothing and quiet." So that's what we have.

Here, however, is the rub. A few nights ago we had dinner with the Paines. What color is their living-room ceiling? Burgundy! What have they used at their windows and on their sofa? The wildest flowered material I've ever seen: hot pink with inflated red roses blooming on it! And what did you say when we left? You said—remember? "Isn't their house attractive? That living-room—it's got such warmth. Why doesn't our house look like that?" May I ask, honeybunch, why the double standard? You admire dash, color, drama in other houses—but ours has to be strictly mouse—mouse gray with now and then a giddy touch of field-mouse brown. Darling, can you tell me why?

Also, why do we have to keep that monstrous overstuffed chair by our only fireplace. You say "because it's comfortable." But you never use it. I've kept track. You haven't sat in it once in two years. Instead you teeter back in a reclining position on one of the

hind legs of the small Duncan Phyfe chair Aunt Lucy gave us, and its appendages have been repaired so often that Mr. Dunstable doubts if he can glue and hammer them together again after the next mishap. I won't say another word about the teetering if you'll agree to pension off the fireside monster.

You make characteristic male fun of small ash trays. You say ash trays should be big and functional. Ours are enormous and hideous but not functional, because you never use them. You flick ashes on the carpet ("keeps moths out," you say), in the flower pots (does that keep moths out of the philodendron?)—anywhere but in the receptacles whose function it is to receive ashes.

I've almost covered the subject—but not quite. You've a fine reputation for making three special dishes: spaghetti, kidney beans in red wine and onion soup. You like to run up these creations when we have guests. The guests all oh and ah and say how good the food is, and they're right. The women also say I'm lucky to have such an accomplished husband, and glare reproachfully at their men. They might not consider me jack-pot winner if they could see the kitchen where I'll spend six hours establishing order after they, and you, are all snug in your beds digesting the wondrous fare. I don't mind the myriad dirty pots and pans so much, but what I can't understand is why seven dish towels and six pot holders have to get fouled up in the making of one dish. There's a similar bathroom problem. How can it take four hand towels to dry two hands? When you finish washing, the bathroom looks as if a centipede had been cleaning up. (I know I'm scrambling feet and hands, but is my point clear?)

One of your best qualities, my sweet, is your willingness. If I ask you to stop by the Fairview Groceries on the way home to buy two cans of tomato soup you say "Sure," as pleasantly as you please. But what happens? You buy six cheeses, three different kinds of bread—rolls, a French loaf and a loaf of raisin bread—a new breakfast food, six packages of cookies, a cake in cellophane,

a new detergent powder, two bottles of salad oil made from peanuts, decorative paper napkins that won't go with the china and a new furniture polish. You bring home your loot proudly—of course, you forgot the soup—and though most of the purchases aren't necessary, and the bread and cookies and cake will get stale before we can even sample them, I do not want to stifle your euphoric impulses, so I beam. At least, I used to beam. Now I try not to let you get near a market. Because when the weekly bill is presented you forget your splurge, and I'm the little woman who is running hog-wild, and foundering the bank balance for our bellies.

One last bleat while I'm on the subject. I love guests. Impromptu or invited. I never make like the comic-strip wife when you bring the boys home for drinks or a meal. But, brave little frau though I pretend to be, I do sometimes wonder why you can never give me a minute's warning via the phone. I'm always caught with cold cream on my face and under my nails—that's what the beauty peddlers tell the busy housewife to do while dusting and making with the vacuum—and with a cloth round my head and the house in a dither. Someday I'd like to meet your attractive friends all done up in my new-look suit, with the living-room gleaming and enough food on tap.

Now that the venom is out of my fang, let me say just this: I couldn't live without you, darling, so don't change in any drastic way—because maybe I couldn't live with you if all of a sudden you were somebody else. I'll take you with our mouse-gray living-room, our comfortable chair that's never sat in, your stacks of memorabilia and the havoc you create in kitchen and bath—any day in the week, and like it.

With love,  
Mary

P.S. I hope you'll okay the petunia-colored faille I want to use for our bedroom curtains. Really, those lotus leaves aren't very wild, and there's not much pink in the stripe.

P.P.S. Alix and Arthur are coming for spaghetti tomorrow night. I've hidden the dish towels.

## Save for sunshine

... not for rain

Continued from page 98

to know what we're doing. In part, it's because our whole attitude toward spending is too young. We haven't yet learned to be good traders and get the most out of our incomes. We still haven't reached the point where we're willing to sit down and figure out what that most is in our particular terms.

It's just a matter of deciding on what you want, asking whether you can afford it, and then putting into effect the Mason Jar Plan—not a lode fee, but a new twist to the old Piggy Bank Version of Saving. Say, for instance, the entire family wants a radio-phonograph. A Mason jar will make the whole operation easier to visualize than bank-book savings. Get a big empty canning jar, puncture a slit in the cover for nickels, dimes and quarters and label it with a picture of the phonograph model the whole family is dreaming about. Then maybe the next time you're heading for the neighborhood movie, because it's handy and you're tired, that jar will trip you up. It might even move Junior to do without *Ape Man* occasionally, for the fun of hearing those pennies clink, the importance of being a partner. In the meantime, you can all be listening to records, making selections, writing lists. The Mason jar, plus a bit of sleuthing, will help you find out what happens to those extra dollars you're allowing to slither away.

This kind of deferred spending—whether Mason jar or bank-

book type, this saving for fun, saving for something will alert you all along the financial line. It throws a highlight on leaks; inspires short cuts; helps you juggle other expenses to give this one breathing space; speeds up your education as a purchasing agent; does wonders for your psychic income, i. e., for your sense of security.

Nothing in life is static—certainly not budgets (Old French *bouquette*, meaning wallet). Split the contents of that wallet to suit your changing needs. Though dollar bills are silent, make the money talk. Not just saving for saving's sake. Save for something every time. As Dorothy Parker says, "If you keep money too long, it spoils." Be a little like the grasshopper and a little like the ant. Keep your feelers to the g. for the things you want: insurance, money in the bank, that vacation, a baby, a car. Be specific; don't grindstone for grindstone's sake. Leave a little room for the *toujours gai* stuff, the planning for pleasure. So if you can't make hay while the sun shines, you can at least save for sunshine with all the hay you can spare.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Neva Henrietta Radell, an expert in financial planning, assistant professor of Home Economics, Columbia University, author of the recent book, *Financial Planning for the Individual and Family*, F. S. Crofts and Company, was LIVING's advisor in preparing this article.

## Amerikaner style ...

first day

Continued from page 147

Our open-mouthed wonder amply repaid her for her trouble.

Mrs. Schier, and other kindly neighbors, had stocked the icebox for the "greenhorns" (all immigrants helped each other) and Mamma resolved to prepare a feast for the first meal we would have together in three years. But first she would clean the flat.

Her first purchases were sym-

bolite: a pail, scrubbing brush and soap for herself, a stick of candy for the children.

On her hands and knees she scrubbed her way from one end of the apartment to the other. She lined the closets and cupboards with clean sheets of newspaper, with which she also covered the kitchen floor. We children trailed after her, looking at the pictures

in the newspaper, particularly admiring the antics of the Katzenjammers and Happy Hooligan.

And the supper she prepared! I can shut my eyes and smell again the aroma of the chicken soup with "knadle," the roast chicken, the potato kugel.... "It is too bad," said Mamma, "that I haven't time to make barabaches; your father would enjoy it."

The table was set with the good white cloth, and the food was placed in the kitchen cupboard to await the coming of the father.

And when he came! I was young and so I was surprised: there was more crying than laughing.

We sat down at last, and Mamma went to get the food from the

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cupboard. She opened the door, and stood amazed. Gone was the food. Gone, too, were the shelves, newspaper coverings and all. Only the opposite wall met her gaze.

Mamma felt her head reel, and clutched at the door for support. Impossible! She turned to Papa for help.

"The food," she stammered, "the food is gone!"

Papa got up to look. "You put the food in there?" Papa laughed—roared with laughter until the tears streamed down his cheeks, and we children laughed with him without knowing why.

And then Papa explained to Mamma about another Amerikaner device—the dumb-waiter!

## At home in your

best bib and tucker

Continued from page 68

brunette. (Naturally, a blonde or a redhead would feature another palette.) I carry things one step further, and choose a lip-tick that's exactly the same deep rose-red of my apartment. These are little things, but they count in making yourself part of the pretty picture of a pretty home.

It's fun to dress up for friends who are coming to supper. It's fun to dress up for a quiet time with Tom, too. We both love to spend the evening reading and talking, with the fire crackling on the hearth and the noise and turmoil of the day shut out and forgotten. New York can be blissfully small-town, too. Tom reads voraciously—art books, of course, and I read all the fashion magazines. For the rest, I'm a headline reader, but since Tom consumes four newspapers a day, he keeps me informed. "What's up these days," I ask him idly after dinner, and by golly I find out.

Tom listens to my shop talk generously and, being an artist, he's genuinely interested in women's clothes. He was so taken with a nightgown I designed—with a special underslip I wear it as a dinner dress, too—that he suggested I pose for my portrait. The painting is almost finished and I'm making room for it over our sofa in the living-room. Tom agrees with me that the longer skirts are much more graceful. I've always worn my skirts a little longer than was fashionable—I don't think knees are pretty on the subway.

Tom also likes the new look through the middle—a little waist and feminine hips. Fashion is romantic these days, and perfectly adapted to pretty at-home clothes, which should be not only romantic but comfortable and graceful, too. It would be hard to design a slouchlike dress for the fire-side, but it's a cinch to be the leading lady of a gracious home in a ballet-length full skirt and an off-the-shoulder blouse. My chief theory about fashions, for you and your home, is that they should be easy to wear, exciting in color, interesting in fabric and as simple as possible. I'm a bug on fit in clothes and will rip a dress apart if the line is one bit off. I feel the same way about slip covers—they should fit chairs and sofas perfectly. I like to use felt for upholstery on a sofa and make a matching skirt; I like to use dress material for curtains and curtain material for dresses. It's exciting to experiment, and in your own home you can try your hand at personal color schemes and use fabrics in new ways—all to suit yourself.

### To Buy Mille's Advance Patterns\*

Mille's Advance Patterns may be purchased at leading stores in your city. Or enclose the price of the pattern and order by mail direct from the Advance Pattern Company, 331 East 38 Street, New York 16, N. Y. (Please make checks or money orders payable to Advance Patterns.)

\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# You can so sew

With needle and thread, a few hours and the patterns below, you can make attractive at-home clothes to match the color scheme of your own happy home. Below, front and back views of patterns on p. 66-69



No. 4816. 35c. A button-to-the-neck housecoat for evenings at home. For a size 16 housecoat, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39" fabric; for the apron, 4 yards of 35" fabric; tie with 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 1" ribbon



No. 4817. 25c. A pretty ballet-length skirt that you can make as long or as short as you like. For size 16 skirt, 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39" fabric; for size 34 long-sleeve jersey blouse, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54" fabric

Continued on page 178



## Let's get acquainted!

One of the good things of life is Jones Dairy Farm Sausage. What's more, you don't have to wait till you get old and gray to enjoy it. Jones Sausage is made, as always, on the Jones Dairy Farm at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. The recipe is simply choice cuts of young pork, seasoned according to the Jones family formula. So let's get acquainted. Try Jones Dairy Farm Sausage for supper next Sunday night. For sale at better markets everywhere.

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For name of nearest store write

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## Goody—we all get a present

Continued from page 120

words, you may open the door to a juvenile freeze, or the party may get panicked and all the guests manifest unmistakable intentions of going home en masse. But remember that there's always some happy extrovert in the group. It may be your own Toodles or the six-year-old super salesman who lives down the block. Each party has a key character; find him, make him the leader (let him be the first to pin the donkey tail) and everything will click. The potential Walter Mitty's, who dream in corners, or the Mr. Meeks, who go into hiding at parties, and other assorted types will rush in when they see that your key angel doesn't fear to tread.

Children are very direct people, and any party starts in high if those who come bearing gifts find there is also something in it for them. The old looting instinct again. The day you send out the invitations take the afternoon off and lay in stock for a Treasure Hunt. Some of the nicest things in the world still cost only ten cents. Wrap them in twists of tin foil and colored tissue paper and hide them all over the room on the morning of The Day. Provide a sandpail for each guest, or just a plain paper bag, and let them start out to get it filled as soon as you've said you're glad to see them, and have taken off their coats. Here are some of the treasures that come from a good ten-cent store: delicious hard candies and toffees (all wrapped up, too), small pads and pencils, crayons, rings, marbles, wrist watches, jumping frogs, tiny memo books, plastic scissors, balloons to take home (not blown up), modeling clay, noisemakers, folding pocket combs (how can you ever tell what will take their fancy?), cards, hourglasses, doll clothes, plastic cars and planes, bird and animal and flower stickers, American flags, etcetera.

Hide the treasures all around the room, in the seats of chairs, under tables, behind piano legs, in corners, everywhere. Really hide some, and have others in plain sight—people don't like to work too hard when they're out on a party.

Try the Mystic Maze on your guests. Give each party-goer the end of a long string, tie the strings to the presents, and hide them. Then let each kindergartner follow his own string, weaving through the rooms, under chairs, around tables. Or you can play this game in the back yard, with string wound around the bushes and the present cached away under a shrub or up a tree.

A variation on the Treasure Hunt and the Mystic Maze has lately been invented by a six-year-old known as Alex. She planned it for Brother's third birthday.

"You blow up lots of balloons," she said. "Oh, lots more than one for a person, and YOU WRAP UP PRESENTS AND TIE THEM TO THE BALLOONS and throw them around and WHEN YOU CATCH A BALLOON YOU CATCH A PRESENT, too."

For five cents apiece extra, city folks can have some of their balloons blown up with helium at the store they buy them from—and they'd better not try taking them home in the rush hour. But plain balloons also do very well, especially when you come in and see the party room decorated, as Alex would say, with lots more than one balloon for a person. Presents have to be light and small, of course; for instance, the rings and pins (coveted by both sexes), nips of perfume (enrages parents, but who's the party for, anyway?), gum (ditto), small plastic animals, tiny rubber dolls, doll house hilelotes, whistles.

Another variation of the Treasure Hunt idea is the Fish Pond: Set up an ordinary screen in one corner of the room. Behind it, post a helper with a boxful of dime-store presents. Meanwhile, in front of the screen, you line the kiddies up to "fish" in the pond.

What with hunting, finding, unwrapping, comparing, sampling and woolgathering, a Treasure Hunt or a Balloon Catching will last the best part of an hour and the guests will wind up thoroughly mollified, feeling rich as Midas and in a mood to follow your lead in Pinning the Tail on the Donkey. Start things off by doing the pinning yourself, very wide of the

mark. This is simply hysterical.

The standard parlor games are all well enough in their way, especially if a prize goes with them, but they pall. However, you can count on them from about four to half past (until the rush for ice cream and cake). There's nothing wrong with a good rousing game of beanbag here; or bring on cellophane ponchos and soap bubbles for all. In one house, where there is a good big bathroom, the hit of the afternoon was a soap bubble-blowing in the bathroom from a tub and basin filled with suds. And since it's a party there's no harm in having the water colored pink, for instance, using Easter egg papers or any of the candy dyes. The new Bubbleon is fun, too. It comes in a tube with a little pipe and can be blown up into balloons that are half bubbles.

It will be noticed that nothing has been said here about The Professional Magician, The Punch and Judy Company, The Man with the Suitable Movie. In the first place, such vaudeville will cost you the skin of your husband, as the Spanish say. In the second place, they are wasted on people to whom sitting still is an intolerable muscular strain after the first five minutes and whose capacity for concentration is about on the humming bird level.

Before supper, allow about fifteen minutes to take the guests one by one to wash their hands—as the saying is. And now the great moment—into the dining-room! Have a table covered with bright gift paper, the shiny kind, and big lace paper doilies on top of that. A table covered with icebox tin foil and then with colored cellophane also looks very much like a party, and a bewitching tablecloth can be made of clear cellophane, with red roses and dahlias and chrysanthemums and pansies, cut out of seed catalogues, pasted all over it. Set favors at each place, nut cups filled with candy, or perhaps transparent banks showing a few bright new pennies inside. Or colored spectacles with plastic lenses. Or distorting mirrors (very giggly). Celluloid canaries look nice perched on milk glasses, and it's also a pleasant surprise to find

a small wooden animal—plak wooden pig or leggy giraffe—waiting beside the plate. A lollipop tree makes a beautiful centerpiece. The system is to break off a bushy, twiggy branch, dip it in gold paint or Kem-Tone and tie the lollipops lightly to all the branches. Set the base in a pebble-filled bowl or flower pot.

As to the refreshments, the first course won't be terribly important to your guests, so don't make it an important thing to yourself. Creamed chicken (easy on young tummies), milk, raw carrot sticks and bread and butter sandwiches are classic. Thin sandwiches cut in fancy shapes tend to go down easier than the everyday rectangles. It's a good idea to serve a selection of them on each plate (makes the choosing more fun), with a helping of scrambled eggs instead of the conventional chicken, and cocoa on the side. A platter of little hot dogs in soft finger rolls makes a great hit; they're one of the favorite foods and, again, they eliminate the knife and fork problem. Serve mashed potatoes and hot apple sauce with them. All easy to get down throats choking with excitement. And finally—at last—two kinds of ice cream are better than one. Allow a quart for four children. It's more than they can possibly eat (the old folks can finish it up for dinner) but they love to see it in unlimited amounts—and, besides, the ice cream and cake is the thing. Turn out some, but not all of the lights in the dining-room before the lighted cake comes in. By the time the last note of Happy Birthday has died away and the candles have been chuffed out, you'll need reviving. You will have done well to have sneaked in an hour for repose, somewhere between morning and afternoon. Your guests will appreciate it if you welcome them looking resplendent, coiffed, perfumed, and as overdressed as possible, and they like you to keep your bloom till the dot of six.

But if the party really turns into a riotous success, you'll discover that as a hostess you'll do a gradual fade-out—it won't be your party, it will be theirs. The secret is to keep the guests busy every

minute, serve them cake and ice cream with a flourish and send them home staggering happily under a load of presents. Then you won't have to worry about little characters like the one who in the midst of the games arrived politely that she was having a "lovely-time-thank-you. But," she asked her hostess, "when are we

going to eat the party?"

Two-year-old Wendy and six-year-old Taffy Herrmann, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Herrmann, were hostesses at the party featured on pages 120-1. Their guests, ranging from three to six, were: Toni Hess, Donald da Parma, Mark Thompson, Barbara Roan, and Ralph Wynne.

## Get your kitchen out of hobble skirts

Continued from page 107

arranged opposite each other is just as good. As one young woman remarked, "You pick the saucepans up to put them on the stove anyway, you don't shove them along on a conveyor belt."

The experts seem to think that a one-wall or Pullman-type kitchen is about the least efficient; though not much is to be said for the individual-center kitchen, where each work center is separated from the others by doors or similar obstructions. The larger this type of kitchen, the more difficult it is to cope with individual centers. On the other hand, the one-wall Pullman kitchen gets tougher as it gets smaller. Reason: an increasing need for roller skates in the former; lack of work space and incipient claustrophobia in the latter.

A too-small kitchen is harder to plan well than a too-big one, because if you are lucky enough to have a big kitchen, you can always group your equipment at one end and turn the other end into a laundry, breakfast corner, play pen for the baby or hobby room. You can divide it off with a serving bar, or cupboards opening front and back.

In a big kitchen you can usually count on enough storage space, and space for the things you need near the spot where you use them. For instance, pots near the stove, mixing bowls near the flour, seasonings near the food preparation center, and so on.

In a small kitchen every inch must count. Often there's not space enough for even a modest trousseau of pots and pans, and half the china and provisions must be stowed away on shelves you can't reach without a step-stool. Some of the tastiest meals are cooked in kitchenettes, but they take twice as much effort and forethought as they would in a normal-sized, turn-around-twice kitchen.

For the past generation the trend has been toward smaller and smaller kitchens, until at last the vanishing point has about been reached, and the reaction has begun. More and more young people, like Colin and Candy, want bigger kitchens and will sacrifice dining-rooms to get them. They want a big kitchen, not because they like to tramp wearily from sink to stove, or because they plan to feed multitudes, but because they dream of a pleasant, homey kitchen: "the hub of the house," as Candy calls hers. "If I'm going to be chief cook, nurse and laundress," one housewife told us, "I want company. I want my kitchen nice enough and big enough to eat in and play in as well as cook and wash dishes in."

There's real fun in planning one of these big living-room-kitchens, but the actual work centers follow the same rules as in a kitchen sans frills. You group your work centers on one side, leaving room for your dining and hobby sections. You allow enough space to work in efficiently and without crowding, but not so much that you have to run a marathon.

Sometimes even a moderate-sized kitchen can be divided up for greater workability and better use of space. If you study the top and bottom floor plans at the beginning of this article, you'll see what can be done. Plan One shows a U-shaped arrangement, divided from a built-in bench and breakfast table by a high serving bar. The kitchen in Plan Three is even smaller than the first, but it is divided effectively into kitchen and laundry by the sink placed at right angles to the wall with laundry equipment backing it up. A planning table and snack bar is built across the end.

To go back to the three fundamental work centers, you may want to know how you decide where to place them and also what you need in the way of cabinets

grouped around the major pieces of equipment. Different housekeepers' needs vary—depending on the size of the family, on how many staple supplies must be stored and so on. First, let's take the refrigerator. If possible, place it near the door through which you enter to bring supplies from the market, probably by the back door or the garage door. Beside it should be some sort of unloading surface where you can set things down while you take out groceries and put them away. In most kitchens this same surface is the logical one to use for your mixing equipment and breadmaking equipment. When not in use you may store all of it in the cupboard underneath. If the sink is on the opposite wall, however, you may prefer to place this equipment in the cupboard beside the sink. In L or U kitchens with a continuous work surface, this equipment can be grouped between the refrigerator and sink, and that's ideal.

Around your sink, you naturally want your clean-up supplies, your vegetable brush, collander and, in the drawer right beside it, your paring knives. The garbage pail goes underneath, along with soaps, detergents, cleansers, plastic sponges and dish towels. Close by, in an upper cabinet, try to set aside space for your most-used dishes and glassware. Most sinks come with ample bins and drawers below for storing needed things, plus drawers for small items like egg beaters, bottle openers and kitchen cutlery and clean dish towels.

The new ranges have quite a lot of storage space for pots and pans

in their bottom bins, and that's the most convenient place for them. Put your most-frequently-used items there, but you'll undoubtedly need some extra cupboard space for roasters, cake pans, casseroles and other bakeware. Use a rack for your pot lids; don't rummage and rattle for the right one. Upper cabinets to right and left of the range may hold all kinds of seasonings. It's also a good idea to store crackers and ready-to-serve cereals there, as the warmth tends to keep them fresh. Some stores have bins for these. Canned goods, however, should be stored in the coolest place.

Beside your stove, near the dining-room door, try to have a place where platters and serving dishes and other things ready to go to the table can be laid out.

All right, that's it. You go on from there. Plot your own kitchen (dream or real) on graph paper. Draw in the fixtures. Floor cabinets are standard sizes of 24"x 18" or 24", sinks have the same depth but varying widths, and the same goes for ranges, except that they are usually about 26" or 27" deep. Most overhead cabinets are 12", 18", 24" wide, 12" deep and one to four shelves high. Some manufacturers make additional sizes, so be sure to check your needs with their catalogues.

If you have difficulty visualizing your arrangement, get a set of toy plastic fixtures from the dime store. In fact, this toy idea helps so much that one big concern has small-scale models of all their appliances to use in solving planning problems in their laboratories.



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## Two in a bed

Continued from page 117

once, on condition that he open and shut it every night for one year.

Which proves that women can be reasonable about these things! Another problem demanding strategy is that of keeping the bedroom atmosphere pleasant. This means learning the art of conversation-when-the-lights-are-out.

What do we talk about? Not should we talk (one week of marriage answers that), but what topic? And how do you tactfully stop your bedfellow before dawn?

There are many pleasant subjects. Chat about ships, flea circuses, birthdays, television, dogs, money—no, don't mention money. Talk about money soon becomes talk about the lack of money—the worst possible subject.

Don't ask even an innocent-seeming question like, "Dear, have you gone in to ask for that raise yet?" It will immediately introduce that most horrible question of all, "Why haven't we been able to save any money, Cynthia?"

You see how easily it happens? The last problem of strategy deals with proper bedtime. Get it agreed upon early in your marriage. If this strikes you as trivial, we refer you to the Thomas Devlins, of Newark, Ohio. Or, rather, we refer you to Mrs. Devlin.

For many years, whenever she was ready to sleep, Tom would walk around downstairs, making a racket which kept her awake, and seething, upstairs. One night Mrs. Devlin went down, heaved a plate at Tom's head, stabbed him three times with a kitchen knife, delivered the coup de grâce with a sickle, quartered him with a carpenter's saw, and burned the pieces bit by bit in the living-room stove. After her first night on a prison bed she told a reporter that she had enjoyed "a very comfortable night's rest."

That is NOT the way to do it.

Now we come to problems of matériel, of which the most explosive is: Shall we get twin beds or a double? Do you want to sleep solo or share your bed? This little item has been known to generate more heat than the question of sharing the atomic bomb.

Our parents had plenty to say,

such as, "Separate beds make separate rooms make separate homes." They giggled at the World War I joke, "Divorces has twin beds for sale. One practically new."

Many a confession and pulp magazine writer has garnered a modest fortune, spinning tragic tales that start with a selfish wife demanding twin beds. Not to speak of that perennial, the statement issued to the press at least once yearly by some elderly judge, "Har-rumph," he generally begins, "we would have less divorces if we had less twin beds."

Even GIs during World War II whiled away free time by offering opinions on the beds they wanted to come home to. GI surveys resulted in two authoritative statements:

A. After so many years of sleeping alone, the average GI wanted to come home to share a double bed with his loving wife; and

B. After so many years of sleeping alone, the average GI wanted to come home to sleep comfortably in a twin bed.

You will have to make the choice, whether yours is a large home or a tiny apartment. Even in a single room you can have separate beds, used as couches during the day, or a sofa bed which opens up into a full-size double.

Twin beds had become more and more popular before World War II, despite parents, confession writers and judges. However, since 1945, according to manufacturers, young couples have been buying doubles again.

Why?

According to one wife, "Double beds are easier on the woman. You don't have to get up on cold nights and plod across the icy floor in bare feet to shake your husband and stop him from snoring."

A bride says, "Double beds make it easy to giggle together. It's impossible to giggle with a man when you're in separate beds. That no man's land between them makes the bedroom seem unfriendly."

There are many other reasons women give. They can be boiled

down to the Big Three. First, the girls argue, "You can't stay mad in a double bed."

True. But there are many ways of getting mad. Take the question of weight. Most women tip the scales at not much more than 120 pounds. Husbands often weigh in at something close to 180, causing a deep depression on their side of the bed.

Remember the law of gravity? If your husband is heavier than you, you will find yourself rolling downhill toward that depression and, incidentally, toward your husband. Instead of interpreting this as a friendly advance, hubby concludes that you are about to deprive him of his territory.

You can expect to be kicked, punched and shouldered ruthlessly back across. No matter how generous your man is by day, he gives no quarter—not even a quarter of an inch—when defending his three-quarters of the bed.

Science, however, has a solution: the bundling bed. Its spring is reinforced at the center so that in spite of weight differences the mattress remains level. You need not meet your husband in bed unless you've made a date with him.

As for his bed-poaching, a tape down the center of the bed will provide scientific proof of who is aggressing. If proof isn't enough, there are bolsters to barricade him on his own side. And if bolsters don't work, try barbed wire.

Another thing. Suppose you married him because you see eye-to-eye about politics, the role of women in modern society and how to bring up babies—only to discover that he likes to sleep on a mattress as soft as concrete.

You, on the other hand, are dedicated to bouncy inner-springs. You are more sensitive than the princess who was kept awake by a pea beneath forty mattresses. Don't despair. You can get a bed which comes firm on one side, yielding on the other.

Or perhaps you've been dreaming about those natural foam-rubber mattresses that were available before the war. Your idea of heaven is to float eternally on a cloud—made of foam-rubber. Heaven on earth is eight hours

nightly on a mattress made of same. It can be done. After many years at war, natural rubber is again being whipped (literally) into wonderful mattresses. In a "dual" bed which has separate springs and mattresses, your husband can remain loyal to horsehair while you have an affair with foam-rubber—all under the same headboard.

Another problem of matériel is sheets. In a double bed even these can be a source of conflict. Two people can rumple a sheet about 349 times as much as one person trying alone. Records reveal many cases of a wife's divorcing her husband because he stole the sheets while she was asleep.

And when the scientists deliver those paper bedsheets they have been promising, there will surely be divorce pleas like, "Your honor, every night he tore the sheets off my back!"

To solve the muslin-percale-linen-paper sheet problem, get them long and wide enough to be anchored firmly under the mattress. Next, learn how to make hospital corners. If your husband was a GI, he can show you how it's done.

Luckily, no one ever thought of inventing a long, narrow pillow which husband and wife were expected to share. There are few ways in which a pillow can break up your home.

You can get pillows big, small, hard, soft, and cut out in various interesting shapes. There are pillows for allergy sufferers and non-absorbent ones, for those who like a good cry.

You may use your pillow in an orthodox manner, to support your head and rest your neck muscles. Don't be surprised if your husband sticks his under his knees, over his head, or uses it as a punching bag. Better the pillow than you!

Which brings us to the second of the Big Three reasons women choose double beds. They think it's safe. They say they feel protected when they sleep side-by-side with a big, strong man. In many cases, however, bundling with some 180 pounds of healthy masculinity places you in far greater danger than any mere burglar could. Your husband may be a thrasher.

You may find yourself wide awake at 3 A.M., counting each turn and shift he makes. The bed may heave like an overworked circus trampoline. Every other turn may be punctuated with a kick or a wild swing in your direction.

If you bring up the subject in the morning, he will only say, "Why dear, that's impossible. I slept like a log last night. You're just over-sensitive!"

Don't bother to show him your black-and-blue bruises. Every healthy person changes position twenty to thirty times each night. Your own shifts rarely wake you because they are instinctive. No amount of argument will stop your husband from thrashing.

You, like the mistress who disagrees with the master over mattresses, will do better to look up the dual beds with single headboards. Some of these can be swung apart or together, to suit your mood. And their separate springs mean that your side of the bed will not heave as your husband gyrates.

Last of the Big Three reasons for doubling is generally worded, "You can snuggle. That's the best way to keep warm in winter." Sad to relate, it may not be so. You may be marrying a man who does not like ladies' cold feet. Should you try to warm your toes against his, he will respond with a vicious kick and a muttered growl, "Get away from there!" Well, his feet aren't so hot, anyway!

It's better to use one of the manufactured foot warmers, and if your husband grabs this before you do, there's always the hot water bottle filled at the kitchen sink.

This whole business of warmth can lead to the most undignified kind of undercover warfare. Some husbands learn to steal as much as a foot of blanket at a time by pretending to roll over in their sleep and holding onto it as they roll. Their wives retaliate by wrapping their end of the blanket under them, to get leverage, and then yanking back.

Naturally, all this is rough on the blanket. It's better to get clamps which keep the covers in place over both of you. In addition, the experts advise blanket and quilt shoppers to know the exact size of their beds and to buy the widest covers possible.

Perhaps you have been reading about the electric blanket and the electric quilt. Maybe you and your husband have even bought one. And it's wonderful. It gets rid of that damp, clammy feeling of the sheets in winter. It keeps the bed warm all over.

We can see you now, on a winter night, reading cozily in bed. The night is quiet. The baby is asleep. Doors, windows, blinds, the gas,

the faucet—everything has been attended to. It's the perfect end to—but wait! Your husband is peeking at you out of the corner of his eye. His hand leaves his book. It approaches the table beside his bed. It closes over the cover control box.

And the quiet night is rent with a shrill, "John! Leave that control box alone. Don't you dare lower it even one more degree!"

Nothing can create so many incidents and Ultimates as differences in the degree of warmth each of you needs. It's one thing to admire a husband who leaps under an icy shower in February, every morning. It's nice to have him peel off his coat to cover you, when you are caught in the rain. It's impressive that he never catches cold. But get into bed with him and there's nothing admirable about his Spartan instincts—when your teeth chatter and the outside wind howls.

One couple had so many quarrels over the control that they gave the blanket to their in-laws and bought themselves another, this time with dual controls. They thought that now everything would be fine, until the first night they used it. The moment they got into bed they discovered that they had forgotten something.

Then they had a real knock-down-drag-out-Donnybrook over who would get out of bed and plug the controls in!

Of course, there are sleepers who frown on the very idea of electricity. If you still prefer old-fashioned wool to newfangled wires, remember that it is not blanket weight but nap that keeps you warm.

For instance, two medium-weight blankets give you more warmth than one heavyweight, because you get four napped surfaces. Blankets are of little value long before they are tattered. Their warmth disappears when the nap is gone. Finally, you can get 50% more heat by putting a sheet or blanket cover on top of the blankets and a thin blanket under the bottom bedsheets.

So much for the doubling side of the debate. In spite of its dangers, newlyweds are saying, "Double beds—you get to know each other better."

The wife of a few years replies, "I'll take twin beds. I've already gotten to know him."

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Continued from page 173



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in it. It won't matter whether you sleep curled up like an anchovy or spread out like a starfish. You can toss, moan, sigh, kick, punch or wrap yourself in sheets until you look like an Egyptian mummy. You can eat crackers and invite in the dog and cat.

What's more, one wife says, "Twin beds are better because you can stay mad!"

Doctors favor twin beds, because they tend to cut down the spread of disease. They say the ideal space between sleepers, medically speaking, is six feet.

However, in case of serious illness, one of you will probably bunk on the living-room couch. Or you might take a leaf from the GI's book. During the war, when Army barracks did not allow each sleeper his necessary free space, the GIs slept head to foot.

Remembering this custom, one hypochondriac ex-corporal surprised his wife the first week they were married. She found herself talking to his big toe.

Whether you decide on single or double beds, buy yours BIG. Bedrooms may be getting smaller, but people are getting bigger. And our beds are getting bigger, too.

Ace Correspondent Quentin Reynolds, a strapping fellow who wrote bravely about sleeping under enemy strafing, has bought himself a twelve-foot bed. Cleopatra slept on one big enough for three. The biggest bed ever made was the English "Great Bed of Ware," which they claim could accommodate 102 persons.

This may be a bit more than you need. The experts figure that you should have at least thirty-nine inches in width. Particularly in a double bed, it's thirty-nine inches per person or fight. Yet many couples believe they'll be cozy and congenial in a three-quarter bed.

Of course, a smaller bed is cheaper to buy and keep in bedclothes. But our guess is that plenty of divorce lawyers are vacationing south this winter—on money that might better have gone into beds seven feet wide for their clients.

As for length, the bed should measure at least seven inches more than your husband's height. That is the true reason a beautiful divorcee recently rejected her well-known suitor. He was three inches too tall for her standard-size, six-foot-three bed.

One word of warning. Don't buy novelty for novelty's sake. In 1936, during a fad for oversized footstools, a department store dis-

played an enormous affair—a footstool to end all footstools. When the customers came in, they asked for "that exotic round bed." And people are still trying to buy them. The circular bed is not a good design, unless you sleep alone and tend to rotate in bed like a wheel spoke.

What will happen to the bed in the brave new world of the future? One big-bed advocate believes it must "swallow up" the bedroom. "The entire floor will be one massive mattress," he says, "and each wall will be a cushioned headboard, rising from the floor to the ceiling."

"The bed must swallow up the bedroom," his eyes gleam. "And then, the bedroom must swallow up the house!"

In the meantime, however, you can plan your home for better sleeping. For instance, you don't need experts to tell you that noise disturbs sleep. Tests made in Chicago show that even a street car three blocks away—which doesn't awaken you—will tense up your muscles and raise your blood pressure.

Your architect will know many tricks to bedroom quiet. He will place garage, kitchen and other noisy rooms on the other side of the house. The bathrooms must be convenient, but he can deaden plumbing noises and plan closets between rooms to act as sound-proofing. Even designing your bedroom doors without keyholes will help!

But perhaps you count yourself lucky to have a tiny city apartment. You can keep the bedroom quieter at night by using heavy rugs, thick curtains, wallpaper and cloth-upholstered furniture. Muffle your doors and windows. Put your refrigerator on rubber and your clock on a felt pad. And pull your bed a few inches away from the wall.

You are not missing anything if you don't have an old-fashioned "sunny sleeping room." The less light in your bedroom, the deeper your sleep.

Sleep masks have received much publicity, but we've only heard of two people who actually used them. One was a night worker who slept during the day. The other was a man whose wife went to bed every night wearing hair curlers and cold cream.

Both you and your husband will find it easier to relax if your bedroom is not a messy hodgepodge of ill-matched furniture and clashing colors. For this reason, de-

signers have banded together to create "coordinated" bedrooms, in which furniture lines, fabrics and colors are planned to harmonize. You can even get sheets and pillow cases in blues, grays and other unusual colors to match your room.

The experts say that blue and green are the sleepest colors. They advise you to save the reds, oranges and other exciting hues for your living and work rooms.

The best sleeping atmosphere, about 55° and humidity at 45°. You should have eight changes of air every hour. Turn off the radiator before you turn in for the

night. Open your windows top-and-bottom, but use a screen to deflect drafts.

Finally, the last half-hour before you go to sleep should be devoted to pampering yourselves. No worries, no problems. Just let go and relax.

Some people relax by reading. Others drink warm milk, play with the dog, walk around, listen to music. One couple likes to trade jokes. Whatever you do, those last few moments awake in bed with your husband, don't be contrary. Be compromising.

## Kiss the junk good-by

Continued from page 104

ish coffee-tables, Turkish taborets, Japanese fans, brass beds, teak-wood palm stands—the battered junk of generations.

Then, before you could say delirium tremens, in every cottage, apartment and bungalow from Maine to California, thousands of paintbrushes dripping with shocking pink went to work on the dingy miscellanea. Soon, like butterflies casting off their crusted cocoons, the new interiors fluttered their gaudy *décor* to a chorus of gasps from neighbors and relatives rooted to the thresholds by the impact of dazzling incongruities.

To crown this national mania for the obsolete and to give it the final stamp of authentic sophistication, the decorating hierarchy of New York proceeded to rationalize it. Naming war shortages, general economy and ingenuity as the *raison d'être* for their seal of approval, the magazines and newspapers spurred on the frenzied amateurs with articles, admonitions, chatter on *atticiana*, and *décor* dares—all with the hysterical overtones that making a silk purse from a sow's ear was fun, fun, fun! Staggering and reeling under the cooing whiplash of the Manhattan devotees, the homemakers gulped down round after round of this heady home-brew, until the scene took on all the aspects of a decorative lost weekend.

Actually, of course, the decorative *dance macabre* started long before war shortages curtailed the normal flow of new furniture. To trace its origins, the curious must return to that exhibition of fantastic art, dadaism and surrealism, at the Museum of Modern Art in 1936. Here were teacups and saucers lined with fur, reclining

nudes fitted with bureau drawers, birdcages filled with sugar cubes, double boilers used as the legs of a wardrobe trunk and a stuffed parrot perched on a hollow piece of wood mounted on a battered hat. To most of the spectators this revival of witchcraft could be taken no more seriously than a lighted pumpkin on Halloween, and, like Little Audrey, most of them laughed and laughed.

But surrealism had its uses. It made good props for window dressing and publicity—both of which a Fifth Avenue store got in full measure when Salvador Dali pushed a fur-lined bathtub through its plate-glass store window. Soon surrealist trimmings were everywhere, and no display was considered complete without a chair shaped like a corseted burlesque queen, mannequins with heads of roses, tree trunks with human arms, female torsos with leafy limbs, and other deliberate confusions of flora and fauna. Surrealism had become a fashion, and from the store windows it flew to the drawing-room—straight as the crow flies.

Time, as it always does, has slowly but surely illuminated the tawdry picture with sanity and perspective. The morning after has come. In the postwar world it's time to kiss the junk good-by.

Looking back at these not-so-far-off shenanigans and comparing them with the decorative scene today, we can relax with some assurance that the hordes of dadaism and surrealism are retreating, at least from the household scene. Indeed, the over-confident observer scanning the architectural and furniture landscape might

well be lulled into a sense of false security. Breathing a sigh of relief, he might assume that sanity has come home to stay.

Apart from the more obvious causes, such as the promotion of dadaism and surrealism by modern museums, what brought about this vacuum in common-sense household planning? One of the basic causes seems to be the confusion in switching American houses over from a set formula of period decoration to modern planning. We are all apt to forget that this fundamental change has taken place with great rapidity during a time of worldwide crisis. Many of the normal guiding forces, such as architects, furniture designers and furniture manufacturers, were either absent from the scene or hampered by shortages while the change was being accelerated. The result was that while the public felt the urgent desire to refurbish, neither the furniture to do it with nor the advice to guide them was at hand. Hence, amateur night and chaos.

How very different the scene is today. Contemporary furniture of quality is beginning to appear. And a knowledge of the fundamental planning of a house that is unpretentious, practical, comfortable and homelike is becoming general. Rooms are no longer conceived as pretty pictures but instead grow from specific requirements, with color, grace and quality being an intrinsic part of the fundamental furnishing of the room rather than an extraneous aesthetic dressing.

Does all of this mean that in giving up the old familiar, down-at-heel clutter of the prewar home, we have exchanged it for something over-calculated, over-intellectualized—something cold, unhomelike and uncomfortable? A great many people who are by no means old-fashioned and by no means indifferent to progress are asking this question. Their misgivings are not without reason.

With every over-accelerated development in houses, there have always been those who saw in the change the opportunity to promote a new fashion or a new cult, and so it has been in the development of furniture and houses from period styles to the contemporary idiom. In the same artificial way that period rooms were arranged to make a pretty period picture, so some modern rooms have been put together by the fashion-minded to make pretty pictures of modernity. These rooms are not the result of better planning, bet-

ter practicality and a less pretentious attitude toward living; they are merely the result of an empty formula. A truly contemporary room is not achieved by hanging an abstract painting on a wall, putting two bent plywood chairs by the fireplace and using over-textured fabrics.

A even worse attitude toward contemporary architecture and furniture is the attitude that turns it into a cult. The cultists want no truck with the individual. In the future, as they see it, the individual houses for individual people will all be pushed aside to make way for a universal rule of architecture and decoration which the cultists call the International Style. The houses of the International Style have a factory-like, boxlike look, and their interiors, with chromium steel chairs, chromium steel lamps, mobiles and a general air of frigidity, suggest the operating-room. These cultist interiors are cold. They are homes with a heart of chrome.

Fortunately, the influence of this school of thought, for all its high-powered promotion, has never really taken hold here, because Americans have never visualized family life nor the intimacies of courtship going on in an atmosphere suggestive of a boiler room.

In spite of the fashionable and the cultists, good modern houses and good modern interiors are being created every day. They are first and foremost a frank reflection of the needs of the individuals living in them. Families require that a room answer certain specific needs. Some people like to play cards. Some people want a permanent furniture grouping around a television set. Children require a good desk and a good light to do their homework. A certain number of guests must be comfortably seated for a cocktail party or a dinner party. There may be a collection of books or of records to house. Or there may be a pianist in the family.

The truly modern room develops from any or all of such specific needs, and visual beauty, charm, a sense of fine proportion, color and quality are intrinsic parts of the solution of such a room. No room evolved in this way need bear the stigma of being cold or unhomelike. And there is no need to surround one's self with sentimental flotsam from the attic in order to achieve warmth and friendliness. Home sweet home need be no less sweet and no less home for being truly modern.

## Color . . . friend or foe?

Continued from page 114

colors black takes on strength emphasis, seriousness. Of course, black by itself is universally associated with death. But in most everyday situations the funeral aspects of black aren't thought of at all. This is because the character of the object, its use, its form dominates the imagination and blanks out other associations. For instance, a black table or a black automobile are in no way depressing; instead, they have an air of sleek utility and functional good looks that don't exist in an orange table or an orange automobile.

White and black are strong and contrasting when used with other colors, but gray can be thoroughly neutral. A gray can be color-tinted to harmonize with any hue, made lighter or darker in value, yet still remain a gray for all practical purposes. Gray can be plain utilitarian, retiring and dull to the point of boredom, or it can be a genie in its effect on other colors.

Gray is the color of illusion. With red, for instance, a greenish gray will lend more brilliant redness to red than untinged gray. Or, if desired, a slightly reddish gray can warm the entire theme and harmonize with red accents so that the red touches don't have that popped-out look.

### Color Family Album

In order to give an idea of the psychological color primaries, we have shown some portraits ripped right out of the basic color family album. The sisters and the cousins and the aunts aren't illustrated, since they all bear a recognizable family resemblance. Only don't be misled by poetic color names. Juliet knew what she was talking about when she said, "What's in a name?" Beware of love for a color at first sight. It may be "pretty," "interesting" or "exquisite," but the ultimate test is what will it do? Copacabana Blue sounds wonderful for the bathroom, but the interior of a Bathroom is not color's function here—unless another bathroom is available when queasiness demands an escape from the exotic. For a good scheme, think first of the function color is to perform; second, what color will best per-

form that function; third, where to place the color; and, fourth, what other colors may be combined to assist.

### Parlor, Bedroom, Bath

People are more timid about using color in the living-room than anywhere else in the house. This may be a persistence of the snobbish "parlor" tradition that labeled bright colors vulgar and for-peasants-only. Or the dreary "oatmeal" period (from which we are emerging all too slowly) may have resulted from fears of not doing the "right thing" with color. Certainly to use color inexpertly is far better than to be colorless. But any color can be "right" if used intelligently. And from a color standpoint you may well ask yourself is my living-room living or dead?

Naturally, this is the room where the family receives friends and outsiders, so it should be a room with a certain quality of restraint and dignity. But do not neglect its more fundamental function, to bolster your own and your family's spirits at day's end and provide a place of stimulation and warmth, brighter and lovelier than anything in the daily outside world.

The bedroom, woman's private world, should express the personal color preference of its occupant. The best concession to a husband would be to emphasize in color and decoration those expressions of his wife's personality which he most appreciates. But don't assume during the happy optimism of planning a bedroom that no one will ever be ill in it. Confine the greatest color strength and decoration to the bed wall and to the carpet or rugs, which will properly emphasize the beds. Floor and bed wall thus escape the field of vision when one is in bed.

Bathrooms function as a combination beauty shop and surgery. Cheerful or glamorous color in towels and accessories is good (a lipstick red ceiling is fun), but care must be taken not to have any color on walls or in curtains which will tint either the artificial or window light. Neither the flattering nor belittling light rays should be permitted to tamper with the honest glare of the bath-

room mirror which tells all.

### Kitchen and Dining-room

Escape the sterile laboratory look by doing your kitchen in a spirit of "sugar and spice and everything nice," and raise the dishwashing morale. Bright yellows are obvious and a good red on the stove wall has traditional cookery associations and doesn't show the dingy and discoloration that come from heat and vapors. All-white fixtures and appliances gain against colored backgrounds.

Time spent at the table is relatively so brief that the dining-room *décor* can stand some real color daring. It's the one room that often seems inactive and less furnished than other parts of the house. It's here that color interest can compensate. Think of the color as a visual cocktail or appetizer, stuff that makes your mouth water.

### All Through the House

Think of a hall as being a related change of color. All colors should be stirring in passages and closets wherever you turn. Let the opening of a closet unwrap a surprise package of color. Deep green or brilliant blue heighten the clean look of linens. But if your dresses, coats and hats offer a clutter of colors, keep the walls white or in tints. Don't get too much competition in a small space.

Color holds a house together. Don't be fooled by the old idea that dull and dun colors won't show dirt. They look dirty to begin with and get dirtier-looking with time. But bright colors—red or kelly green—will go on gleaming through the traffic of dust. And the same brightness when used in floor covering gives a vital foundation to a room.

Ornaments, picture frames and objects whose interest is primarily in line or form usually gain in white, wood tones, gold or black—colors which do not load them down with additional confusing interest. The white elephant is a lesser menace than the pink elephant.

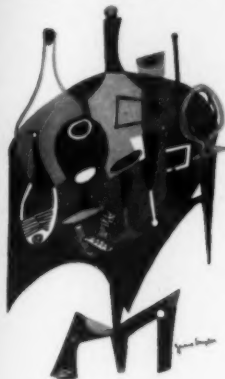
### What Color with What?

Most frequent color questions that bob up are the "what-will-go-with" variety. Nearly everybody

starts off blessed with something—something that has to be woven into the total scheme. So it's what will go with a green chair, or what will go with a red sofa? Well, the answer is another question: Do you want that red sofa to look brighter and more important? Then put it against a light turquoise wall; use white lamps with bottle-green shades, a white coffee-table on a green rug. Give it end pillows in a stripe that ties up the blue, green and white.

Or if you want to absorb it into the room, make it softer with a background of gray with a definitely ruddy cast. Use mahogany in adjacent wood, black and gold in lamps and picture frames, reddish-brown carpet. Have a few much brighter red accents in a picture over the sofa or accessories flanking it. The brighter reds will pale the larger red areas. End pillows can be covered in a pattern of yellow, brown and those extra-bright reds.

The intensity of color is in proportion to the area it covers. A clipping of yellow fabric may look just right, but become overpowering when applied to all four walls. Avoid preconceptions of schemes. Try anything and everything with that "red sofa" or whatever may be the core of your problem. Eliminate what definitely won't go and then give what's left a severe editing. Simplify and relate the hues and values to avoid confusion—one color light, another dark. Visualize each color in several variations to see which goes best. It doesn't take an expert to judge. Two good color ideas may be company, but three's a crowd and if you doubt your bright ideas, remember that just one good idea is better than two mediocre ones. Don't be afraid of the unusual. If you use the color you might be least likely to select, you may get a surprising lift out of it, provided, of course, that it makes sufficient functional sense. In any case, concerning colors, it's a good idea to remember that a change of diet is a healthier solution to loss of appetite than is starvation. Don't get into color ruts and lose your capacity to enjoy color to the full. Don't be timid about using color!



# Wine on the table

By Poppy Cannon Philippe

Whatever you do, don't be confused, terrified or put off by Wine Hokum which has been defined as "all the things people can find out about wine without ever drinking it." Wine Hokum seeks to impress upon you the necessity for different glasses for each type of wine, the proper succession of wine at a dinner, the controversies between the red and white wine fanciers, et cetera.

Here's all you need to know about serving wine at your table. First of all, it's a pleasure to serve and drink wine. That is the one and only good and valid reason for doing same.

An exceedingly simple rule of thumb is this one. Serve red wines with red meats—white wines with white meats, chicken or fish. But like all rules this one has many exceptions. The ultimate authority on the right wine at the right time with the right food is you.

Wine can be—and has been—enjoyed in any receptacle, from a gourd to a beer mug or a Lily paper cup. However, it is generally served in a glass and tastes the same from any glass.

If you have wine glasses, of course, you'll want to use them. They add a lot to the *décor* of the table. However, it is definitely unnecessary to have different glasses for red and white wine. The classic wine glass is a clear-crystal, footed job, preferably without decorations. This tube of glass shows off the clarity and color of the wine.

The temperature of wines as you serve them is quite important, and that isn't hokum. It's so easy

to be "correct." Simply remember that red table wines should be served at room temperature (a fairly warm room, about 72 degrees). White wines are much better chilled. Rosé wines, being in-between, may be served either way, but are generally considered at their best when cold.

The principal red table wines are Claret and Burgundy. Clarets are generally lighter in taste and in color and often less alcoholic. Burgundies are a deep red, rich and full-bodied. You'll find that most red table wines resemble one or the other of these two main types. Among our American wines, there are Cabernet, Mourestel and Zinfandel, which are claret-type wines. Charbono, Durif and Pinot Noir are burgundy types. Chianti, an Italian wine, falls somewhere between.

The most widely used white table wines are Sauterne and Rhine wines. Sauternes are usually a little on the sweet side; Rhine wines are paler in color and quite dry.

Unless you're planning a large party, better not indulge in gallon or half-gallon jugs of wine, even though they do seem to be a great bargain. It is best to buy table wines in quantities you can use within two or three days after opening. Like milk, table wines are perishable once they come in contact with air. Half bottles of wine are a convenience for a dinner for two, but many excellent American wines do not come in half bottles.

Should there be a little red wine left in the bottle you can toss it into your next stew or add a few tablespoons to white vinegar and make yourself a lovely, ruby-colored epicurean vinegar to grace your salad set-up.

Now—to save you moments of possible panic in a wine shop and

to make you helpful when you are dining out—here's LIVING's own list of truly outstanding American wines. All have been carefully tasted by us—personally. (That's idyllic work—really!)

## Red Wines

George Latour Private Reserve Cabernet  
Valiant Burgundy  
Inglenook Red Pinot  
Native Soil Claret  
Château Lejon Red  
Inglenook Cabernet  
Martini Chianti  
Cresta Blanca Claret  
Beaulieu Burgundy  
Wente Bros. Mourestel  
Martini Cabernet Sauvignon  
Fountain Grove Cabernet  
Fountain Grove Pinot Noir  
Martini Pinot Noir  
Martini Special Reserve Cabernet

## Rosé Wines

Inglenook Navelle Rosé  
Martini Gamay Rosé  
Almaden Grenache Rosé  
Beaulieu Beauvillat  
Wente Bros. Livermore Rosé

## White Wines

Inglenook Traminer  
Balliant Sauternes  
Château Lejon White  
Martini Mt. Sulvaner  
Christian Bros. Sauternes  
Native Soil Chablis  
Native Soil Delaware  
Native Soil Elvira  
Ohio "Sweet Valley" Dry  
Los Amigos Sauvignon  
Beaulieu Dry Sauternes  
Fountain Grove Chablis  
Wente Bros. Folle Blanche  
Fountain Grove Riesling  
Wente Sauvignon Blanc  
Martini White Pinot  
Wente Bros. Pinot Blanc  
Wente Bros. Pinot Chardonnay  
Paul Masson Pinot Blanc Vrai



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## Wings over Long Island

Continued from page 118

might think that with the nomadic instincts, the itching feet (or, is it wings?) of a pilot, Bill wouldn't be much of a home man. But home is Bill's favorite hobby. For one thing, he's a real flying Santa Claus. He has a knack for unearthing treasures at little out-of-the-way antique stores and at auction sales during his travels over the globe. An early Sheffield teapot, a Lord Nelson Toby jug, a complete set of the "Cries of London," a beautiful Meissen vase, and a spectacular collection of copper-luster ware. Well, that's only the beginning, but you see what I mean.

We're proud of our American collection, too. Our prize items are an antique student "desk-on-frame" dating from around 1700, and an Early American blanket chest. But what I think is important here is not the collection itself, but the fact that Bill has chosen every item with an acute artistic eye for its usefulness and the beauty it can bring to our home. Most auction-addicts see only the value of the isolated article. Result: They end up with a house cluttered with "buys." But Bill uses his head. He doesn't look for the obvious; he sees the potential and dresses it up in his imagination. Then he does something with it.

For example, in our dining-room we have what appears to be a fabulous Early American picture-mirror. We picked it up in a junk shop for \$1.10. The original mirror and picture were broken. Bill bought a mirror for it and a piece of glass, and then proceeded to paint the picture himself. He claims that it was "nothing," but perhaps you'll understand what I mean by saying all things are possible with Bill when I tell you this means painting a picture in reverse. Painting underneath the glass, he worked the highlights in first, then the foreground objects of the picture, the border decorations, and so on, until last of all he was ready to paint in the background. Try it some rainy day. You'll have a right to be proud of your handiwork—if you can do it.

Our byword is not "Where can we buy it?" but "How can we make it?" When a doorstep was needed, instead of rushing to the nearest hardware store, we unearthed an old-fashioned flatiron and painted it with heavy golden paint. Bill then superimposed over it a black-and-gold stencil pattern. It's a humble utility object, but it looks special.

That brings up another hobby that Bill has had a lot of fun with: stenciling. It's something that anyone can do with patience and imagination. For instance, we have a black metal woodbox by the fireplace, elegantly stenciled with an intricate gold pattern; it's enough to make any antique dealer drool at the mouth. It was once an old tea box used in a grocery store in the keg-and-barrel days of American history when tea was sold in bulk. We bought it for something less than a song, and Bill did the stenciling himself. That isn't all. We have a large chest of drawers that also looks like a million dollars. Total cost to us: ten dollars plus a few hours work at stenciling. Another prize possession is an old Hitchcock chair that Bill paid the colossal sum of two dollars for, had reupholstered, and then stenciled with the original Hitchcock shell pattern.

These are only a few of the stenciling jobs he has done. Is it messy work? Does it mean papers scattered all over the floor and the smell of paint for days? Not at all. The first stage, that of painting the furniture before laying down the patterns, is the only part that verges on the messy. But Bill simply takes the furniture down to his basement workshop, and once the paint job is finished, the stenciling itself can be done in your living-room, bedroom, or what have you. It's as neat as putting on a pair of gloves.

When Bill comes back from a trip, his first day is dedicated to sleep. Even two-and-a-half-year-old Jonathan has learned to go around on tiptoe, finger to his lips, using a loud stage whisper to inform the world in general that Daddy is asleep. Unfortunately, our latest addition, eleven-month-

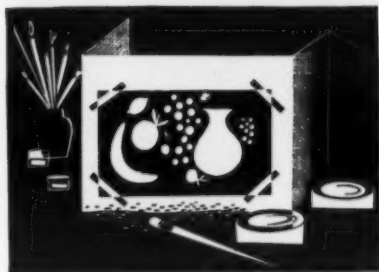
old Suzie, hasn't yet understood that there are certain days designated as "no crying" days.

After a good rest, the old dynamo gets working again. Perhaps there are shutters he will be painting, or he has a new stencil job in mind, or there's that chair that needs fixing. There's no telling what will come next. At the same time he is busy training Jon to keep his hands off the wet paint, and his head from under the hammer. Believe me, that's no small problem, and my training as a nurse in The Children's Hospital has often come in handy.

One of the first things we decided when we were married was to make our home an investment in enjoyment. We were saving for our Capehart radio-phonograph combination even before we had found our house. Our library and record collection were "musts" on our list. Our newest addition (and do I appreciate it!) is a Westinghouse Laundromat washing machine, and a Hotpoint ironer. It has proved better than all the aspirin in the world for taking the headaches (and backaches) out of homemaking.

Our days are crowded with fun. Both Bill and I are tennis enthusiasts and like nothing better on a sunny day than an afternoon at the Old Field Club tennis courts. We've even played against that Queen of Tennis, Alice Marble, but needless to say we've never won. Our favorite kind of evening is listening to music with a few friends or reading (Bill is avidly interested in history and literature). On our occasional trips to New York (baby-sitter permit!) we do our shopping in the afternoon and take in a theatre in the evening (ballet has special preference).

But, take it from me, that return trip to Stony Brook always gives us a real sense of joy and excitement, for home to us is not a static thing, something you buy out of a catalogue by an order number. It is a growing thing, a reflection of yourselves and your family, something which is yours to create, to nourish and cherish—and to have a lot of fun with, to boot.



By Sara Welles

## Stenciling without tears

Bill Fish bought this Hitchcock chair for \$1, had it caned, stenciled Hitchcock designs on it, painted the rungs in the Hitchcock manner, has a rare chair



A stencil is just a piece of paper out of which somebody has cut a design. You place it over whatever you wish to decorate and paint through the cutouts. You can stencil on furniture, walls, floors, trays, boxes—almost anything.

Every stenciling job has three parts: one, preparing the surface to be stenciled; two, the actual stenciling; three, putting on a protecting finish.

To prepare the surface of unpainted furniture, the wood must be sanded down and given a coat of linseed oil before you apply the background color.

With old furniture you have to use more elbow grease. If the old finish is in good condition, without scales or cracks, just sand it to remove the gloss, brush off the dust and scrub several times with a cloth soaked in turpentine. Now you can repaint.

But if the old finish is peeling, blistered or cracked, don't waste your time by painting over it. The old finish,

alas, will just keep on scaling beneath the new one. You must take it off completely, down to the naked wood.

A paint and varnish remover will do half the work for you. Follow directions on the label, but remember that remover *removes* whatever it touches! Wear a pair of gloves and use a cheap old brush and plenty of newspapers to protect the floor. When you've finally reached the bare wood, sand it smooth and fill any cracks and holes with putty or plastic wood.

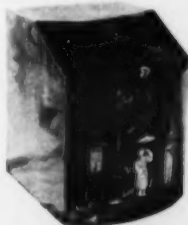
The background color should be applied in at least two thin coats, with a light sanding (how many times have you heard *this* before?) in between. More coats will give the wood a deeper finish.

At long last we're ready for the actual stenciling. Always "waste" the first three trials. They're never as good as the rest and practice makes perfect.

Your palette is a board, saucer or paper on which you've dabbed a mite of each color. You'd get too much

An old tea canister is another of Bill Fish's triumphs. He stenciled it with Chinese Chippendale-type figures. Now it makes a charming box for kindling

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIA FISHER



## Stenciling without tears

Continued from opposite page

paint if you dipped the brush directly into the can. In stenciling, use as little paint as possible on an unbelievably dry brush. You can get a special round, bristly stencil brush which is used in a vertical position.

Fasten the stencil to the wood with masking tape. Hold it down tight with your left hand, so that no paint can get beneath it. With the brush in your right hand, pick up a tiny amount of paint and squiggle it more and get it even drier!

Hold the brush at right angles to the stencil. Put it down on the stencil and paint from the stencil into the openings. Don't dab. Use quick strokes. And don't paint toward the stencil or you'll sweep paint under it (the way dirt always sweeps under your dustpan).

When you've finished. Lift the stencil straight up, without smearing. Keep your hands clean and before applying the stencil again make sure there's absolutely no paint on the back.

Easy? Of course it is! And more so when you've chosen the right kind of stencil. You can select a good design from hundreds of ready-mades. Don't try to cut your own until you've had experience applying a great many.

Do start with a simple one-part stencil, with the entire design cut from one piece of paper. (And we're strongly seconded in this advice by Miss LaVerne Moritz, who has taught hundreds of students at New York City's American Handicrafts Shop.)

Use as many colors as you like, by changing to a different brush for each. But if you're decorating furniture or trays, stick to the vivid primaries: red, yellow, blue—and the bright secondary colors: green, orange, purple. Don't use all of them in one design. Four is more than enough!

Now that you've quaint-painted your piece, you need a finish to protect it.

Here's the recipe for antiquing: one part varnish, three parts turpentine, and one part paint. The paint color is raw or burnt umber if the background is black, or lamp black if you have a light background. Brush this mixture over the entire surface. Wipe it

off immediately with a clean, dry cloth, as though you wanted to take it all off, and use a clean, dry brush to pick up crevice puddles. If you're working on a large piece of furniture, apply and wipe off in sections, first the entire top, next the sides, lastly the legs. If the mixture sets too quickly for easy blending, add linseed oil. And if you want darker antiquing, just let it dry and apply more coats.

Whether you antique or not, protective coats of varnish should be applied. Incidentally, a special heat-resisting varnish is best for tables and trays. The piece gets three coats. Before each coat—you're using clear varnish at this stage—give the surface a rub-down with fine steel wool and then dust it off carefully.

Besides furniture, you can stencil floors! Make a small rug look bigger by painting a stenciled border on the floor all around it. Why not take a painted rug with a stenciled border or paint the entire floor and decorate it with stencils?

And now you're ready to be graduated from elementary stenciling. Put on your cap and gown, turn your tassel (it's really a stencil brush, of course!), and you may commence to cut your own stencils. You can copy designs from patterns, books, textiles, museums and your friends' furniture—if they'll let you. Stencil paper sells for pennies, in sheets, pads or rolls.

To cut your own:

1. Copy the design on tracing paper, with a hard pencil, slowly and exactly.

2. Place the tracing beneath the stencil paper, facing up. Since stencil paper is transparent, you'll be able to see the design. Leave at least two inches of margin all around.

3. Fasten them together securely with masking tape. Don't paste them to the table as you'll want to turn them around while you work. Use a pad of newspapers beneath as a cutting board.

4. Stencil knife, please! We are ready to cut! Begin from the center of the pattern and work out. Make sure your knife is vertical and that your cuts are clean and sharp. Take your time.

Which reminds us: *Never cut past a corner when two lines meet.* If you do, you'll get a sliver of paint as you apply the stencil. The trick is never to cut into a corner, but always from the corner on both sides. Let your cuts meet on straight lines. And always cut toward yourself, rather than away.

When you've finished, paint through the stencil on another piece of stencil paper. Now if the stencil breaks down you have a duplicate ready to be cut.

Finally, we take up the most delicate stenciling of all—with bronze powders on wet varnish. A lost art until recently, this kind of decorating appears on antique trays, Boston rockers and Hitchcock chairs.

From 1826 to 1845, Lambert Hitchcock's chairs became so popular that he hired other cabinet-makers to make them and women to stencil them. Brand new, they sold for from one dollar to one-fifty. Today it would cost more than \$200 to collect a set of six—signed and matching—if you could find them!

Bronze stenciling was rediscovered by Esther Stevens Brazer who, before she died in 1945, spent many years reading old direction books, copying designs and teaching others. As the result of her work, anyone with patience can stencil successfully exactly the same way Lambert's ladies did.

You can buy Hitchcock designs, but you must cut them yourself, often making stencils of as many as seven and eight parts. Because they have small, delicate cutouts, you will not use ordinary stencil paper, which is rather thick, but will trace directly on architect's linen and cut with a pair of fine embroidery scissors.

Here's how you get the background colors for a Hitchcock-type chair or Boston rocker:

1. Give it one coat of barn red over-all, except on those slats to be stenciled. (These get a coat of flat black.) Barn red is made of Venetian red ground in Japan, mixed with turpentine until creamy.

2. Twenty-four hours later, you are ready to grain. Mix flat black in turpentine until thin and transparent. Apply to one slat at a

time. Immediately, crumple a stiff cloth or newspaper and wipe it across the slat to imitate wood graining. If imperfect, repaint and repeat the wiping. Don't grain the stencil-carrying slats, but give them another coat of flat black, not too thinned-out.

Before you can begin the actual stenciling you must apply a coat of varnish, in a room with a temperature of at least 70 degrees. (Don't worry if the graining has dried dark. It will brighten when you apply the varnish.)

Make a palette out of a strip of cotton velvet, folded down the middle, with the various colored bronzes arranged in a row down the center crease. Some designs also use transparent paints. Instead of a stencil brush, prepare an old suede glove or hem a piece of pure silk velvet (to prevent loose threads and lint from getting caught in the varnish).

At this point exact timing is most important, as the varnish must be in the proper condition for stenciling. Let it dry several hours. When you can touch the coating with your finger and it clicks, you can begin. It should feel adhesive, but your finger must come away clean.

Put down the front stencil (do "front" parts of the design first and build toward the back). Pull on the glove or wrap the silk velvet around your forefinger, pick up a small amount of bronze, and apply slowly. Use a circular motion to get a polished edge.

When the varnish becomes too dry, stop work. Let the varnish dry a full twenty-four hours. Then wipe with a damp cloth to pick up loose powders. Apply a second coat of varnish and when this is at the precise tacky stage, continue stenciling.

When the stenciling is finished you must paint a yellow stripe to outline each backpost. A few rings and turnings must be gilded.

For an antique finish, tone some varnish delicately with raw umber or black. Then rub gently with #0000 steel wool, dust with a damp cloth and apply the last coat of straight, clear varnish.

When this is twenty-four hours old, tone down by rubbing gently with crude oil and pumice.

*No! No! Lady  
Don't Do it!*

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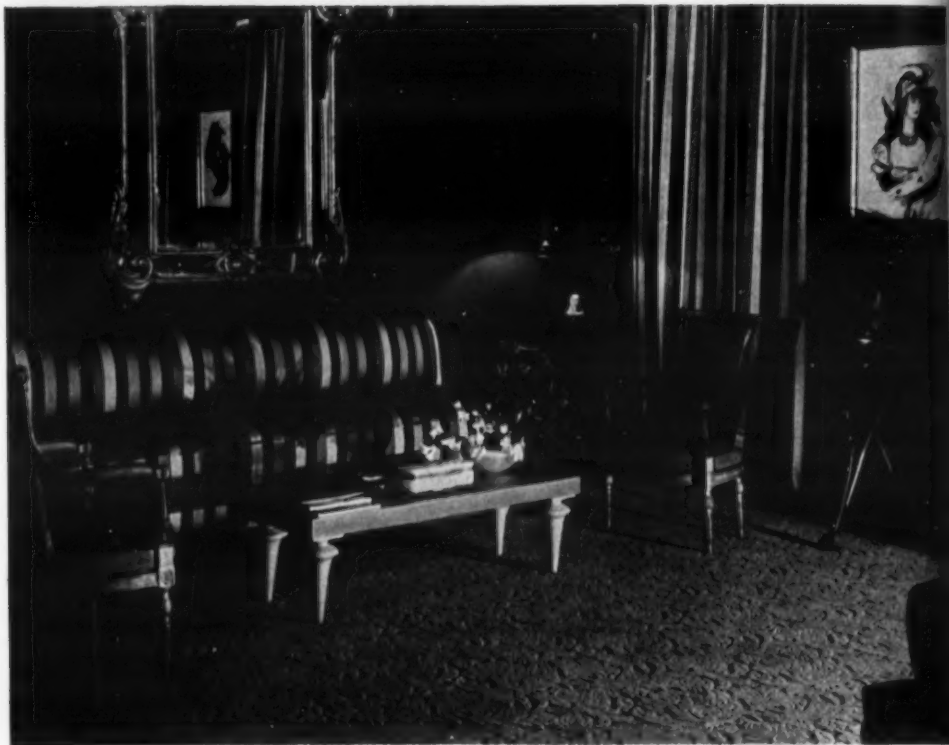
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